

ALL FOR ANDOVER

CLAUDE M. FUESS



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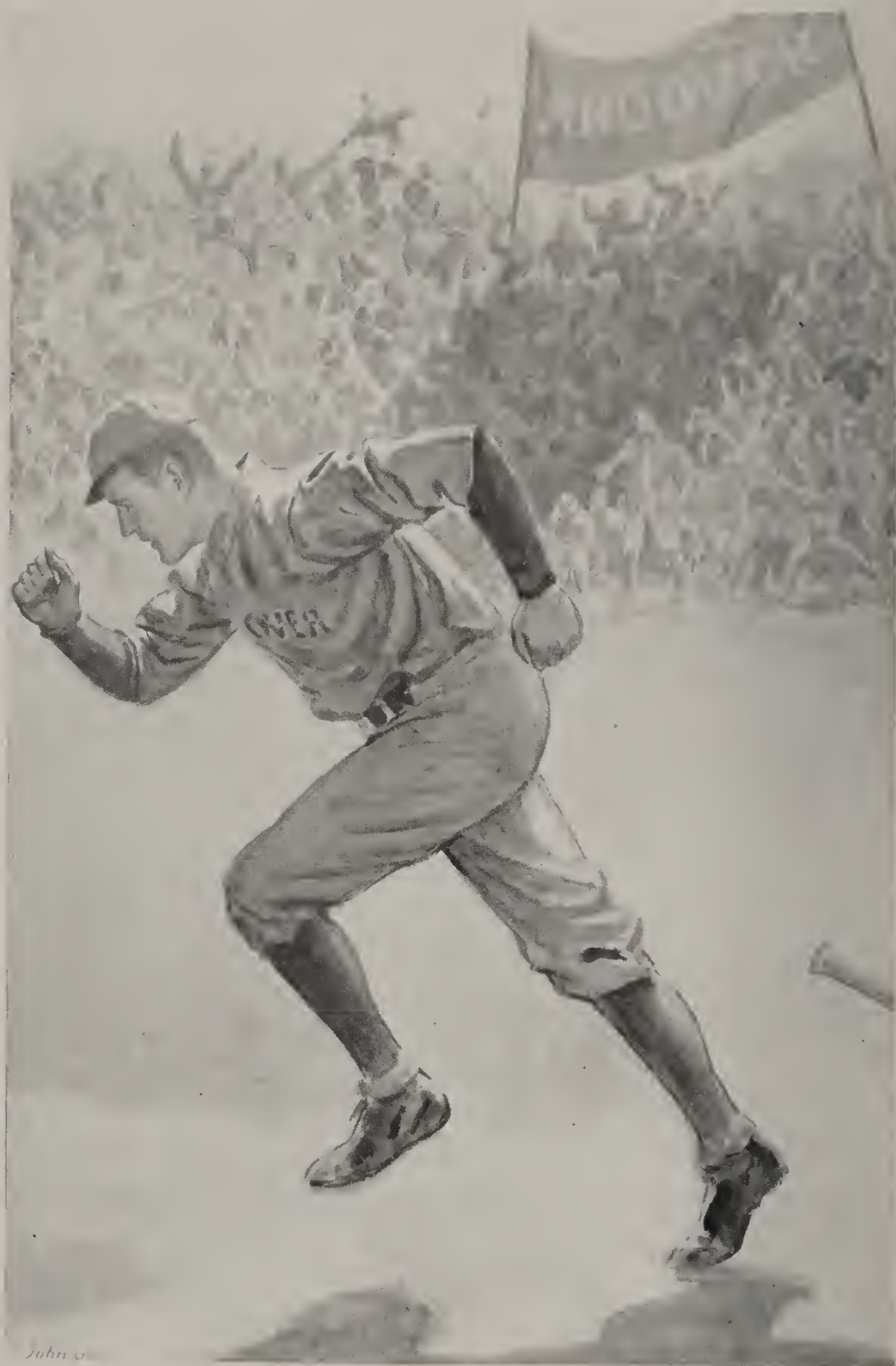
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ALL FOR ANDOVER

**The School Life of Steve Fisher and
his Friends**



HE HEARD A TREMENDOUS ROAR OF SOUND.—*Page 239.*

ALL FOR ANDOVER

The School Life of Steve Fisher
and his Friends

By

CLAUDE M. FUESS

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ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GOSS



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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All for Andover

Printed in U. S. A.

Norwood Press
NORWOOD, MASS.

APR - 8 '25

©C1A823647

no 1

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ALL FOR ANDOVER

I

THE SCHOOL

“ HI, Buck, how’s the boy? ”

“ What, you back again, Alec? I thought you’d gone on to Princeton.”

“ Well, if there isn’t old Jess! ”

“ Coming out for the team this fall, Eddie? ”

On the platform of the Andover station late one September afternoon a crowd of fifty or more young men who had just stepped from the Boston train were being welcomed by their friends. It was a busy scene. Old boys were slapping each other on the back, shouting out favorite nicknames, and getting acquainted again after the thirteen weeks of summer vacation. Trunks were being hauled about and mercilessly slammed down; while here and there taxi-drivers and baggage men were trying to pick up a little trade. Nearly everybody was talking at once. There

were, however, a few strange youngsters who stood gazing rather helplessly about them, uncertain just what to do next, but trying their best to look unconcerned. Against a pillar near the green post-office mail-box one such recruit leaned for a moment, watching the proceedings and deciding what his first move should be.

In physical appearance he had little at a casual glance which seemed distinctive. Of medium height, he was stocky in build and had wide shoulders that marked him as a dangerous customer in a quarrel. His square jaw indicated obstinacy, but his clear blue eyes and pleasant expression certainly showed a saving sense of humor. Under his cap could be seen traces of auburn hair. Without being especially good-looking, he seemed an attractive type of normally robust boy, with a healthy tan indicating that his summer had been spent in the open. His clothes were obviously ready-made, and there was in his manner a kind of diffidence, as if he were not quite sure how to conduct himself in civilized society. He stared about him much as the raw D'Artagnan must have done in Paris, when he came for the first time upon the splendor of the King's Musketeers; and, like the hero of Dumas's romance, he had his

own ambitions, which are in good time to be disclosed.

His name was Stephen Harrison Fisher, and he had travelled all the distance from a little town in northern Montana. He was the only child of a country clergyman, whose salary was not large and whose missionary spirit had kept him poor. The boy could hardly remember his mother, who had died, worn out by pioneer hardships, when he was barely eight years old. He and his father had ever since been close comrades in a little cottage on the outskirts of the village. This was all the home Steve had ever known, and he had never left it until he had set out for the East, four days before, to enter his father's old school. That father's name was down in the Andover records as Fisher, '83, and he had been one of the most famous athletes of his generation.

From the time when he was old enough to listen and understand, the boy had been told about Andover, for his father, although he had not returned there for years, had nevertheless kept in touch with it and its progress. Before he had reached the sixth grade in grammar school, Steve could have told you something of the Andover traditions, of its athletic achievements, and of its

famous alumni like Quincy, Morse, and Holmes. When he was old enough to try its entrance examinations, he had absorbed an amazing amount of its history, from the date of its foundation during the Revolutionary War. He was well aware, for instance, that our national hymn, *America*, had been written on Andover Hill, that Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had lived and published books there, and that it had long been a center of learning. He had dreamed for months about going there—and now here he was at last, actually in the Andover station, in the midst of Andover boys,—and, strange to say, his chief emotion was one of loneliness.

“Can you tell me where Bishop Hall is?” Steve turned his head and saw a rather thin, wiry, sharp-eyed youngster, with quick gestures and an inquisitive air, who was looking inquiringly at him. The boy was probably not much over fourteen, but his horn spectacles gave him an owl-like appearance, and he had a precocious expression, as if he were older than his years.

“Yes, I think I can find it,” replied Steve, “and I’m going there myself right away. Come along up the hill, and I’ll try to lead you to it.” And taking up his heavy suit-case as if its weight were

not at all burdensome, he walked off. The smaller boy had evidently sent his baggage ahead, for he carried no bundles, but strode along beside Steve, adjusting his short, choppy steps to his companion's longer strides.

"This your first year?" inquired Steve.

"Yes, I'm just entering."

"My name's Fisher. What's yours?"

"Ted Sherman," was the answer. "That is, my full name is Theodore Roosevelt Sherman. You see I was born when Roosevelt was President, and my dad, who used to hunt with him, named me after him. My home's in Omaha."

"Are you rooming in Bishop Hall?"

"Yes, I think that my room is going to be Number 18."

"That's queer. I've got Number 20. It must be right across the corridor. What class are you in, Ted?"

"Oh, I suppose it'll be the Lower Middle. I took some 'exams' last spring, and I don't believe I'll make any higher grade."

"I'm in just the same boat. We're going to get acquainted, all right."

By this time the two, walking rapidly, had reached the top of the hill, where the great school,

with its many brick buildings, lay before them. There was the broad central campus, already marked out in white lines for football gridirons, flanked by two ancient-looking dormitories. Steve, who had been made familiar with his surroundings through maps and photographs shown him by his father, left the Main Street, guiding his companion along Chapel Avenue to the Inn, and then through the glorious Elm Arch, that lofty cathedral aisle which has been traversed by so many generations of Andover boys.

“Look!” cried Steve excitedly. “You can see the new Main Building with the tall pillars off there to the left. That ugly mottled thing is Brechin Hall, where the school offices are. And there ahead is the Memorial Tower.”

When they reached the Tower, they both instinctively paused to get their bearings and to read the names, carved in stone, of those ninety Andoverians who had given their lives in the World War. They were now in the very center of school life, and they could see dozens of students rushing about, evidently engaged in matters of pressing interest. As they stood there contemplating the scene, the chimes above them rang out.



THE NEW MAIN BUILDING AT ANDOVER.

ERECTED IN 1923, THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF NEARLY THREE THOUSAND LOYAL ANDOVER ALUMNI.

“Six o’clock already!” said Steve. “We’d better hurry along or we won’t get any dinner.”

Fortunately Bishop Hall, their destination, was only just across the street, and they soon found themselves at the doors of their respective rooms. A pleasant-faced young man with a black moustache, seeing them standing in the corridor, came up and said, “Hello, boys, looking for anything or anybody?”

“No, sir,” answered Steve. “We’re just trying to get acquainted with our future home.”

“Are you going to live here?” asked the man, smiling.

“Yes, we’re on the second floor,” answered Steve, who seemed to be the spokesman. “I’m Steve Fisher, and this is Ted Sherman with me.”

“I’m what they call here your ‘house-prof,’” explained the stranger, “and I’m supposed to see to it that you behave yourselves. My name is Irwin. You’ll get acquainted with me before very long.”

“Perhaps you can tell us where we can get some dinner?” spoke up Ted, who was hungry from his long ride.

“Of course. Why don’t you go right over to the Beanery,—that’s what the boys call the Din-

ing Hall,—and hand your names in. They'll fix you up there all right, and you'll see dozens of new men like yourselves, all wondering what to do next. It's right over there, just beyond the Tower and the Gymnasium. You can almost smell the food from here."

The boys needed no further advice on this subject. It took them only a moment to cover the ground between Bishop and the rather plain red-brick colonial structure, built—although few of the students probably knew it—by a world-renowned architect, the famous Bulfinch, who drew the plans for the Boston State House. Within its walls there seemed now to be nothing but noise,—the rushing about of waiters, the clash of heavy china, the muttering of many voices, which made a roar like that of a surging sea. When they got inside, the cry rose, "Yea, Preps!" They were pushed and jostled over to a table in a corner where four other terrified lads were nervously wielding knife and fork, and sat down, relieved to have escaped a direct assault. In a minute or two a boy of their own age, garbed in a white coat, appeared and said, "Well, preps, what do you want to eat?" He seemed so belligerent and so obviously in a hurry that even the cool-

headed Ted could do little more than gasp, "Dunno." The waiter, who was evidently well used to such indecision, darted away, and in an incredibly short time reappeared with two dishes of soup, two plates of baked beans, bread, milk, butter, and two huge dishes of ice-cream, all of which he deposited on the table in front of them without a word. They were both too hungry, as well as too discreet, to protest, and Steve began with the dessert, following with the soup, and closing with the beans and the milk. Everybody else seemed quite too busy to pay any attention to them. In fact each boy was engaged in pushing his food down his throat in the briefest possible time, without any nonsense, such as conversation or other diversion.

Having speedily concluded the double ceremonies of mastication and swallowing, Steve and Ted imitated the others by rushing to the revolving door, from which they were presently hurled out on the terrace. Here at last they had an opportunity to breathe freely. As they strolled slowly towards Bishop Hall, they could notice, now that they had leisure to inspect it, that it was a three-storied brick structure, with its walls covered with a mass of ivy. Beside and behind it

were more dormitories of the same general design, and others loomed up at unexpected angles as they turned around to look back of them across the street. "I never dreamed this place was as big as it is," commented Ted. "We'll get completely lost here if we don't watch out." And Steve for the moment was inclined to agree with him.

Both boys were eager to unpack their trunks and get settled; so they found their rooms, which were located side by side on the second floor corridor, and began to arrange their things. Ted was in Steve's study, resting for a moment and marvelling at the colors of the sunset, when the door was suddenly thrown wide open and a little boy, with red cheeks and a round cherubic countenance, shouted, "Look who's here!" adding in a second, "Come out of there, you fresh preps!" The intruder, who could not have been more than fourteen, had an assurance remarkable for one of his years. He was clearly trying to assume a dignity and roughness entirely foreign to his personality. Steve unconsciously smiled; whereupon the child squeaked in a shrill tone, "Wipe off that grin, prep," and, going back to the entrance, cried, "Hi, fellows, here's a fresh one!"

In a second as it seemed the room was packed with boys of all sizes, three or four with large "A's" on their sweaters, all assembled to enjoy the fun. The cherub, who, by a kind of universal ironic agreement, was tolerated as a ringleader, issued his orders: "Now, preps, get up and turn your coats inside out." Steve looked for a moment as if he was prepared to resist, but Ted, who had sensed the situation perfectly, said to him in a low voice, "Do just what he wants." Then Ted, who had a whimsical note in his character, got on his knees before the youthful bully and whined, "Please, mister, don't strike me. I'll be good." The crowd burst into a roar of approval at his assumed terror, and a big six-footer encouraged the cherub by saying, "Kill the fresh prep, Buddy." Encouraged by this voice, Buddy boldly stepped forward with his commands, "Now, preps, march off in lock-step. Lively now." And so Steve and Ted, chuckling inwardly at the adventure, obeyed instructions, and Ted, with his hands on Steve's shoulders, followed him into the hall and down-stairs, where they came across other new students lined up for hazing.

The ordeal was not at all serious, and was probably as much fun for the tortured as for the in-

quisitors. Buddy, as the diminutive leader was called, had evidently been unofficially made master of ceremonies. Barking out directions in a high-pitched voice, he marched the newcomers round and round the circle in front of the dormitory; while his victims, in pretended agony, uttered loud wails of pain. Four times Steve was commanded to deliver a speech, only to be derisively howled down by his auditors. Ted patiently "crowed like a duck," "scrambled like an egg," and went through the traditional stunts so dear to the schoolboy's heart. Both were enjoying the riot immensely. Then unexpectedly a bell began to ring out from somewhere in the half-darkness. The group began slowly to disperse, until soon only a handful were left. The bell was now swinging more rapidly, as if by way of warning. "Better beat it, prep, or you'll get marked out," said an older boy to Steve, who, seeing that the hazing was over, ran inside, just as the bell had stopped its quick strokes and had begun striking the hour. It was the eight o'clock signal, marking like a curfew the time when every student had to be in his dormitory or receive a "cut." Steve and Ted were to hear that bell for many months to come, until it became a familiar

pleasant sound in their lives; but on this night it was strange and harsh, as if it ushered in a new era of unaccustomed things. They sat up late talking over the future, and it was long before either one could fall into anything like a dreamless sleep.

Steve's father, perhaps remembering his own youth, had provided him with an enormous Big Ben alarm clock, and the boy's head seemed hardly to have cleared of its thoughts before the gong began to clang. Grumbling, he got up to shut it off and look at the time; to his astonishment it was seven o'clock. Hastily he went to beat on Ted's door, and soon the two boys were leaping about with a dozen others under the cold shower. Their toilets were made quickly, and their breakfast was a matter of a few minutes. As they hurried down the Elm Arch, they saw boys in every stage of undress rushing towards the chapel, some of them adjusting neckties and buttoning collars as they ran. Steve and Ted simply followed the others into the building and took seats near the front. The chapel bell beat more feverishly; the bustle increased with every second; and then very suddenly the organ stopped, everything became quiet, and the school

rose as one man to repeat the Lord's Prayer, with the Head leading.

Although his personality and reputation were, of course, familiar to them, neither boy had ever seen the Head before. Tall and erect he stood, his hair almost pure white, but his body as strong and lithe as if he were still in college. He had about him a native dignity which was very impressive, and enabled him without effort to dominate that gathering of six hundred restless boys. The habitual expression on his face was a sad one, and there were deep lines there which showed that he had not found life all joy. It was his voice especially which interested Steve. Rich, deep, and musical, it throbbed with emotion as he prayed for the welfare of the school and its members. Even Ted, who was not given to sentiment, could not help having unusual quavers run up and down his spine as he listened. Certainly the Head was a man whom everybody must respect. It was only later that Steve learned how much he was loved by graduates and boys alike, how they loved to cheer him by his first name, and how warmly he was greeted at alumni gatherings all over the United States.

After a hymn, a Bible-reading, and a prayer,

the Registrar made the announcements for the day,—so many that it seemed as if he would never have done. One fact, however, was impressed upon Steve's mind,—that the new boys were to report at once to certain personages called Class Officers, to have their schedules of recitations made out and to arrange their work. When Steve arrived at the room of the Lower Middle Class Officer, Mr. Hewitt, he found there a long line of waiting boys. Right in front of him was one of the biggest youths Steve had ever seen, at least six feet, three inches in height, with enormous shoulders, long rangy arms, and a bull neck. His blond hair, cut pompadour, made him resemble a heavy-weight pugilist, but his face was mild in its expression, and he seemed rather bewildered in his attitude. As Steve took his place in the line, the giant turned to him and asked, "Say, do you know what to do with this thing?" He handed Steve a blank with the name Joseph William Watson, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in a sprawling handwriting across the top. It was covered with smutches and erasures where the owner had tried to revise it, without, however, knowing very much what he was doing.

"Sure, I can tell you," answered Steve. "Go

up to the desk and get a fresh blank, and then we'll work it out together."

Long before Joe's turn in the line had been reached, Steve had cleared up his problems for him, with the result that Mr. Hewitt, a tall, thin, fidgety man with a worried look on his face, readily made out their schedules, placing them for the most part in the same divisions in Latin, English, Algebra, and French. As Steve walked out, Joe caught up with him, and the two went back to Bishop Hall, where, it appeared, Joe had a room on the top floor. It did not take Steve long to discover that Joe, with his colossal body, had no corresponding intellect. He asked the most childish questions, accepting the answers in a good-natured way. He seemed, indeed, like a Newfoundland puppy, awkward and clumsy, but invariably even-tempered.

"You look as if you were made for a football player," said Steve, as they walked along. "I suppose you're going out for the team."

"I guess so," replied Joe rather indifferently. "The coach seemed to think yesterday that I'd better try it. It's a lot of hard work though."

"Of course you've played before?"

"Yes, I've been guard on the High School team

down in Harrisburg, but that isn't quite the same as playing on Andover. Aren't you going to sign up for football?"

"I don't know. Do you think I would have any chance?"

"Why not? You're big and powerful, and you look fast on your feet. Besides I'd be willing to bet that you've got some brains, which I haven't. Come along with me this afternoon and we'll try it out together."

"All right. What time's the practice?"

"Two o'clock, up near the Gymnasium. I'll stop for you on my way."

There were no formal recitations that morning, and Joe and Steve spent their time talking with Ted about their work and wondering about their prospective teachers. Joe was chiefly interested in discovering whether any of his courses would be "snaps," for he had never yet been able to move fast or far on the royal road to learning. Steve, who had always been a faithful pupil in grammar school, was prepared to study hard, and was really eager to do well. As for Ted, it was soon evident that he was naturally the brightest of the trio, but it was equally certain that he did not propose to let himself be worn out prema-

turely by excessive study. He instinctively craved companionship, and was frankly social in his habits. Already, although he had been in Andover only a few hours, he knew nearly everybody in the "dorm" by his first name. He had spent his spare minutes in roaming about from one room to another, picking up stray bits of information regarding his "profs" and their peculiar traits, all of which he retailed in due season to his two friends. His restless keen black eyes saw everything, and he had a dozen schemes simmering in his mind. Too light and small for any proficiency in athletics, he was a born diplomatist and politician, and he was fully aware that there were phases of school life in which those qualities might serve a purpose.

Right after lunch, Steve and Joe hastened to the Gymnasium, where they put on football togs and ran out by the Swimming Pool and the Baseball Cage to the playing-fields. Steve had never seen anything like them before. Here was a great stretch of greensward, on which at least a dozen gridirons had been marked out, and there were groups practising on each. In the distance he could see a cinder running-track, with a background of tall pine-trees. A perfect baseball

diamond, with rows of bleachers for the spectators, was not far off. The school football field, which they soon reached, was on higher ground still, and from it Steve could see very clearly the Memorial Tower and the clock on Alumni Hall. As he looked around, he noticed how acre after acre of ground had been graded, solely for the purpose of making sound bodies for Andover boys.

On the school field nearly a hundred sturdy figures, all candidates for the squad, were lining up, and Steve's heart sank as he realized what the competition for places must be. Joe pointed out to Steve the Coach, Fred Davis, a former captain at Yale, who stood silently regarding the recruits and occasionally snapping out an order. He was a mountain of a man, with a chest as broad as a doorway and a jaw like the Rock of Gibraltar. Near him was Red Larsen, the Andover captain, who had the reputation of being the fastest back-field man in school. All around him Steve noticed boys who were heavier and apparently stronger than he, and his hopes of making the eleven cooled perceptibly minute by minute.

Suddenly he found himself in a long line with perhaps fifty others. One by one those ahead of him plunged at a dummy figure, some awkwardly,

a few with a skill which was born of practice. When Steve's turn came, he attempted to imitate the others, and, running with all his might, he threw himself at the padded bag and embraced it; but he let his hands slip, and the dummy eluded his clutches. "Cling to it tighter," Steve heard a voice say, and realized that the Coach was talking to him. Before he had withdrawn, he saw Joe descend upon the dummy, envelop it in his long arms, and drag it desperately down, in what was the best tackle yet made. "Step aside," said the Coach to Joe, who was thus lined up with a group of the more promising prospects for the squad. To Steve remained the less enviable lot of having to spend days in learning to do through observation and hard labor what Joe had apparently accomplished so easily. Within a week Joe had a position on the regular eleven, but Steve was kept busy mastering the rudiments of the game.

After practice, Joe and Steve had a bath and a plunge in the pool, and then went to dinner, where they ate like hungry healthy animals. Later in the evening the three friends sat together in Joe's large room on the third floor of Bishop, looking out through the open window towards distant Mount

Monadnock, behind which the sun was setting in one of those gorgeous beds of pink and gold and purple for which Andover Hill is renowned. Steve was sore in his muscles and so stiff that he hardly cared to move; but he was happy beyond expression in what he had done and seen.

“It’s a great place,” he said, as he rubbed his tired legs, “and we’re going to have a grand time here.”

“Yes,” put in Joe, whose musings were evidently all of athletic victories. “And it looks as if the team would be a corker.”

“We’re going to have a good chance here in this dorm,” added Ted, whose thoughts were running in another channel. “Why, some of the biggest men in school are right here around us. If we don’t get along, it’s our own fault.”

“Whether we get along or not,” concluded Steve, with what was unmistakably the final word for the night, “we’re part of a real school. A fellow ought to grow to be a man here if he’s going to be one anywhere. I’m mighty glad I came.”

There were no audible dissenters from this opinion among those present.

II

GETTING ACQUAINTED

STEVE's next few days were very busy, for he had to get acquainted with a whole new society or civilization, in which the code was altogether different from anything he had ever known before. It was a week before he understood exactly what he was expected not to do. Imitating the other fellows whom he saw around him, he ran out one morning to chapel bareheaded, only to hear a cry, "Hi, prep, go back and put on your cap!" He soon learned that newcomers were forbidden to walk down Main Street to the center of the town, but must take the parallel Bartlet Street instead. When his seat in chapel was assigned him, he discovered by observation that he must wait until all those nearer the pulpit had left their places before he could start out. In short, he was in a community with set customs and traditions, which those who were wise obeyed implicitly. A great school is the most conservative of institutions, and there is no spot where radicalism or deviation from the normal is less popular.

As a mere "prep," Steve had few rights which any one was bound to respect. He could not attend class meetings; he was assigned a rear place in all processions; and he was warned to maintain a discreet silence when discussion was going on among the older men. The unpardonable sin, as he soon realized, was to be "fresh." Aside from these restrictions, he was not made uncomfortable. He was, it is true, compelled to march like a convict in the time-honored "prep parade" on the Saturday night after his arrival; but this was really no ordeal, and the actual hazing which he underwent was negligible.

Steve found that his schedule called for nineteen hours of classroom work a week, divided in irregular fashion, with holidays on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Most of his recitations were in the new Alumni Hall, and it took him some time to find his way around the huge building with its many corridors and doors. It pleased him particularly to hear that he could study in his own dormitory room during hours when he had no recitations, and could thus be completely by himself. Such freedom as this seemed delightful, but he soon discovered that it was permitted only because students at Andover are

treated as if they are old enough to bear responsibility. If it is found they cannot, they shortly disappear.

Like many of the boys who came to Andover every year, Steve had been quite accustomed to disorder in his classrooms. In the grammar schools in his home, the pupils played all sorts of pranks, and the punishments inflicted, even when the offense was deliberate, were not severe. He had been told enough by his father, however, to understand that conditions in Andover were quite different, and he had been specifically counselled not to be "smart." He wisely made up his mind that, whatever happened, he would be cautious and not let his love of practical jokes carry him into trouble.

With Ted as his companion, Steve went right after chapel to his first class,—an English recitation under Mr. Hobson, a brisk and dapper little man, partly bald, with a cold and cynical glance, who seemed to see everything that went on. When the thirty-odd boys had assembled, some running in nervously, others, more sophisticated, sauntering in as if this were a minor phase of academic life, Mr. Hobson made a little speech, outlining the program for the fall and telling

them what books to buy. When he had finished, a ferret-faced boy on the back seat raised his hand and said, "Please, sir, shall we pay for the books or charge them?" Mr. Hobson, who was known among the students as "Chilly," because of his frigidity of manner, looked at the youngster, saw that he was trying to "show off," and then said, "Why, we have a bright little boy with us to-day. We must watch this clever little fellow to see that he doesn't go too fast for us." The "fresh" student, effectually squelched, turned a deep crimson, and made no further attempts at wit. Steve soon perceived that, in the average Andover classroom, a few words from the lips of a sarcastic "prof" were as effective as a whipping would have been in many other schools.

He found, of course, that he had all kinds of teachers, each with his own individual method. The universal penalty imposed for failure to prepare class-work or for disorder of any sort was the demerit, and more than eight of these on the registrar's books meant suspension from school. Some teachers gave demerits frequently; others never used them as a punishment. One or two instructors were humorous,—or tried to be,—and seemed to like to joke and tell funny stories. One

looked to be irritable, but it turned out later that he was very lenient and kind-hearted. Even "Chilly" Hobson was good-natured enough with pupils who tried to do their best. Each teacher had his peculiarities, which it took Steve a week or more to get accustomed to. So far as he could learn, however, most of them were well-informed in their subjects, and meant business.

Each year at Andover, however, there was likely to be a "goat" teacher, a new man, unused to the traditions of the school and perhaps unsuited by temperament to remain there. Of such a "prof" the more mischievous boys would quickly take advantage. Steve soon began to hear stories about the "house-prof" in Dunster Hall, who could not seem to get things under his control. Steve used to meet him frequently on the street,—a big, dignified-looking man, who could have whipped any two ordinary boys in a fair fight. But he was slightly deaf, and his mind moved slowly; hence he was never quite sure of himself. His name was Henry Bailey Morris, but he had been affectionately christened "Doggy," mainly because of certain obvious deficiencies in facial pulchritude.

Steve happened to be with "Babe" South-

worth, the smallest man in his class, one day when he asked "Doggy" for an excuse to go downtown. Mr. Morris looked down at "Babe" for a few seconds with a grave expression, as if seeking to comprehend the boy's motives, and finally said, in a deep, sepulchral voice, "For how long do you desire this privilege?" "Gee," commented "Babe" afterwards, "it was all I could do to keep from snickering in his face. He looked as if I had asked for a check for a million dollars." "Did you get the excuse?" "Yes, but I believe now that he thinks I am going to try to rob the bank."

"Doggy's" dormitory was not the most peaceful spot on Andover Hill. One evening, about a month after school had begun, the inhabitants of Bishop heard a frightful racket in Dunster, which was not far away. Ted Sherman, who was always on the lookout for excitement, climbed quietly down the fire-escape and stole over to Dunster, where he could see that a barrel full of cans and crockery had been rolled down the stairs into the front corridor. Ted waited a moment and then, observing preparations for another exploit, retreated behind a massive elm, where he could watch the proceedings. Peering out, he could see

“Babe” Southworth and three other rascals evidently preparing a surprise in the third story. Suddenly down came what was apparently a box with streamers of lighted paper trailing behind it like the tail of a comet. Striking the ground with a tremendous crash, it exploded, scattering stones and bricks in every direction. With what was unquestionably premeditated villainy, the windows of the dormitory opened simultaneously and yells of terror burst from the throats of occupants. To anybody in Ted’s strategic position the affair seemed ridiculous, but a passer-by must have thought that all the fiends of hell had broken loose.

To add to the uproar, the boys in the neighboring dormitories could not resist the temptation to respond in kind, and soon everybody on the Hill was leaning out, blowing a horn or whistling or making some kind of a noise. Meanwhile “Doggy,” attired in a short purple-green wrapper which revealed the mysteries of a fat and bulging calf, descended the steps of Dunster and inspected the smoking pile of rubbish. “Some one must have dropped that,” he said in his heavy, deliberate way, while the boys in the dormitory, who had gathered around him with feigned curiosity,

asked him foolish questions. While they were standing there, however, the form of the Head loomed up out of the darkness, and the fellows silently stole off, not without the consciousness that they had been noticed. In fifteen seconds "Doggy" was left alone to explain the cause of the rumpus.

Just what happened later nobody seemed to know, but it was generally understood that the Head called together "Babe" Southworth and some of the other conspirators, and that they emerged from the interview with faces visibly sad. The Head, when his anger was aroused, was not inclined to mince words, and he had evidently made the situation quite clear to the residents of Dunster. As for Mr. Morris, he did not appear in Andover after Christmas, and the vacancy in the teaching staff was filled by a less imposing but more sophisticated instructor.

It took only a short time for Steve to notice that in his various classes the sheep were being gradually separated from the goats. The loafers were soon detected and made to work or get out. The "dumbbells," as they were called, were dropped into lower classes, or given special treatment. The Andover system was to expel the de-

liberate idler ruthlessly, but to do everything to assist the slow, plodding boy who was doing his best. Steve himself had never been in any sense a scholar, but he spent long hours over his Latin and his Algebra, and soon found that his instructors were willing to take special pains with him. Ted Sherman, who was naturally bright but also naturally indolent, received absolutely no mercy when he flunked an examination.

In his Algebra class, Steve was seated beside a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather supercilious-looking boy, who was dressed much more neatly than most of those around him and seemed, for some reason, older in manner. Occasionally Steve exchanged greetings with him, and gradually the two became better acquainted. His name was Harold Cabot Manning, from Boston, where his family had a house on Commonwealth Avenue. His pronunciation of *Hahvard* and *cahn't* made his station in life perfectly evident. He had travelled widely, had read most of the important classics, and had had a preliminary training at home and with tutors which made his work at Andover very easy. In fact, he seemed like the aristocrat he was. With his carefully brushed hair, his well-pressed trousers, his stiff white col-

lar, and immaculate shoes, he looked effeminate to some of his associates and snobbish to others. But there was something genuine about him which Steve liked. Hal, as Steve began to call him, was above all "kid" tricks. He viewed childish pranks with the scorn of maturity. Furthermore he was quite willing to help Steve and Joe over knotty problems connected with the Binomial Theorem. So it was that Hal, although discussed with suspicion at first by Joe and Ted, became before many weeks had passed an intimate member of Steve's group. If Joe was like Porthos in bulk and strength and slowness of mind, Hal had the haughtiness and pride of Athos. Ted, with his clever ways and politician's skill, was undoubtedly Aramis. As for Steve, he was still potentially D'Artagnan, and the natural leader of the four.

As they grew better acquainted, they explored the Hill and its surroundings with all the eagerness of strange eyes. It was Ted who led them into the Grill, a dark underground room where the students could invest their spare cash in steaks and chops, and,—what was perhaps more to be desired,—could smoke during fixed hours and still be within the law. Joe and Steve were

at once in training, and the Grill offered few real allurements to them, but Ted was a devotee of the cigarette and soon promised to become what was known in the expressive school slang as a "Grill Hound." The room itself, which was panelled in dark oak and divided into small alcoves or dens with a table and benches in each, had much that was attractive about it, especially for boys who had money to spend. Ted, like all the "preps," had to sit always on the south side of the room, but this did not prevent him from making the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of boys, whom he soon learned to call by their first names or their nicknames. Having no class during the first hour in the morning, he formed the habit of going to chapel without eating and then strolling to the Grill, where he would fill himself with food and snatch an after-breakfast cigarette like a true club man. It was a bad practice for his health, as Steve warned him more than once; but Ted cared nothing for sports, and his chief diversion was in the society of others, as he found it in the Grill. As for Hal, he smoked when he cared to do so, but he was more likely to take his cigarette to his own room, taking care to blow the smoke up the chimney so that his

“house prof” would not detect the odor and punish him with a dreaded smoking demerit.

The fellows whom they met were of every kind and walk of life. Some of them, as Steve discovered later, were poor boys who were working their way through school by waiting on table in the eating-houses, running laundry agencies, or doing odd jobs around the Academy office. It interested Steve to see that nobody seemed to know or care whether a boy was doing work of this kind or not. Some of the leaders of the school were apparently waiters in the Dining Hall. It was a thorough democracy, in which everybody was ranked according to his ability and achievement. There were also a number of men from foreign countries, including even China and Japan; and these, too, were treated as equals, especially if they had, like some of the Chinese, skill in soccer football or other games. Steve once counted in Bishop Hall boys from California, Colorado, Texas, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, New York, and all the New England States. It was certainly interesting to sit down in a group of such fellows and get the different points of view.

On Sunday afternoons, when there was no foot-

ball practice, the four friends liked to go exploring in the surrounding countryside. Once they took canoes and went paddling on the Shawsheen, winding in and out, through marshes and meadows, in a country which seemed very wild to Steve, who had always pictured Massachusetts as a continuous succession of factories and houses, with every foot of land under cultivation. They early came across the beautiful woodland path down to Pomp's Pond, an attractive bit of clear deep water nestling at the foot of steep hills. Once, at Ted's suggestion they started cross-country on a walk to Prospect Hill, only to find themselves struggling through swamps and cranberry bogs and fighting their way through alder-bushes. When they reached the summit, however, they had a glorious view for miles and miles, even as far as Salem and the ocean, and felt well repaid for their toil. In every direction there were forest paths which they used to try, even at the risk of getting out of school bounds and being expelled.

It was Founders' Day, perhaps, which brought home forcefully to the boys, even to the cynical Ted, something of the associations among which they were placed. In mid-October the school was

given a full Saturday holiday. On the night before, one of the teachers, an authority on Andover history, talked in the Gymnasium on the traditions of the Academy, using lantern slides for illustrations. Early Saturday morning old "grads" appeared in little groups, wandering about and pointing out to one another the spots which they once had known. At chapel, a distinguished judge, a man of international fame, told the boys of the greatness of the ancient school. Then in long procession, with a brass band in the van, the undergraduates and alumni marched to the Memorial Tower, where they dedicated a granite boulder placed on the spot where George Washington once addressed Andover students in 1789. As part of the program, a cabinet minister and a general in the United States Army made speeches, in which were frequent references to "the spirit of the founders," "the richness of our heritage," and "the splendor of our constitution." "Look here," said Hal, as the speaking program was drawing to a close, "if any one else mentions 'our glorious tradition,' I'm going to throw a brick." "Oh, forget it," answered Steve. "Haven't you any sentiment at all? Wait until you're sixty and see how you feel!" "That's all

right," was Hal's reply, "but you can get too much even of a good thing." In spite of this comment, the affair was really impressive to the boys, and helped to reveal to them the spirit of the Hill. Even Ted had to admit that such celebrations are well worth having.

But there were other matters to be considered besides dedicating boulders. Six weeks after the opening of school came what was known as the first "rating," when grades were handed in by the teachers and some evidence was thus secured as to the intellectual ability of the boys. Steve, who had been warned by his father, knew that much depended on what he accomplished at the very start. If a boy in Andover once wins a reputation as a scholar, it is not easy to lose it; on the other hand, if he becomes known as a loafer or a "bonehead," he is branded for a long time to come. Steve's mind was slow, but retentive, and he had to stay up late at night poring over his French and Latin. But he had his reward when, at the "rating," he passed every subject; while even Joe, who had very little comprehension of what he was doing, managed to escape with failures in only two courses of four hours each. He was thus still eligible for football. The Andover

system automatically placed on the "no-excuse list,"—colloquially called "Non-Ex,"—any boy who failed in more than eight hours of work. Once on "Non-Ex," the delinquent could not represent the school on any athletic team, and was allowed no excuses out of his dormitory during study periods until he had reduced his failures to below eight hours.

Hal, as was to be expected from one of his intelligence, had honors in all his subjects. Without "plugging" very hard, he had concentrated on the essential things, and had had no difficulties whatever. With the subtle Ted, however, it was different. Ignoring the warnings of his friends, he had done very little, trusting to get through by "bluffing," with a final night of "cramming." On the morning after the "rating" announcements were made, he turned up in Steve's room with a disgusted expression on his face.

"Isn't it a mess?" he asked bitterly. "They've put me on 'Non-Ex.'"

"What else did you expect?" queried Steve in reply. "You haven't cracked a book since you came here."

"Bosh!" grunted Ted. "I thought I could

get through all right. The trouble is these profs here are too darned stiff. I always passed in Omaha High School. As far as that's concerned, I guess I'm just as smart as you are."

"Of course you are, and a good deal brighter. That's why you have no kick at all coming. You thought that you could get away with murder. Now maybe you'll learn that these profs here know exactly how to handle young fellows like you."

"Well, I'll put it over on 'em next time," threatened Ted.

"Better not try, my boy," said Steve paternally. "The odds are all against you. Besides the best thing that could happen to you is a heavy jolt like this. If you would keep away from the Grill, settle down to business, and stop trying to be a 'tin-horn sport,' there'd be some hope for you. Just remember that if you're still down at the next 'rating,' you'll be put on probation. The next thing you know, you'll be 'fired,' and Omaha will go into mourning for her favorite son."

"I don't care much now whether I'm 'fired' or not," responded Ted. "I'm sick of a place where you have to 'grind' all the time."

"Oh, stop the whining, Ted," interpolated

Steve. "Won't you ever learn that this is one place where you can't beat the game?"

It was this incident, combined with another episode which he saw, that persuaded Ted eventually to see the wisdom of reform. In his Algebra class there was a giant named "Big Pete" Russell, who played left guard on the eleven, and was counted upon to be an important factor in the annual game with Exeter. Pete, with his long arms, shaggy hair, and flattened nose, looked a good deal like a gorilla. He had been at Andover two years, knew all the ropes (as he put it), and felt that he was safe in whatever he did. Ted had seen him use a "crib" in class on more than one occasion, and had even wondered whether he himself might not do better to follow some such practice. No one seemed to pay much attention to Pete, who, among the undergraduates, was considered a privileged character because of his athletic prowess.

The Algebra teacher, a gruff, rather sleepy-looking stout person, called "Bull" Churchill, with happy moments of inspiration when he made his subject almost romantic, was apparently oblivious to Pete's practices, and Pete accordingly was tempted to become more and more open in

his cheating. Sometimes he carried into the recitation room carefully prepared answers to the problems, which he would then copy on the board, confident that he was in no danger of being detected. The sentiment of the class, if a vote could have been taken, would have been one of disapproval; on the other hand, no one was likely to call attention to the matter, and certainly not a boy would have reported it. School chivalry in such cases follows a very definite code. "If he wants to do it, and can do it without getting caught, it's none of my affair," would have expressed the feeling of most of the fellows in Pete's vicinity.

On the morning of the final examination for the "rating," Ted sat diagonally behind Pete, where he could observe the situation. When the paper was handed to him, Pete took it, glanced it over hastily, scratched his head in despair, and then began looking at his cuffs. Here, as Ted could readily see, Pete had a wealth of assistance, which he stealthily commenced to copy on the blank sheets of paper before him. Meanwhile old "Bull" was sitting at his desk on the platform, busily engaged in correcting examinations and apparently quite indifferent to what was going

on in front of him. Suddenly he stood up, and, with an almost incredible rapidity, descended upon Pete, lifted up the boy's arm, pulled back the coat-sleeves, and then said abruptly, "Leave the room."

"But, sir," stammered Pete, "I—I ——"

"We'll have no argument, young man; just go."

Pete, quite speechless, took up his hat and slunk out the door. What could he say? He had been caught at his little game, and the school code of honor could offer him now no satisfaction.

Before the day was over, everybody was talking about the incident, including the four friends, who had had as yet no first-hand experience with the inexorability of Andover discipline.

"Do you suppose that he'll be 'fired'?" asked Joe, more to make conversation than because he had any hope.

"Sure he will," replied Steve. "They never let a man stay here when he's been caught cribbing."

"But it will smash the team into smithereens," wailed Joe, who, having played tackle for the two previous games, knew what he was talking about.

"Much the faculty care about that," muttered

Ted. "Most of them don't care whether we win or lose. Any decent sport could see that Pete's a good sort who doesn't mean to be a criminal. They might at least consider the reputation of the school."

"You certainly have a lot to learn," was Steve's retort. "I'm mighty glad this school doesn't stand for that sort of thing. If we lose the game, it won't be the faculty's fault, but Pete's. He knew what he was doing and the risk he took, just as a man does when he steals out of the till or sets fire to a house. If he had been a good Andover man, he wouldn't have taken such a chance."

Right or wrong, the faculty did not hesitate, and within a week Pete had packed up his goods and chattels and departed for his home. Retribution followed quickly upon wrong-doing, and Pete's extraordinary football ability had made no difference whatever in his fate. It was strict justice, promptly carried out. When Pete was gone, the Head talked to the school one morning in chapel, and the entire six hundred boys sat spell-bound. He used speech which all could understand.

"Young men," he said, in substance, "there

must be standards of honor in any great school like this, or else it will become demoralized. One of your number has broken a long-established regulation, and has paid the price. The rules here at Andover are well-known to every boy who enters. Furthermore, cheating is cheating, whether it is done in the classroom or on the stock exchange. Sooner or later every cheater is discovered, and pays the penalty for his offense. Life is like that. Always remember that it is better in the end to fail honorably than it is to prosper for a brief period by lies. The boy who cheats in an examination is deceiving himself. He, whether he be found out at once or not, is the true victim. We hope here in Andover to train young men who are not ashamed to confess their ignorance, and who are prepared to endure the punishment if for any reason they fail to study. We want our boys to pass; but we would far rather have them 'flunk' than pass by means of deception. And, eager though I am to win the game with Exeter, I would far rather lose than win it through the work of a boy who has proved himself untrustworthy. I don't believe I need to add anything more."

As the Head sat down, the school applauded

him to the echo, and there were few after that who ventured to defend the absent Pete. Indeed it was only a few days before he was completely forgotten.

This incident, combined with others, showed Steve that school is like a cross-section of life, in which there are representatives of every grade of society and in which one must sooner or later choose his associates from those who are most congenial to him in tastes and ideals. Out of six hundred boys, there were bound to be some who were tricky or vicious. Steve was no prig. He was well aware that there were some boys who took pride in breaking rules, that some went out at night when they thought that they might not be detected, and that a few played bridge and other games for stakes. But he learned very soon that the sentiment of the best men, the school leaders, did not sanction such conduct. Steve never reasoned very much on these matters. Instinctively he knew that some things were right and others wrong; and he preferred to be among the decent, law-abiding citizens.

He saw also that a fellow, to go bad in Andover, must deliberately choose his course. Most of the boys were kept so busy with work and play that

they had no spare time for dissipation. Furthermore, the fellow who wished to lead the "sporting life" had to seek out opportunities for debauchery. None was ever placed at his door.

By the end of six or eight weeks, then, Steve, and his friends in Bishop Hall as well, had begun to get their bearings. Certain things they observed were "not done,"—that was sufficient. Each one of the four in the secret places of his heart was pondering on what he had seen and heard, and was making up his mind to act accordingly.

III

THE GREAT GAME

THE supreme event of the Fall Term at Andover has always been the football game with Exeter, its traditional rival, a school of about the same size and founded by the same Phillips family. Naturally the two institutions have much in common. They are only thirty miles apart, and it is easy to get from one to the other. Every year they meet in football, hockey, basketball, tennis, track athletics, and baseball, and the contests are invariably fierce and exciting. Each school has a wholesome respect for the other's prowess, and a corresponding joy when a victory is won. In after years at college, Andover and Exeter men invariably become the best of friends, and forget the competition which once kept them friendly enemies.

From the day when Steve set foot in Andover station, he began to hear gossip about the coming football game,—the prospects of each team, the reputation of new players, the records of the

elevens in other years. He himself was kept on the Andover squad and given a place as substitute in the backfield; but there were old men who were much heavier and faster than he, and, although he played for two minutes in the game with the Dartmouth Freshmen, he knew very well that he had little chance of making the team. Joe, however, was placed at right tackle, where it seemed clear that he would not easily be superseded. Weighing about one hundred and eighty-five pounds of bone and muscle, he played football with instinctive genius, and seemed by intuition to know what to do at critical moments. The brain which was sluggish in Latin became alert on the gridiron. He was indeed a tower of strength in the line. Before Pete Russell was dropped, it was thought that Andover would have the strongest defense in years, but his loss at left guard was irreparable. The Coach, however, said not a word when Pete disappeared; a lighter recruit was called up from the second team and assigned to the vacant guard position.

Joe soon found that training on an Andover team was a different process from anything he had ever undertaken before. The men on the squad went out at two o'clock every afternoon,

and spent an hour and a half in hard drill, often with vigorous scrimmages. Usually they were called together in the evening for signal practice or a brief lecture by the Coach. If a man on the regular eleven failed in a crisis, he was sometimes thrown ignominiously back to the second team. There was no favoritism, no indulgence or excuse for weakness or failure. Nor was any player allowed to go his own way. Everything was systematized. Each man supposedly knew his proper position in each formation, and, if he was not there, the blame fell on him. The Coach himself seldom uttered a word of praise or censure. To Joe and Steve, it all seemed like admirable discipline. They recognized that they were being trained in manhood, and had no inclination to rebel against the orders they received.

The captain, Red Larsen, who played right halfback, was probably the best-known man in school. Although he was not the most brilliant performer on the eleven, he was astonishingly steady. On the defense he could be trusted to bring down his man nine times out of ten; and, if he was a bit slow on end runs, he seldom fumbled the ball. The quarterback, "Rib" Potter, was also thoroughly reliable, although he had

never been tested in an Exeter game. In general, it was evident at the beginning that Andover would have a good average team, with few star players. Sometimes, however, an eleven of this type, properly trained and working in unison, is more efficient in the end than a team built around one man, no matter how good he may be.

The earlier games on the schedule are always practice contests, the chief value of which is the help which they give the Coach in picking the best men. Different candidates were tried out for the various positions, until at last, when the game with the Yale Freshmen arrived, it was possible to get a fairly good idea as to how the team would be constituted. "Fat" Simonds,—a tubby youth weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds,—held the center place against all aspirants. The guards were "Heinie" Foote and "Lefty" Heywood. Joe had the right tackle position, with a big Swede named Bergstrom on the other side of the line; while the two ends were covered by "Muggsy" Hawkins and "Tug" Wilson. From end to end they averaged one hundred and seventy-three pounds, no small weight for a school eleven. In the backfield, besides Rib Potter and Red, were Lou Hammond at left half-

back and "Venus" Burns at fullback. Burns had received his name, not because he was a paragon of youthful beauty, but rather through a rough irony, not uncommon among boys. A fellow six feet, six inches tall was known as "Shorty" Boutwell; while another with an expression habitually ungracious answered to the title of "Sweetie" Pierce. Undergraduate wit in nicknames is likely to be more violent and cruel than subtle.

Although the team lost to the Yale Freshmen, 10-0, and to the Harvard Freshmen, 6-3, it seemed to be steadily gaining in confidence. Dartmouth Freshmen were beaten by a single drop-kick, which Venus Burns, when everything seemed lost, managed to put over from the thirty-yard line. In the last of the preliminary contests, that with Worcester Academy, Andover won handily, 18-0. It was not a season to boast about, but neither was it disheartening.

During the week of the Exeter game, it must be confessed that little else is discussed on Andover Hill. Beginning on Monday morning, every member of the eleven is applauded as he enters chapel, and the period before the service starts is thus a continuous round of clapping, in which the younger boys are particularly noisy.

On Thursday afternoon, the entire student body marches in column of fours to the playing fields, headed by two muscular youths carrying an Andover banner. The cheer-leaders, acting as marshals, carry huge blue megaphones bearing a white "A," which they raise and lower in rhythmical unison while the boys chant "A-N-D-O-V-E-R, Rah! Rah! Rah!" keeping time with their marching feet. It is assumed that every fellow with any school spirit will turn out for these processions and yell until he is on the verge of tonsillitis. Once in a while a school "freak" defies convention and refuses to participate, but he invariably is penalized by ostracism.

On the night before the game comes the mass-meeting in the Gymnasium, which is carefully planned to arouse enthusiasm to the highest point. At seven o'clock the undergraduates gather to sing songs and cheer. The head cheer-leader, as master of ceremonies, then calls for a "long yell" for the Coach, who is brought forward, escorted by two stalwart cheer-leaders, one on each arm. On this occasion Coach Fred Davis, who had gone through six years with but one defeat by Exeter, had very little to say,—“We’ve just a good average team, fellows, but they’ll fight

hard. Get behind them, show them that you're with them, and they'll make good. Remember, it's *All for Andover!* ”

Then followed cheers for the captain and for each of the eleven, who, however, are forbidden to speak at this time. The Manager was then lustily called for,—“ Bub ” Atwater,—who read from a sheaf of telegrams in his hand, looking very business-like:

“ We'll all be broke if you lose.

“ (Signed), ANDOVER MEN AT PRINCETON.”

“ We're all with you to the finish.

“ (Signed), ANDOVER MEN AT YALE.”

“ Best of wishes.

“ (Signed), GIRLS AT ABBOT ACADEMY.”

All these, and others, were received with deafening applause, as authentic messages. Only a few of the initiated knew that most of them were apocryphal, having been composed only a few minutes before by the resourceful manager, in accordance with honored tradition.

Calls for popular teachers were now raised, each one of whom had been advised beforehand that he would be wanted and was standing in the gallery nervously awaiting his turn. To the outsider,

however, it all seemed beautifully spontaneous when the boys began their loud chant, "We want Mac! We want Mac!" And then there came forward, escorted by two cheer-leaders, old Mac himself, the Nestor of the faculty, and once one of the most popular teachers, but now retired. His hair was white and his shoulders bent, but his eye was still sparkling and he had not missed an Andover-Exeter game for forty years. Everybody was fond of him and liked to hear his voice; everybody listened as he told some humorous anecdote, and closed, as he had done at countless such meetings, by prophesying victory for the Andover blue. To many generations of boys he had been part of the Andover atmosphere, and no gathering of students would have been quite right without him. When he stepped down from the platform, the boys cheered him again and again. There were tears in the old gentleman's eyes when he returned to his seat.

The next on the program was "Charlie" Foster, perhaps the best-beloved of the instructors, who read some verses which he had composed expressly for the occasion,—a poem with a refrain, which the crowd soon learned, and which it roared out with gusto after each stanza.

“Quack, quack, quackity quack, the goose is hanging
high;
Quack, quack, quackity quack, the Blue can never
die.”

The Gymnasium seemed filled to bursting with noise, sounding like the pounding of surf on a rockbound shore.

Last of all, the boys demanded the Head, who was young in spirit as in the days when he was captain of Andover teams, thirty years before. He spoke simply but eloquently of the school's athletic record, emphasizing its reputation for square and fair play, and pointing out the fact that only a clean victory was worth while. He praised the coach, the captain, and the players, told one or two stories of former contests, and ended with the hope that the morrow might be a “perfect day.”

Saturday dawned clear and cool,—ideal football conditions. The game was to be in Andover, and the boys spent their free hours during the morning in hanging up blue pennants and decorating the outside of the dormitories with enormous “A's,” constructed hastily out of blue banners against a background of white sheets pinned together. Recitations were not very well prepared, and the more tolerant and kindly teachers spent

the hour in something outside the assigned work. Chilly Hobson read one of Stephen Leacock's burlesques to his English class. The "preps," most of whom had never seen an Andover-Exeter contest, were on edge with excitement. Steve could barely sit still at his desk, and even Hal, who had a naturally cool temperament, was "haired up." As for Joe, who was actually to play, he seemed the calmest of all, and sat during his vacant periods perusing the Boston morning papers, and grunting over their prognostications, which obviously favored Exeter. The Exeter eleven had won most of its preliminary contests, and was considered to be one of the strongest in years. Wise sportsmen, however, remembered that the favorite in an Andover-Exeter game is frequently the loser and that the newspaper "dope" is very often upset.

Luncheon was hastily consumed and the entire school assembled on the Main Street, awaiting the arrival of the Exeter special train, due at one-thirty. At about quarter of two, the approaching rival clans could be heard marching up the hill, spelling out the letters, "E-X-E-T-E-R," in measured rhythm. Their leaders carried a large red banner, with the name of the school

on it in white letters. As the procession came to the spot where the Andover boys were gathered, the Andover cheer leaders called for a "long yell" for Exeter, and it was given lustily. On marched the Exeter supporters in what seemed an unending line, and for the moment a thrill of friendly hatred ran up and down Ted's backbone.

"Don't they look like big men?" spoke up Ted, as he watched the parade pass.

"Oh, no," replied Hal, who liked to feel himself more sophisticated than his Western friends. "They're no bigger, on the average, than we are."

"Well, they certainly look confident," rejoined Ted. "I hope old Joe isn't scared to death."

Just then "Pop" Cory, the head cheer-leader, gave the order to fall in. With the inimitable local brass band at the head, the Andover cohorts started off, in the usual column of fours. Quickly the musicians struck up "Andover Rah!" and the procession was in motion, singing the song of which they never seemed to tire. There is nothing like "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" for providing inspiration, and soon Steve felt that nothing could stop the Andover team.

The Andover playing fields are famous for their extent and beauty, and they never appear finer

than on the afternoon of a big game. As Steve marched in through the gateway, he could see the Exeter banner floating over the stands on the opposite side of the gridiron, and could catch the echo of the Exeter cheers. Probably eight thousand people were there as spectators, and every seat was taken.

“It’s wonderful, isn’t it, Hal?” cried Ted, with unwonted enthusiasm as they sat down in the Andover cheering section, after a rapid scramble for positions.

“Well, it isn’t as big a crowd as they get in the Stadium, but they certainly seem excited,” replied the supercilious Hal, who had no intention of admitting too much.

“Look here, you iceberg, can’t you warm up at all?”

But at that moment the Exeter eleven rushed on the field, looking huge in their red sweaters and stockings. Their supporters across the way rose like one man to cheer them. And then came the blue team, Red Larsen at their head, and the Andover crowd was at once on its feet. The band started up again, the cheer-leaders flung their sticks and megaphones into the air, and everybody seemed to be yelling. The two captains met

in the center of the field and solemnly shook hands. A coin was tossed by the referee. Red Larsen looked at it, and tested the wind with moistened hand. Andover had won the toss and would receive the ball. The referee blew his whistle. The Andover men took their places in their territory, and the Exeter players, stern and determined, spread out in a line to follow the kick. Another whistle! The red fullback runs at the pigskin, sends it high in the air towards the blue goal, and the game is on.

Straight into the waiting arms of Red Larsen it fell. He caught it, hugged it fast, and, glancing to left and right, started diagonally to the left, with his own men forming in front of him for interference. Five, ten, fifteen yards he covered before he was thrown. It was a fine gain, and the Andover stands gave him a "short yell." The ball was on Andover's thirty-yard line. Rib Potter's voice can be heard calling out signals: "3-8-4-7," and the ball is snapped to Lou Hammond, who skirts left end for four yards. The Andover bleachers are ecstatic. Then Red plunges at the opposing tackle for two yards more. The Andover eleven line up again. Rib surveys the situation and goes back for a punt. He kicks

with unerring precision, low and to the right, and the ends, Hawkins and Wilson, are down under the ball, tackling the Exeter captain, Charlie Bingham, before he can move from his tracks. Now it is Exeter's turn to reveal her strength. Crack,—three yards through Heinie Foote, the weak Andover guard! Crack,—four yards more through the same hole! Exeter discloses a punt formation, but, instead of kicking, tries another rush through Heinie. The Exeter benches are filled with shouting maniacs. The linesman measures the distance, and then throws his arm towards the Andover goal. First down for Exeter!

So Exeter pushes slowly but steadily down the field, past one white line and up to another, driving again and again at the weak spot in the opposing team. At last the visiting eleven reaches the Andover forty-yard line. Heinie Foote can scarcely stand, but fights doggedly on, resolved to use his every ounce of force in stopping the onslaught. Once more a play is aimed at him; he holds with all his might, but, when the pile of players is torn apart by the referee, Heinie still lies there. "Time" is called. The Exeter stands give a cheer for Foote, and the Andover boys applaud the courtesy. Heinie finally staggers to his

feet, but can barely stand. The Andover Coach then beckons to "Bevo" Blackwell, the substitute guard, a powerful but inexperienced youngster, who dashes madly on the field, reports to the referee, and takes his place in the line. Meanwhile Heinie, supported by strong arms, staggers to the benches, while the Andover boys cheer him heartily.

Bevo Blackwell has never before played in a big game of football. A new student at Andover that fall, he had been considered a kind of overgrown child, who might become a good linesman when he had rubbed off some of his awkwardness. His heart is beating like a trip-hammer, for he knows that it is his duty to fill that gap in the left side of the line. The Exeter signals ring sharply out; straight, as might have been expected, the drive comes at Bevo. Charlie Stuart starts with terrific speed, and hits the line hard; it yields slightly, and seems to give. No! It is resisting. Slowly the Exeter men are being forced back. Bevo has thrown the Exeter team for a loss of two yards, and the Andover banners are flying frantically. In the stands Ted and Hal have shouted until their throats are raw. The tension seems almost too great to bear.

Once again the Exeter team prepares. Signals are called, and a halfback shoots unexpectedly around right end. "Get him, Muggsy," yell the crowd. Muggsy waits a moment. Then with his red head he dives into the midst of a moving group of men and lays the Exeter back low. It is the third down, with twelve yards to gain. The Exeter men now fall back for consultation. Arms on each others' shoulders, they gather in a circle, and a whispered order goes from mouth to mouth. Then they come back and line up. Evidently the Exeter captain is to try a drop kick from the fifty-yard line,—an almost hopeless effort. The ball is snapped back; the kick is made, a beautiful attempt, but it falls short and rolls between the goal posts. When it is brought back, Andover has the ball on her own twenty-yard line, and the home stands can breathe freely once more.

The first quarter is called, with Andover's ball in the center of the field. The rest of one minute passes quickly, and the game is resumed. See-saw, back and forth, the ball goes, neither side being able to seize and hold a decisive advantage. Again and again the powerful Exeter backs drive at Bevo, but he holds like a stone wall. His op-

portunity has come, and he has measured up to his responsibility. Nor can the Andover backs, Red and Rib, break loose for the long runs which they have made against weaker teams. It is obvious to the spectators that the two elevens are evenly matched, and that no one can prophesy the outcome.

The first half is over, and the players run from the field to the Gymnasium for a badly-needed rub-down and talks from their respective coaches. In the interim the schools sing their favorite songs, each applauding the other with courteous rivalry.

“Can we make it, Hal?” inquired Ted.

“Gee, I don’t know,” replied Hal, for once roused from his Boston imperturbability. “But that Bevo is certainly a wonder. He stands up as if he had played in a dozen Exeter games.”

“You bet he is. And maybe Red can tear loose this last half and make a touchdown. If he can only get some interference around that end, he’ll do it, all right.”

“Look, there they come!” Sure enough, the Andover team were rushing out at top speed, as if they were resolved this time to smash their opponents’ defense to smithereens.

Exeter received the ball, ran it back ten yards, and the game was on once more. They made one first down, but had to punt, and it was Andover's ball on her twenty-yard line. Joe took the ball for the first time, making five yards through left tackle. Then, almost before the crowd realized it, the signal was shouted. Red Larsen's tall figure was seen standing high, ready to throw a forward pass. The ball went twenty yards to the left, into the expectant hands of Tug Wilson, who sped on his way, with only two Exeter men between him and the goal. Every spectator was on his feet shouting madly. The Head was seen clutching the shoulders of a woman in front of him, and dancing up and down in delight. On went Tug. The first Exeter man threw himself recklessly at the flying figure, but Tug swerved sharply to the right and went along with speed only slightly diminished. And now all that lay between him and a touchdown was the Exeter fullback, Phil Edwards, a deadly tackler. On the Exeter fifteen-yard line, Edwards hurled himself at Tug, clutched desperately at one leg, and held on like grim death. Squirming and wriggling, but caught at last, Tug was brought to earth.

Now was the critical moment. Twelve yards

to go for a touchdown, but every inch of the road would be disputed by eleven furies. Rib called a signal. Straight through tackle went the play. "Second down, eight yards to gain." Now around right end; but Lou Hammond slipped, fell, and lost three yards. And now the ball lay directly in front of the goal posts. Rib hardly hesitated. Venus Burns stood back on the twenty-yard line for a drop kick. Fat made a perfect pass from center. For a fraction of a second, which, to Ted and Hal, seemed an eternity, Venus held the pig-skin. Then, with barely an effort, he kicked, and the ball went sailing between the supports. Three to nothing! Hats went flying through the air on the Andover side. The cheer-leaders waved frantically their wands, while the ribbons gleamed in the sun. One even stood on his head and kicked his heels in a spasm of joy. Meanwhile on the Exeter side the boys were also shouting, bidding their players take heart. "Fight, fight, fight, fight!" came in ringing chant from the stands, as the Exeter team took their positions for the kickoff.

Not yet, by any means, was the game won. Many an Andover-Exeter contest has been settled in the last few minutes of play. As the ball

descends, Lou Hammond takes it and makes a glorious run of twenty yards; but when he is tackled, he fumbles, and it rolls into the hands of an Exeter player. It is Andover's first hard luck in the game. And now it is the Exeter team that puts all its power into action. Irresistibly, by small but sure gains, the Exeter backs force their way on to the forty-yard line, and then to the thirty-yard mark. Here time is called for the third quarter, and once more the two teams get a needed rest.

The final quarter opens. Thirty yards to go for Exeter! The captain shoots through center for four yards. A double pass gives six more, and it is first down. A forward pass fails. Another succeeds and brings twelve yards. Only eight yards to go! "Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" cry the Andover stands. Charlie Bingham bucks through Bevo, but is thrown for a loss. A plunge at center also fails. Third down, the goal line to go! The Exeter team have a conference. The ball is at the side of the field, where a goal would be difficult to make. Furthermore a successful kick would only tie the score. The Exeter captain decides to go on for the touchdown. A tricky end play deceives Tug Wilson, but he drags down the

Exeter captain just three yards from the goal line. Now for the last trial! Red Larsen rushes from man to man, slapping them on the back and calling out words of encouragement. Deep silence falls in the stands. It is growing dark on the field, but the Exeter backs can be seen bunching together for a new play. When the signals are given, the whole line seems to heave as if from an earthquake. Twenty-two figures are piled in a heap close to the goal line, and the referee can hardly disentangle them. When he does, there lies the ball just two feet from the last white line. It is Andover's ball on downs. Again the blue flags wave and the songs ring out. Never on Andover playing fields has there been such a game for thrills.

Actually the contest, as impartial spectators realize, is over. Nothing but a miracle can save Exeter now. Andover tries three plays and then punts. Exeter utilizes forward passes, aiming them in every direction, but most of them are intercepted, and those which do go through net only small gains. Suddenly Ted clutches Hal's arm, excitedly saying, "Look, there's Steve warming up! I believe that he is really going to get his letter. Yeay, Steve!"



NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A GAME FOR THRILLS.—Page 74.

“Do you suppose he’ll get in? I certainly hope so.”

“The Coach is telling him something. There he goes.” Steve was running on the field, and was reporting to the referee. In came Venus Burns, who had played so brilliantly, and Steve was taking his place. Pop Cory calls for a cheer for Fisher, in which Ted and Hal almost burst their throats. Two more forward passes fail, the last one being blocked by Steve himself. Then, as they line up for another attempt, the whistle blows and the game is over. Final score, three to nothing, in Andover’s favor!

The more enthusiastic Andover rooters pour out on the field, seize Red Larsen and Bevo, and carry them to the Gymnasium on their shoulders. Meanwhile the others have been forming lines for the snake dance. The band, still unwearied, takes its place in the van; then follows the big blue banner, the emblem of hard-earned victory; and after that, row upon row of madmen, dancing up and down and throwing their arms about in wild contortions.

Ted and Hal found themselves, as befitted “preps,” somewhere in the rear of the procession, but this did not prevent them from producing

their proper share of noise. Even the sedate Hal kept yelling "Yea! Yea!" all the while leaping intermittently into the air; while Ted's feet went through a species of intricate war dance. To a spectator from a foreign land the sight must have seemed like a revival of the Indian revels recorded by early travellers in America.

The remainder of that day was devoted, by common consent, to jubilation. While the Exeter men retreated quietly and unnoticed down to their train, the bells in the Memorial Tower rang out exultantly. Dr. Schleiermacher, the Musical Director, whose passion was Beethoven, actually played "Andover Royal Blue" successfully on the chimes. Energetic hands meanwhile were busy collecting wood for the bonfire. Everybody in the town, including each one of scores of small boys, was happy.

Shortly after dinner, when darkness had fallen on Andover Hill, the boys began to appear near the Tower, looking like ghosts assembling for some devil's frolic. Each one wore white pajamas and carried a lighted kerosene torch of the kind once used in the political parades of forty years ago. Seen through the trees, they presented a weird spectacle. Soon the brass band reap-

peared to furnish the necessary music for the occasion. At last the members of the eleven seated themselves in an old-fashioned barge, with two long benches along the sides, and were drawn by the willing hands of "preps" instead of by the customary four-footed beasts. This barge had been employed for this purpose for at least thirty years, and no celebration would have been complete without it.

By seven-thirty the parade was formed, Hal and Ted being among those permitted to draw the car of victory in which Joe and Steve sat enthroned. To-morrow the four friends might be on an even basis; to-night the football heroes were among the kings of earth. Steve had been in only three plays, but he had won his "A" just as surely as Red Larsen, the captain.

Down Main Street crept the parade, following the formation of the afternoon except that the boys danced from side to side across the highway with their torches bobbing up and down like fireflies in the darkness. Turning down School Street, they halted at Abbot Academy, the famous old school for young ladies. Here they marched through the brick gateway and around the circular driveway, stopping under the windows of the main

dormitory, where they gave vigorous cheers for Abbot Academy. The girls responded in genteel fashion by waving handkerchiefs and producing a feeble but still audible imitation of the lustier shouts of the boys.

The celebration parade invariably follows a long-established route, which no one ever wishes to change. Leaving Abbot Academy, it continued on to the center of the village and then back up Bartlet Street, stopping at the house of old "Mac." Here the boys bunched together to join in the familiar chant, "We want Mac! We want Mac!" and soon that gentleman himself appeared on his porch. It makes very little difference what an orator says on an occasion like this, for he is certain to be applauded if his sentiments are orthodox. A speech like Mac's, for instance, if properly reported, might read thus:

"Well, fellows, it's fine to see another Andover victory. (Great applause.) It looked bad for a few moments, but our men had the true fighting spirit. (Loud cheering.) We owe everything to our gallant Coach, Fred Davis (great enthusiasm), and to our sturdy captain, Red Larsen (continuous yelling), but even more than that, to the spirit which drove our boys on in the face of

heavy odds to bring success to our banners.”
(Unrestrained shouts of approval.)

It was the kind of a talk which every boy liked, and the cheer for “Mac” was given with redoubled force as he concluded. From there, the route led to the home of the Head, where townspeople and passing motorists had gathered in a great throng. The shouting, which had never relaxed, gained additional volume when the Head himself stepped out to greet his boys and to congratulate them on what the team had done. His was a voice which could be heard for many rods, even amid the tumult of purring engines and chattering conversationalists, and what he said was from the heart. “Fellows,” he concluded, “there’s nothing finer than holding on like grim death when defeat seems unavoidable,—and that’s what your eleven did to-day.” Two more stops the paraders made: one at the house of “Georgy,” where that popular instructor, an authority on Andover’s athletic exploits, told them two or three humorous stories of bygone years; the other at “Percy” Fitts’s home on the corner, where they had to listen too long to what that teacher claimed was a “poem.” By this time voices were getting hoarser and feet wearier; but spirits brightened

as they drew near to the towering pile of wood and rubbish which had been heaped up on the Old Campus.

Around the pyre the procession moved in stately dignity. Then Pop Cory touched a match to the beacon, and it flared up in flickering tongues of red, which shone in the midst of heavy black smoke from barrels of tar. And now the undergraduates, like bacchic revelers, seemed to increase their fury. Suits of pajamas were ripped off and hurled on the flames, as sacrifices to the God of Victory. Those who did not do this voluntarily soon found that their night-wear was being torn from their backs, and dimly-discerned figures in all stages of undress could be observed rolling on the ground together or playing leap-frog. As the conflagration rose higher and higher, the tired boys still had strength enough to cluster around the barge to hear the speeches of the players and give a final cheer for each. The remarks of the team were, as a rule, short and unstudied. All Red Larsen could say was, "Well, fellows, we licked 'em, and I'm mighty happy to-night, and I'm only sorry that I can't be back to help do it again next year." Poor Joe, who had never spoken in public in his life, managed to stammer

out, "Gosh, I wish I could be like William J. Bryan just now, but I can't. All I can say is that you gave us wonderful support by your cheering." The Coach praised the captain; the captain lauded the Coach; and the others praised both of them.

The last player, who happened to be Steve, was now up and saying, "I haven't any business here, really. I'm just a 'prep,' and you don't want to hear me. But I will say that this is the biggest moment of my life." When he had finished, the boys gave one last hoarse yell for the team. The flames, dying down, dropped lower and lower until little was left except a dull glow near the ground. Tired little groups of students limped off to report to their house officers and then crawl to their rooms. Ted and Hal waited in Bishop until Joe and Steve appeared, and then they all sat around for a few last words before they went to bed.

"My, Joe, you certainly played a great game!" said Hal, with more enthusiasm in his voice than he had ever displayed before.

"Well, I'm glad it's all over," replied the hero. "I was more scared than any man ever was on that field."

"Don't you believe that," put in Steve.

“When Fred Davis motioned me to go in, my knees knocked together like a pair of clappers, and I didn’t think for a second that I could move at all.”

“And you both looked to me as cool as a couple of ice-cream cones,” said Ted. “That’s where you had us all fooled.”

“All I could think of,” concluded Joe, “was something my father told me when I was a little shaver and got into a fight. He said, ‘My boy, always remember that the other fellow is just as scared as you are, and maybe a little more.’ I kept saying to myself when that great heavy ‘Rhino’ Jordan lined up opposite me, ‘Well, old top, I’m scared, but maybe you’re worse,’ and it helped a lot.”

On the next morning the four were shouting in the shower-bath as if nothing unusual had been going on. After breakfast, they sauntered, with easy-going Sunday leisure, over to the Old Campus, where blackened logs and pieces of timber were still smoking. The ground was covered with remnants of white cloth; the grass was cut up by the trampling of many feet; and the whole scene of the previous evening’s revelry looked like a place of desolation.

“ I suppose there’s nothing to do but work from now until Christmas,” said Joe somewhat plaintively.

“ Don’t you understand, big fellow, that schools were built for educational purposes? ” replied Hal.

“ Well, I guess there was some education in that game yesterday,” suggested Steve.

The silence which ensued as they hastened to get to the morning church service on time was evidence that the others agreed with Steve.

IV

SCHOOL MYSTERIES

FOR weeks Steve's high school "frat" emblem of which he had once been so proud had lain in his desk drawer with a jumble of discarded pens, stumpy pencils, and other accumulated rubbish which he did not know exactly how to dispose of. When he first arrived in Andover, he had pinned it openly on his vest, as a cherished possession. Soon, however, he noticed that such ornaments were not worn by his acquaintances on the football squad, and he put it away. He now was wise enough to keep discreetly silent about secret societies. Through various channels he picked up some information regarding the fraternities which flourished in the student body. On his walks about the hill he saw frequently the homes of these "hush" organizations,—mysterious-looking structures, with closed windows and curtains carefully drawn, from which once or twice he had seen fellows whom he knew emerge stealthily, as if engaged on some illicit mission.

Occasionally he would meet on the campus a ludicrous figure, wearing perhaps a green hat or an old frock coat and maintaining always a slow dog-trot, never speaking to any one; and he felt instinctively that this youth was being initiated into one of the various societies. Once in a while some one at Steve's table made a jocular reference to the matter, but nobody seemed inclined to pursue the subject, and it was always soon dropped.

Even in the privacy of their rooms, Steve and Joe did not often refer to the question of societies, except in moments when they became extremely confidential. Nevertheless it was frequently in their minds. After all, the best men in school usually made societies, and both of them were aware of the fact. Deep in their hearts, each hoped that he might some day wear one of those jeweled emblems and walk about as one of the elect. Belonging to a society, as the two boys could observe, gave one a certain confidence in his relations with others; and then, too, it was a kind of acceptable recognition of achievement.

One evening in early December, while Steve was poring over an exceptionally difficult problem in algebra, Joe came in visibly excited.

“Did you know,” he almost shouted, “that Duke Evans has gone T. N. T.?”

“What’s that?” queried Steve, as his mind emerged from the mathematical haze in which it had been wandering.

“Duke’s gone T. N. T.,” Joe repeated, “and he’s running this week. I saw him rolling a hoop down the stone steps of the Gymnasium this afternoon.”

Duke Evans was one of their intimate friends in Bishop,—a tall, attractive youth, with a pleasant manner about him and apparently unlimited funds at his disposal. He was very generous with his money, and had often invited both Steve and Joe to dinners in the Grill. Steve could not admire him greatly, for Duke was a natural loafer, always hanging around the rooms of his friends and disturbing them at their work. But Duke was popular,—there was no denying that,—and he had not an enemy in the dormitory.

“Well, I’m stumped,” said Steve. “He’s the man who told me when I first met him that he would never get caught by any of this secret stuff.”

“Sooner or later, they all go if they get a chance,” replied Joe.

"Perhaps that's true," reflected Steve. "I'm willing to admit that I should like to have an offer. But you've got to do something worth while before you're even considered."

"Nonsense," responded Joe. "Look at Shifty Perkins! What did he ever do for anybody except hold down a bench in the Grill and go 'fussing' at Abbot Academy? Name a single thing that he's done to help Andover. And yet K. T. C. took him in just as soon as the six weeks' limit was over."

"Yes, I know," said Steve, "and yet there is something to Shifty. He's lazy and footless and all that, but he's amusing, and fellows like to have him around. I must admit that I prefer him myself to Bunny Bergstrom, who just plays tackle and never speaks to anybody on the street. Shifty always has a smile for every one and he would lend you the shirt off his back."

"Right, and that's the one reason why he could have any crowd he wanted. People know that he's sincere, and that's the kind they want to sit around with."

"Well, I'm glad that Duke is really in. I've always felt that it would do him good to have a group of fellows expect something of him. He's

clever enough to make the nine in the spring if we can only get him down to work."

"I hope," said Joe, "that he won't stop dropping in here now that he's with that T. N. T. gang."

"Of course he won't. Duke never was like that, and making a society isn't going to turn him into a snob. I'll bet that he'll be here as usual on Sunday after all his fireworks are over."

In accordance with this prediction, Duke dropped in on Sunday morning, a trifle chastened in spirit, but otherwise unaltered. Not a word did he say about societies or initiations; he just settled down in the Morris chair as if nothing had ever happened. The others didn't dare to congratulate him, and, if they had done so, he would certainly have been embarrassed. Under the circumstances, it was best all around to leave well enough alone, and the friendly relations continued unchanged. On Saturday evening, however, when the society meetings were held, Duke disappeared right after dinner, and it was after eleven before he finally slipped back to his room. Steve happened to meet him for a minute, and Duke betrayed no evidence of any unusual experience except a remarkably strong odor of tobacco, which

seemed to surround and engulf him. Evidently societies legalized smoking within their sacred precincts, if they did nothing else.

Steve's connection with the football squad naturally threw him into contact with some of the biggest men in school,—with Red Larsen, for instance, and with Mike Aldrich, the President of the Senior Class. These were the ones who chiefly guided undergraduate opinion, and friendship with them was naturally highly prized. One day while he was walking down to the bookstore, Steve was joined by Mike, who was a mature and sophisticated person, much older than the average Senior. In fact Mike had been a successful "drummer" before coming to Andover, and had been through experiences which most of the boys in school knew nothing about. He was a clever talker, and it was well known that he was a favorite of the Head's.

Once in a confidential mood, Mike told Steve how he was persuaded to come to Andover. He had been on the road selling shoes and happened to be drawn one night into a poker game at the hotel which he made his headquarters. As he sat at the table, he somehow was led to observe his companions more closely than usual. They were

all middle-aged and, in a sense, prosperous; but they had no ideals or ambitions, except to make money, and their faces were coarse and hard. Suddenly there came to Mike the thought, "Twenty years from now, and I'll be exactly like these men. Nothing can save me but an education." He turned in his chips, paid what he had lost, and took the next train for New Haven, where he made inquiries at the Yale University office as to how he could get into college. He soon found that his education had not been sufficient to enable him to pass entrance examinations, and the authorities advised him to go to Andover for two years. He at once resigned his salesman's position and came to Andover, where the Head recognized his dilemma and allowed him to enter the school. He found the studying fearfully difficult at first, but he persevered, and was now a good scholar. His income, which had been over three thousand dollars a year,—all of which he spent,—was reduced to nothing, but he worked his way by doing typewriting for faculty members. No one in the school was more respected, and his influence among the student body was very great. It was this friend, a man rather than a boy, who accosted Steve.

For a minute or two Mike discussed school topics, such as basketball prospects and the Senior Promenade, scheduled for Washington's Birthday. Then, quite casually, as if he were making a commonplace remark, Mike asked, "Steve, have you ever thought of joining a crowd?"

Steve's heart was beating very fast as he answered, with as unconcerned a tone as he could muster, "Sure, a little."

"What do you think of my bunch, P. G. K.? It's a good crowd, with some fellows in it you know, like 'Wallie' Booth, the track manager, and Fred Brewster, the hockey captain. What do you say to coming in with us?"

It was a hard moment for Steve. He was fully aware that P. G. K. was considered a "sporty" gang, most of the members of which were not congenial to Steve. Some of them were undeniably in bad repute, and there were stories abroad which had caught Steve's ear. And yet it was considered a good society, and he might not receive another offer. It is not easy for older persons to sympathize with Steve's reasoning processes at that particular moment. Outwardly he was walking rather rapidly past the garage at the

foot of the long hill. Inwardly he was being torn by a conflict of emotions,—exultation at the opportunity which had seemingly arrived at last, wonder that it should have come so simply, regret that he should have to decline it. In the end he turned to Mike and said rather briefly, “I’m afraid that I can’t accept just now.”

“What, does that mean that you’re turning us down?”

“Yes, that’s what I’ve got to do.”

“Well, if that isn’t the limit. Maybe you think we’re not good enough for you?”

“You know it isn’t that, Mike. It’s just that I can’t feel that I would fit in there.”

“Going anything else, Steve?”

“Not just now, anyway.”

“Remember you may not get another chance, my boy.”

“I’ll have to risk that, I guess. Much obliged, anyhow, for inviting me.”

“Don’t mention it,” retorted Mike ironically, crossing over to meet Fred Brewster, who was on his way to the bank.

So this episode ended. “I suppose I’ve queered myself for good,” mused Steve, as he walked on. There was in his soul not a trace of self-righteous-

ness or pride. What he had done had been instinctive, not carefully thought out. Some impulse, the product possibly of earlier training at home, had made him reject what for the moment appeared like a great opportunity. Once having made his decision, he did not let worry about it trouble him very long. He said casually to Joe that evening, "Mike Aldrich tried to get me to go P. G. K. to-day."

"You took him up, didn't you?" inquired Joe, in a tone which implied that nothing else was to be expected.

"No, I turned it down," was the laconic reply.

"Good Heavens, what will the man do next?" blurted out the amazed Joe. "What are you, a fool?"

"Maybe I am," answered Steve, half apologetically. "But I just didn't feel like going that way."

That is all that was said in connection with what was actually a vital moral issue, which would have given Canon Farrar a text for pages of sermonizing in his tales of English school life. What happened was that it was noised about among certain groups that Steve Fisher had refused P. G. K. In some quarters he was dubbed

an ass, but generally he was respected for his independence, and his prestige rose with the great majority of the students. By this trivial act he won a reputation for courage which marked him in his class as a fellow to be reckoned with. Almost without comprehending it, he was taking his place in the ranks of those who lead rather than those who follow; and the gulf between these two types in any thoroughly American school is immense and well-defined.

Now that the subject had been brought so sharply to his attention, he began to look around more carefully and to form opinions as to the merits of the different societies. Each one seemed to have some advantages. One always had a high rank in scholarship; another included a large proportion of the best athletes; a third had three or four influential faculty members. Three, at least, he saw held positions of leadership because they were the oldest and had, therefore, the strongest alumni support. These did not always have the best men in school, but, even when they had their slumps like the others, they had to be reckoned with. Among the newer fraternities, one or two stood out above the rest because of their fine membership. P. G. K., Mike Aldrich's crowd,

was, as it happened, one of the oldest, but Steve came more and more to discover how wise he had been to remove it from the list of possibilities.

His own preference, after he had spent a good many hours in deliberation, was in favor of K. P. N., one of the oldest societies, which, so far as he could discover, had ideals and stood by them. The fellows in that crowd were not always the prominent athletes or managers, but they were usually respected. Unfortunately Steve had no intimate friends among the members, and the two who lived in Bishop were very quiet, hardly ever saying more to him than "Hello" or "Morning."

Steve kept his own counsel and went strictly about his business. One afternoon just before the Christmas holidays, he was met after class by Lefty Heywood, the heavy, bull-necked shot-putter, who said to him rather gruffly, "Hi, Steve, going to be in this evening?"

"Sure, come over, Lefty."

"I'll try to if I can."

Heywood was one of the most interesting men in school. Without father or mother, he had made his way in Andover, waiting on table at first in the Dining Hall, managing a laundry agency,

and winning big scholarships through sheer persistence in his studies,—for he was naturally sluggish of mind, and German and Geometry were difficult for him. In track athletics he had been a great success, and he had played guard on the school eleven, where Steve had come to like his blunt manner and direct method of speech. He was a member of K. P. N., as Steve well knew, and there were few elective offices in school which he could not have had if he had desired them.

When Lefty walked in that evening, Joe, with a tact which was intuitive, rather ostentatiously found an errand back in his own quarters and Steve was left together with the caller. “Look here, Steve,” began Lefty, without any preliminaries, “we’ve made up our minds down in K. P. N. that you’re a man we want. You may not know many of us very well, but we’ve been watching you for a good while, and we’re sure that you’re our type. Now don’t decide to-night. Think it over until the morning, and then make an answer. I’m not going to argue with you about it. You know where K. P. N. stands, and what it tries to do in the school. Nothing that I can say can add a bit to the reasons for coming our way.”

With these words, he said "So long," and went out.

That night was a sleepless one for Steve. He tossed on his bed until the alarm clock rang with a shrill sound in the gray dawn, and he dressed with his mind filled with strange conflicting ideas. But all the while he had no doubt what his answer would be. When the moment arrived a little later in the morning, Steve found himself quivering with a peculiar excitement, just as if he were going into another Exeter game; but he maintained an outward coolness which must have deceived everybody. At last Lefty came up, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Well, what about it?" Steve could just manage to stammer, "I'll go K. P. N. if you really want me." It was all simple enough, but he was mighty glad that his decision was irrevocably made.

That evening Steve dropped into Joe's room as if by accident, and said, in the course of the talk, "By the way, old top, I told Lefty to-day that I would go K. P. N."

"I rather thought you would," was Joe's reply.

"Why, what did you know about it?" inquired Steve.

"I've been watching you ever since Lefty was

in your room last night, and you've looked like a man in a haze. All anybody had to do was to put two and two together."

"You're clever, all right," commented Steve sarcastically. "Got any more news?"

"Nothing, except that I'm going T. N. T."

"What's that?" said Steve, almost jumping out of his chair. "You're going T. N. T.?"

"Sure I am. I have two friends at home who belong to it, and yesterday Duke Evans pledged me. I wanted to wait until you were certain yourself before I spoke up."

"So now we'll both get initiated about the same time. But isn't it a shame that we can't both belong to the same one?"

"I don't think so," answered Joe reflectively. "They're both good societies, and it'll do us good to have different interests for some hours in the week. You're the best friend I have, and always will be, but that doesn't mean that you've got to stand me all the while. You'll find that we'll be better off as it is."

Luckily for both Steve and Joe, they were both so far up in their studies that the faculty were fairly sure to approve their names; for every fellow pledged by a society had to be passed upon

by the faculty, and there were some men in school whose names had been presented to that body without success. It was not, however, until early in the winter term that they had to face the ordeal of "running,"—local slang for initiation. One January morning Steve received a peremptory command to present himself that evening at a certain room, and his program for the remainder of the week was full. He brought morning papers to the rooms of the members; he shined their shoes, called them "Mister," and tipped his hat to them on the street. Having been forbidden to speak to any one not a member of K. P. N., he found his intimacy with Joe somewhat embarrassing, for the latter, who was not to "run" until the following week, had his round face wreathed in smiles most of the time. Steve appeared on the street in unconventional costume,—one day in a clown's tall pointed hat, another in a battered derby, too large for his head.

The crowning incident was a stroke of genius. In one side of Dunster Hall dwelt an instructor who had been christened "Goat" Maxwell, and who, after the sudden departure of "Doggy" Morris, took the latter's unenviable place as the butt of student humor. "Goat" was stocky and

bald, and wore spectacles, from behind which he peered like a bat at those who spoke to him. On Friday evening, Steve, under specific instructions from his mentors, knocked violently at "Goat's" door. When the teacher, with flushed countenance and angry expression, opened it inquiringly, Steve said in a most innocent way, "I want a thousand excuses, sir, if you please."

"What's that?" said the "Goat," hardly able to believe his ears.

"Please, sir, I need a thousand excuses to go to the circus in Lawrence."

"Young man, you are intoxicated. Are you a member of the undergraduate body of this academy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the name? Tell me instantly."

"My name, sir, is Willie, the Fish. Haven't you heard of me before at my room in the aquarium?"

This was too much for the "Goat," who made a wild grab at the offending youngster; but the latter evaded his grasp, and, from all quarters of the hall sounded the faint cachinnations of concealed listeners. The "Goat," unwilling to tolerate such open badgering, called later that evening

on the Head and explained the circumstances of the enormity; and then the Head, who had been visited only a few minutes before by some anxious members of K. P. N., told the irate instructor not to take the affair too seriously. The "Goat" returned mollified, but convinced that he could never endure another year in a place like Andover.

On Saturday Steve left his room early in the day and did not come back until the bells in the Memorial Tower were striking midnight. What his experiences were, it is not permitted here to reveal. Society initiations at Andover are not without their rough moments, and Steve had reason to respect the strong right arms of his associates; but spiritually he was jubilant because of what he had seen and heard. As he walked home meditatively, he was full of noble resolutions for the future. Like every young man with any stuff in him, Steve was an idealist at heart, and he had his visions of helping to make this a better world. Under the winter moonlight, with the memories of a solemn evening behind him, it seemed easy to be heroic. This much already the society had done for Steve.

Fortunately for the relations of the four friends to each other, all entered "crowds" at about the

same time. Hal Manning, whose fine qualities were not always visible on the surface, also went K. P. N. in February, and became thus a society mate of Steve's. Joe, of course, was initiated only a week after Steve, who took a delight in teasing him. As for Ted Sherman, he had made a name for himself in school by "heeling" for the academy newspaper, the *Phillipian*, and being elected to the editorial board. Before the fall term closed, he had been "approached" by several crowds, and he eventually, on his return from the vacation, took Q. M. C., which was a society of excellent standing, composed of rather quiet fellows who usually carried off the inter-society cup for high scholarship. How the impulsive and frivolous Ted happened to choose such companionship was a mystery to Steve; but Ted seemed to be very happy with his friends, and the society was undoubtedly a help to him.

Once in a while the topic of societies would be brought up among the four and discussed with some frankness.

"Dad wrote me," said Steve one snowy Sunday afternoon, "that in his day all the societies here were prohibited by the faculty, and had to meet secretly."

"I suppose the profs felt that they were a bad influence in the school, don't you?" commented Ted.

"They surely couldn't claim that now," spoke up Joe. "I honestly believe that they do a lot to keep some fellows straight."

"They do and they don't," was Steve's opinion. "It all depends on the men in charge. P. G. K. is bad to-day just because it happens to have one or two bad ones who keep the others all stirred up. If they could be fired, everything would clear up."

"My father thinks societies are undemocratic," added Ted. "He says that they create cliques and make a kind of aristocracy in a school."

"Of course they do," agreed Steve, "but aren't there always bound to be cliques in any group of six hundred people? The best way, I think, is to control the thing as they do here, and see that the societies are run in accordance with stated rules. Then they can't do any harm."

"I wonder how we should feel about them if we didn't all happen to belong," put in Hal.

But this was a question which no one cared to answer.

V

THE WILES OF WOMEN

STEVE and Ted lived too far away to go home for Christmas, and just before the holidays, they received kindly little notes from Hal's mother inviting them to spend a week with the Manning family in Boston. There, accordingly, they went as soon as their last "exams" were finished, and there they were drawn into what seemed to Steve an unending round of diversion. Neither of the two Western boys had ever visited Boston before, and they went as unashamed sightseers to all the historic spots, even to Bunker Hill Monument, which, as it turned out, even Hal himself had never climbed. There were, of course, many theatre parties and dances, and Steve actually became quite a "fusser." The more sophisticated Ted and Hal assumed the airs of men of the world, indifferent to female charms.

It was Hal's sister, Jane, who took charge of Steve's education. She was a pretty black-haired, black-eyed girl, perhaps twenty years old, who

had been a *débutante* not long before. Her charming assumption of complete innocence was calculated to deceive even more critical observers than Steve. When Steve came down to dinner on the evening of his arrival, Hal said indifferently, "Jane, this is Steve Fisher. Try to be decent to him, will you?" "Isn't this nice of you to visit us, Mr. Fisher," said Jane, turning the full glow of her lustrous eyes upon him in such a way that Steve could only blush and stammer, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Manning." At the dinner table, she was placed at his side, and at once began:

"Don't you think I ought to call you Steve, as long as you are Hal's best friend?"

"I'd be glad to have you do it, Miss Manning."

"Why do you keep calling me Miss Manning? My name is Jane. All my friends call me that."

"Why,—why,—I—I—I didn't dare ——"

"Of course you do. And we're going to be mighty good friends, aren't we?"

"You just bet!" replied the stupefied Steve, now turned to a deep crimson, but resolved that he would be forever her slave.

"What's the matter, Steve?" said Mr. Manning, who was a shrewd aristocratic-looking gentleman, with gray hair and a gray moustache, and

a decided twinkle in his eyes. "Is Jane trying her tricks on you?"

"Why, Dad," said Jane protestingly; and Steve felt as if he would like to be her cavalier, to draw his sword in her defense.

"Look out for her, Steve," put in Hal, "or she'll be adding your scalp to her belt."

"I think you're both just as mean as you can be," protested Jane, with a charming hint of a quiver in her lip. "But we don't care, do we, Steve?"

"I should say not," Steve replied chivalrously, "and I'll beat that brother of yours up if he says another word to you."

Mrs. Manning, with a mother's protective tact, saved the situation by a remark about some new musical comedy, and Steve and Jane were left to talk together without further interruption. Later in the evening they all planned to go to a ball, at which Steve resolved that Jane should be his partner as long as he could hold her. In her pink gown trimmed with silver she appeared to him like some Grecian nymph in modern costume, and he longed to do some heroic deed in her behalf. As he sat by her side in the taxicab going to the Copley-Plaza Hotel, it seemed in-

credible to him that any one so wonderful as she should be by his side.

Steve was rejoicing in the possession of a new Tuxedo suit, which his father had allowed him to purchase ready-made as soon as the invitation to the Mannings had come. Considering that Steve had never worn such attire before, he managed rather well; but he spent at least half an hour making his black bow tie look even and brushing his refractory hair so that it would stay down flat on his head. In the unaccustomed stiff shirt and collar, he was very uncomfortable and somewhat embarrassed, but the sight of Janet, and her whispered words, "My, how nice you look!" reassured him for the moment.

As they crossed the floor to bow before the patronesses, Steve felt very red and clumsy, but he passed safely through that ordeal and started off with his arm loosely thrown around Jane's waist, in the mazes of the fox-trot. Steve was not precisely a professional or expert dancer. In a sense he was self-taught, for balls in Montana had been rare events and his knowledge of the modern steps was chiefly the result of Hal's instruction in their room at Andover. Consequently his route consisted of a sort of promenade of the four sides

of the floor, with no turns or variations, and an occasional pressing of a heavy foot on a partner's slippered toes. Now and then Steve's guiding was poor and the two collided sharply with other couples, Jane being usually the suffering victim. As they passed a line of "stags" at one end of the room, Jane cast an appealing glance at some of her friends, and three started at once to bring relief. Before he had finished another circumnavigation of the hall, a strong hand was pressed on Steve's shoulder, a deep-voiced "Permit me, please" sounded in his ear, and an athletic young man of thirty or thereabouts slipped his arm about Jane and was off before Steve could realize what had occurred. Steve, disconsolate and annoyed, made his way, not without one or two more collisions, to the side of the room, where he was standing wrapped in gloom when Ted suddenly loomed up.

"Whatcha got the label on for, Steve?" he inquired, in the bantering tone which Steve knew so well.

"Oh, shut up, you fool," rejoined Steve vigorously.

"Is somebody going to give a prize for the right number?" asked Ted again.

Meanwhile Steve heard some subdued titters not far away, and, turning around, noticed several boys and girls apparently laughing at him.

“What’s the matter, you idiot?” growled Steve. “What have I done?”

“Why, look here,” responded Ted, pointing to a great paper label “36” still sewed on to the shoulder of Steve’s dinner coat. It had not been removed since the suit had come from Filene’s.

“Great Scott!” said Steve, and fled precipitately into the corridor, amid the only half-concealed laughter of those who had been looking at him. When he went into the dressing-room to investigate, he discovered that he had actually been dancing with three such tags conspicuously displayed on his coat. As he cut the threads viciously apart, he knew that Fate had played an unkind trick upon him. In complete despair he went to the cigar counter, bought a pack of “Lucky Strikes,” and lighting one with the casual ease of the society habitué, blew clouds of smoke into the air as if women’s love were no more for him. It was here that Mr. Manning met him. Steve would gladly have chosen any method of escape if one had offered itself, but the eagle eye of his friend’s father fastened upon him.

"Hello, Romeo," he almost shouted. "Why this isolation? You should be in the midst of the revelry."

"Oh, I just got a little tired of dancing, that's all," muttered Steve, trying to appear nonchalant.

"Well, don't keep the girls waiting too long. There'll be a lot of feeling if you don't let them enjoy you."

"I'll come pretty soon, Mr. Manning," replied Steve, stealing off as unobtrusively as possible to the basement floor, where he hoped at last to be undisturbed.

"So here you are," were the words which greeted him at the foot of the stairs from Hal and Ted. "The girls are looking all over for you, and the orchestra has threatened to stop playing unless you'll come back. You're spoiling little Jane's evening."

"Oh, cut it out," groaned Steve. "Can't you leave a fellow alone? I'm just trying to get a little rest."

"You can't do it," insisted Hal. "Mother sent us out to find you, and back you've got to go."

There was no escape for poor Steve. Carefully escorted by his watchful friends, he returned to the ballroom just in time for refreshments; and

Jane was so kind to him and smiled upon him so sympathetically that he soon recovered his spirits. When the saxophones struck up once more, he even ventured to ask her for one more dance, and succeeded in circling the hall twice before one of her other admirers "cut in" on him. This time he sat down under the maternal care of Mrs. Manning, to whom he confided, before the ball was over, most of the story of his life. By the time the ball was closing, Steve had recovered from his melancholy, and even managed to joke with his friends about the awkwardness of his dancing.

It was Jane's instinctive kindness as well as her inability to resist a flirtation which prompted her on the next day to take Steve in hand and teach him to dance. One or two private morning lessons under her instruction made her pupil a credit to her, for Steve was naturally graceful enough; before the week's visit was over, he was entirely at ease in any ballroom. Fostered by the intimacy which developed, Steve's passion grew, until he seemed moonstruck. At meals he would gaze rapturously at Jane until recalled to his surroundings by the rude jests of his friends. He was even discovered by Ted in the act of

composing a series of verses "To Jane," in which *bliss* rhymed most originally with *kiss*, and *love* with *dove*. He remembered that his English teacher had told the class of Browning's marriage with a woman six years older than himself. What possible objection could there be to his marrying Jane, who was only four years his senior? With the ardor and optimism of youth, he laid out for himself a program of three years at Andover, four years at college, four years in law school,—and then Jane! If only she would be willing to wait the few short years until he could be ready to support her in the style to which she was accustomed!

On the evening before Steve had to go back to Andover, his two friends mercifully went out to the theatre, with Mrs. Manning. Jane had seen the play before, and Steve begged her to let him stay at home with her. It was a cold, blustery night, and the log fire in the library was very comfortable as the two sat on the leather sofa in front of it, Steve smoking a new pipe with a huge silver "A" on the bowl and feeling very much like a man of the world. The atmosphere was charged with sentimentality, for all the lights except those in one or two lamps had been turned

out, and Jane was not the one to let such a situation be lost.

"I'm going to be terribly lonely when I get back to Andover," ventured Steve, with as near an approach to a sigh as he could produce with the pipe still in his lips.

"Oh, but you men have so many things to do," replied Jane, in soft tones. The word *men* made Steve's heart flutter; after all, had not his great love transformed him in a day from a boy into a man?

"But—but—I shall miss you every minute," declared Steve, trembling at his own daring.

"Shall you really? How nice of you! Of course I'm sorry to have you go. You have made my holiday very happy."

"Do you think you could come to Andover in February and go to our Prom with me?" asked Steve, staking his all on one venture.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly," she replied, smiling at him with a woman's cruelty, "because the New Haven man, Ed Hopkins, to whom I am engaged, is coming on to Boston for Washington's Birthday."

Engaged! Jane engaged! Steve's face became white.

“Are you engaged?” he managed to stammer.

“Of course. Didn’t Hal tell you that Ed had gone to Bermuda for Christmas and couldn’t get here? I thought of course that you knew all about it. Ed’s one of the biggest men at Yale,—on the baseball team, and Skull and Bones, and all that.”

“Nobody ever said a word to me,” answered Steve, his countenance suddenly grown pathetic in its despair.

“You must meet him sometime,” continued the voice of the siren.

“I guess I’d rather not,” muttered Steve, with tragic gloominess.

“Why not, you dear boy?” asked Jane, putting her soft hand on his.

Boy? He who had just been called a man by those same lips! Boy? He who was enduring the pangs of unrequited affection! He threw off her hand almost roughly, rose, and walked with determination to the door.

“You women have no hearts,” he burst out, and rushed from the room, slamming the door behind him with a crash that shook the house.

That night was a memorable one for Steve. Tossing on his bed, sleepless from too much smok-

ing,—although he himself would have called it love,—he swore a solemn oath to forget the fickle maiden who had failed to respond to his affection. Never again would he yield to his emotions. Henceforward he would be hard,—hard as nails,—and the gentler sex should be his victims. Even the sweetest face, he decided, could hide deception. As for Jane, he would forgive her. It would be better so. And then he saw in his imagination a time fifteen years distant, when he, rich and famous, would meet at a reception Mrs. Edward J. Hopkins,—the Jane whom he had once known,—but then poor and shabbily clothed. And he would smile on her benignly and listen while she said, “Oh, Stephen, how much better it would have been if I had only returned your love on that night when we sat before the fire in mother’s house.” And he, the prosperous banker, would say gently, “Well, Jane, if I can ever help you, call on me,” and would put a thousand-dollar bill in her outstretched hand.—Just then the dream ended with a sudden shock, and he woke to find himself on the floor, with bedclothes lying all about him, and Ted and Hal rolling in convulsions of laughter.

It was, in fact, somewhat difficult for Steve to

maintain the appearance of complete despair which he desired to show. He tried to look as if all the joy had gone from his life, but Mr. Manning was so amusing that he could not help smiling occasionally. He had resolved to show Jane that he was a disillusioned man, who had tried the pleasures of this world and found them ashes; but she looked up at him so prettily that he could not long remain dejected. Long before the taxicab had come to take him and Ted to the station, he was joking with the others, much to his inward disgust. He really wished to be considered a Byronic hero, and he succeeded only in being a schoolboy, leaving after a happy holiday.

When he did return to Bishop Hall, however, the mood which he had so ardently desired actually descended upon him. He devoted himself to his studies, and led the life of a recluse. It was during this period of real melancholy, which was partly the reaction after his gay week, that he found his friends making out cards for the winter Promenade,—the most picturesque festivity of the long winter term. One night Hal and Joe reached his room together.

“Look here, you old hermit, when are you

going to shake the grouch?" began Hal. "Buck up and take a girl to the Prom. You look as if you were going to have the mumps."

"Leave a fellow alone, won't you?" growled Steve, not at all amiably. "Can't you see I'm studying?"

"Come out of the trance, Steve," put in Joe jauntily. "Let me get you my sister over at Haddon Hall, and you can give the poor thing a good time."

At that moment an idea came to Steve. He would take a girl to the Prom and break her heart, as his had been broken by Janet. It would be a beautiful way to get his revenge on the whole sex.

"I'll do it," he said suddenly, in a tone of resolute decision.

When, on the fateful day of the dance, he met Marge Watson for the first time, he saw at once that she would be no disagreeable companion. Blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and slender, she had a face which was almost angelic. It was only a moment before Steve was hers, heart and soul. With masculine fickleness, he immediately forgot the black-eyed Janet. His ideal was now a blonde. What a babe he had been when he had fancied

himself in love with Janet! It had been mere "puppy-love." No wonder his friends had laughed.

As for Marge, she had heard all about Steve, and was prepared to test her charms on him. Her languishing eyes looked seductively up at him from behind silken lashes, until his heart went "thump, thump, thump," under his ribs. There could be no doubt about it,—this was LOVE!

Steve sat through his afternoon class in a daze. When his English "prof" recited the famous soliloquy of Juliet:

"O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,"

Steve listened with an expression almost imbecilic, from which the cynical remarks of the teacher could hardly rouse him. With an audacity of which he would once have been incapable, he had put his own name down for nearly half the dances on Marge's card, including one block of six in a row, which he intended to utilize judiciously,—as judiciously as the school rules would allow. Steve was manifestly being educated in the Dame School of Experience.

The delegation of young ladies from Haddon Hall went to the Prom in a body, under the charge of Miss Thompson, a most attractive teacher, who seemed hardly older than the girls under her charge. She took her place, however, among the patronesses in the corner, and Marge was allowed to walk off with Steve.

"How lovely all these college banners and pennants are," she commented, as they sat down as far from the chaperone as possible.

"Not half as lovely as you are in that dress," ventured Steve, with a temerity which astonished even himself.

"Why, Steve, is that your regular Prom 'line'? Aren't you a dear! Tell me more soft nothings while I listen."

But Steve had gone his limit for the present. Even Marge's encouraging words did not overcome his shyness, and he could not resist a suspicion, moreover, that he was being "jollied." Fortunately for him, the orchestra struck up at just that moment, and the two were out on the floor in the Grand March which traditionally opens Andover Proms. Soon the music changed into a fox-trot, and Marge and he were off in time

to a merry tune. Heaven had come for Steve! He felt as if he were treading on air.

“Ouch!” cried Marge. “Don’t step on my new slippers.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” responded Steve. “I was thinking of something else.”

“Well,” answered she, a trifle coldly, “please think of me just a little, at least while you’re compelled to dance with me.”

“All I do is think of you, whether I’m dancing or not,” returned Steve.

“Oh, how nice! Do keep it up. Joe has told me how rough you are with unprotected girls, telling them things you don’t mean and breaking their hearts. I’m really afraid of you.”

Steve stammered some reply; but how he did wish he could get at Joe just for a moment. Was this blue-eyed girl making fun of him? It certainly looked that way. And all the time her face was as innocent as a nun’s.

At the end of the first dance, Steve had to resign Marge to Hal, who had come “stag” and who danced like a Greek god,—or at least as a Greek god might have danced if there had been “jazz” music on Mount Olympus. Steve had a twinge of jealousy as he watched her glide off in

his friend's arms, and almost cut the next dance, only recovering his spirits just in time to save his reputation with his next partner.

The series of dances which Steve had so sagaciously arranged for himself began with Number 8 on the program. It was a mild February night, and Steve had bribed "Bill" Jones, whose family had a car outside, to let him use the Packard limousine for a predetermined period. Once he could get Marge alone in the car, Steve was sure that he could muster the courage to tell his love.

All his plans had been made, and, when the seventh dance was over, he started out to search for Marge. Nowhere was she to be found. He looked among the Haddon girls; he cautiously investigated in the vicinity of Miss Thompson; he strolled out in the corridors; but she had apparently vanished without a trace. When the music struck up, he was sure that he would see her on the floor, and he took a strategic position among the stags, ready to swoop down upon her as she went by. But she was not among the dancers. Steve felt desperate. Here and there he went, inquiring for Marge, but no one had seen her. The dance ended, and another began, but still

she did not appear. Perhaps she was ill! Once again he made the rounds of the Gymnasium, glancing into every corner. Finally he walked outside into the snow, and stood gloomily under a tree. There, not far off, was the Jones limousine, which had been destined to be the scene of his declaration.

In a sad mood he strolled under the branching elms, whose limbs creaked dismally, over to the car, opened the door, and—there was a shriek, a girl's voice, a man's protestation. Then Hal stepped out and saw Steve.

“Why, Steve, what are you doing here?”

“Just looking for Marge Watson, that's all. Have you seen her?”

“Why here I am, Steve,” said a voice from within, and Marge herself appeared in the door, looking very innocent indeed. “Is it time for our dance?”

“I should say it was. You've been gone for hours.”

“Hal and I just stepped over here for a moment so that he could smoke a cigarette. I guess we stayed longer than we thought.”

“I rather guess you did,” replied Steve, bestowing a side glance of withering scorn on Hal, who

stood all the time with a Satanic grin upon his aristocratic countenance.

"I suppose we'd better go back to the floor now and finish this dance," suggested Marge.

"Not on my account, Miss Watson," answered Steve with exaggerated courtesy. "Please stay here and let Hal smoke a whole pack of Lucky Strikes. It won't ruin my good time."

"Oh, Steve," said Marge, with pathos in her voice, "don't throw a grouch. I didn't mean anything."

"No, I suppose you didn't, but you're in Hal's charge for the rest of this evening." So Steve walked off, filled with righteous indignation, and quite unconsciously gaining more in Marge's estimation than he could have done by a continuous flow of flattery.

In the end he had his reward. Later in the evening, when the spirits of the dancers had dropped just a trifle, Hal came up, looking somewhat shamefaced, and said, "Look here, aren't you going to take Marge for any of your dances with her? She wants you to come and make up with her."

"Not on your life, you wife-stealer," chuckled

Steve. "You carried her away from me, and now she's yours, to have and to hold."

"But I don't want her," complained Hal. "She's too mushy for me. Besides, didn't you invite her?"

"Yes, I did, but you captured her from me. When the time comes to go home, I'll do my part; until then, she's completely and totally yours."

And she was. Hal, who had been fascinated by the sport of the chase, found that the pleasure had lessened when he had the clinging Marge for his own, dance after dance. From shadowy corners of the hall Steve glowered upon them, imagining himself Don Juan or Mephistopheles. When the hour arrived for the Haddon girls to seek out Miss Thompson and depart, Steve appeared from somewhere, took his place coolly beside Marge, and said his "Good-bye" as if nothing had happened. She looked at him with tears in her eyes, but he was obdurate. When he got back to his room, he summed up the results of his experience with Ted, "Stung twice, by George, and each time by the sister of one of my friends. From this night on, I'm a woman-hater. Don't let anybody try to get me to go to any more dances. I'm through. Me for the studious life.

Say, Ted, you haven't a sister concealed anywhere, have you? "

"No, I'm afraid not. The best I can do for you is a beautiful first cousin in Wellesley."

"Well, I don't want to see her if she's as lovely as Cleopatra."

For some days Steve and Hal were not on intimate terms. When they happened to meet in the same room, Steve ostentatiously said, "So long," and went elsewhere. But it could not continue that way. One afternoon before recitations Hal dropped in on Steve and said, "Look here, old man, let's drop this feud. I was just having a bit of fun. I haven't any interest in Marge, and I shall never interfere between you again."

"I've no interest in her, either," confessed Steve.

"Well, why not forget it? No silly girl ought to break up our friendship."

"All right, I'm with you," said Steve, and the two solemnly shook hands.

A week or two later, Steve received in his mail an envelope of light blue, addressed to him in a straggly feminine hand and perfumed with some very strong scent. He opened it and read:

"DEAR STEVE:

"Won't you give me a chance to apologise for my dispicable conduct at the Promenarde? Please come over to call as soon as you can, and I'll explane all about it.

"As ever yours,

"MARGE."

Over this communication Steve pondered long, uncertain exactly how to answer. Although he was not a Noah Webster, he was at least sufficiently acquainted with the elementary rules of spelling to be a trifle disturbed over Marge's liberties with her native tongue. At last, after as much trouble as it would have cost him to prepare a theme, he evolved the following:

"MY DEAR MISS WATSON:

"In view of your feeling towards me as manifested the other evening, I feel that no relationship between us can be continued. I beg leave, therefore, to excuse myself from calling again, and sign myself,

"Respectively yours,

"STEPHEN HARRISON FISHER."

With this letter and its extraordinary signature, the episode terminated for the time being. But it is worth chronicling that Marge harassed her brother Joe with the request that he invite Steve home for a visit "very soon."

VI

DEEP IN WINTER

THE boys returned after New Year's to find Andover Hill shrouded in snow and deep drifts hiding familiar landmarks. The playing fields where Steve and Joe had spent so many happy hours in the autumn were now a broad level expanse of white, marked here and there by the tracks of adventurous snowshoers. Here and there across the campus ran zigzag paths from hall to hall, where the snow-plow had broken an irregular way and obedient feet had followed. On the night when Steve arrived, the trees everywhere were covered with a coating of ice, on which the electric lights shone as if in a fairy land. Lilac bushes and hydrangeas were bent over by the weight, and the branches of pines and hemlocks actually swept the ground. As Steve walked along towards the Inn, he noticed that Rabbit's Pond was frozen over, and he could see small figures skating about on its surface. Everywhere the New England winter had descended with its

magic power of transformation, changing the landscape so that it was hardly recognizable.

For the average Andover boy, the fall term is consecrated to football. In the winter, however, the activities become much more varied. There are still outdoor sports, like hockey, which is played on the school rink, and which always interests a considerable group. A few, in favorable weather, attempt skiing on the hills surrounding Pomp's Pond, but it has never become genuinely popular. When the road is sufficiently worn down, the societies bring out their long bob-sleds, —some of them holding as many as thirty people, —and coast down Phillips Street, singing as they go. Indoors the Gymnasium is usually filled, and both basketball and swimming take the time of those who are out for the teams. Wrestling, boxing, and fencing offer opportunities for those whose gifts lie in those directions. But no one of these activities really dominates the others. Those who participate in each one get excited, just as some students are stirred up over the Glee Club or the Dramatics; but the school does not rise as a unit, as it does when an Exeter football game is imminent. Furthermore the winter term is a time for study, when teachers push ahead

with speed and expect to get real work done. Steve found himself in the midst of a very busy life, where there was plenty to do every hour of the day.

It is in January and February, moreover, that boys sit up late before a wood fire, talking over the great problems of life and the universe. Any intelligent young man of seventeen or eighteen has his philosophy, primitive though it may be, and his religion, which is not always conventional or orthodox. Both he carefully conceals from his parents and his teachers. Fledgling atheists dwell in every school dormitory,—audacious radicals, who have skimmed a little in Haeckel or Leslie Stephen, and who dare to say “I do not know,” when asked if they believe in God,—cynical agnostics, who criticise the Sunday sermons and the morning prayers, and look with scorn on church members. Ted Sherman, quick of mind and sharp of tongue, had read Keable’s *Peradventure* at an impressionable time, and, being convinced that he was now a skeptic, lost no chance of expounding his views. Church was a useless formality; prayer was vain babbling; religion itself was a delusion,—these were Ted’s views, expressed in a loud voice when the subject was

brought up. Against him, in defense of orthodoxy, Steve and Joe would argue for long hours, but without pronounced success. Both of them had joined the Society of Inquiry, an undergraduate religious organization, and both took some part in its proceedings. As a matter of fact, Ted, no less than they, was at heart an advocate of law and order; he was merely passing through a kind of green-sickness, for which he would eventually be little the worse.

A favorite topic among the four friends was the matter of compulsory chapel. "It's a shame to make us fellows go to morning chapel when we don't want to," Ted would say, just to start a discussion.

"Don't you realize, young fellow, that six hundred boys in a place like this ought to be brought up in a Christian community?" Steve replied.

"Well, forcing them to go to prayers simply makes them wish to stay away," continued Ted.

"A lot you'd go if they didn't compel you to do it!" commented Joe.

"Besides," added Steve, "how could you get the fellows together for announcements and class meetings if you didn't herd them up at least once a day?"

"I don't see why any one should want to get them together, especially at this time of year, when there are so many coughs around. The place is a regular breeding-place of disease. We'd all be better off if they simply started in with the recitations."

"How ridiculous!" interposed Hal, who had not yet spoken. "That's what makes school spirit,—those prayers by the Head, those talks on all sorts of topics, those hymns which we all sing together. It wouldn't be the same school if we didn't all meet for those fifteen minutes in the morning. As for germs, the fellows would get colds in their classrooms if they didn't in chapel."

"Well," concluded Ted, "if I had my way, all this prayer stuff and hymn singing wouldn't last long."

"I guess that some day you'll grow up, Ted," said the conservative Steve, "and then things will look different."

Six hundred boys back from vacations in every section of the United States inevitably bring back with them diseases of various kinds, and for two or three weeks the Infirmary is full of suspicious cases, a few moderately serious, but most of them unimportant. As the winter drags along and the

strain of study becomes more intense, lazy youngsters are likely to develop pinkeye symptoms, brought on by a skilful insertion of a small bit of tobacco under the eyelid, and "shysters" afflicted by a tired feeling retire to the Infirmary for a day's rest before being found out. The School Physician is kept busy distinguishing real invalids from those who are merely shamming.

Ted more than once had tried to escape examinations by feigning illness, and had been discovered by "Doc" Rogers, who had each time peremptorily ordered him back to his dormitory. Hence, when he appeared in the rear of the chapel one February morning just before the mid-term rating the physician turned a cold eye on him.

"But, Dr. Rogers, I've got an awful headache, and my throat's sore."

"Young man, you've been caught faking twice, and I'm not going to be taken in again."

"Oh, Doctor, I'm really sick and I can't walk around. Please let me go to the Infirmary, or I'll get worse."

"All right, I'll fix you up; but if you're fooling me this time, you'll catch it."

So down Ted trudged to the Infirmary, where the Matron greeted him with distrust, but told

him to go up to the ward in which those suffering from minor bruises and colds were gathered. Once safely tucked in bed, Ted began to meditate plans for amusement. A game of bridge which he promptly started with his neighbors was broken up by the nurse in charge; a pillow fight ended in a reprimand from the Matron; and, his resources almost exhausted, he settled down with a battered copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Just then his eye lighted on his friend, "Crab" Wallace, who had just waked from sleep in a corner cot.

"Hi, Crab, come on over," he cried.

Crab, nothing loth, emerged from under his sheet, clad in bright yellow pajamas, and came over to Ted's bedside. He was a mischievous imp, short and stocky, with twinkling eyes set in a chubby and freckled face.

"Why, hello, Ted, what have you got?"

"Nothing, just tired. Say, look here. Can't we start something? It's as dull as a Math. recitation."

"I dunno. I'm game for anything. What's on your mind?"

Then Ted unfolded to him his big idea. The two talked for a while in whispers, after which

Ted, in slippers and bath-robe, stole softly out. In a few minutes he returned, and the boys began wandering about here and there through the room, scattering unseen some material on beds and chairs. The ward was used only for cases in the last stages of convalescence or for those, like Ted, who seemed to have no particular ailment. In a moment one patient sneezed, and then another. Soon an epidemic seemed to seize the inmates, and the ward was full of gasping, sneezing boys, some almost doubled up with alarm. The Matron appeared, only to "Ker-chew," and beat a hasty retreat. Meanwhile some one of the victims discovered the red pepper which Ted had scattered, and, after a little investigation, apprehended the culprit. With a simultaneous roar the room flung itself upon him. He was smothered under pillows, mattresses, blankets, and clothes; he was beaten with towels and shoes; and, in the midst of the turmoil, in came Dr. Rogers, glowering like a God of Wrath. Some one of the boys saw him and subsided; another looked up and slunk away to his bed; last of all the battered and disconsolate Ted emerged from underneath the pile, blinking and disgusted. Upon him, with unerring eye, the Doc pounced. "So it's you,

you young rascal. I might have known that you started this rough-house."

"Oh, Dr. Rogers, they all picked on me."

"Yes, I know all about that. Get up out of there and come in this next room." And he led the wondering Ted into the corridor and across to a private ward.

"Nurse," he said to the pretty young lady who appeared at his call, "here's a sick youngster. Keep him in bed here, and give him two large tablespoonfuls of this prescription."

"Very well, sir," she answered. "Shall I administer the dose now?"

"Yes, you'd better let him take it while I'm here." And he waited while the nauseous mixture was brought, and then watched Ted put it down to the last drop, protesting vigorously every second. He was then put to bed, and the nurse was instructed to watch him vigilantly so that he could not possibly escape into the adjacent rooms.

On the following morning after his Latin class, Steve walked to the Infirmary to see how Ted was getting on. With some reluctance the nurse finally allowed him to go to the upper room where Ted had been isolated. There was the patient,

pale, restless, and clearly disturbed in his mind, —quite different from the lively Ted who usually kept things moving in any company.

“How goes it, Teddy, my lad?” asked Steve.

“Oh, oh,” groaned Ted, “I’m awful sick.”

“What’s the matter? Got a fever?”

“Oh, no, no,” whined Ted. “I just want to get out of here and home before I die. Say, what do you suppose’ll happen to me if I die? I’ve been a regular atheist, and I want a chance to do better.”

“Bosh, you’re not going to die. Forget it. The good are the ones who die young. You’re too hard a nut to be cracked at your age.”

“Do you really think I can get well, Steve?”

“I know it.”

“Say, Steve, do you think praying would do any good?”

Steve turned to the window to conceal his smile. “I guess that’s good any time,” he managed to reply.

“Well, I’m going to try it—and—say, Steve, I’ve been an awful fool.”

“Everybody will admit that, my boy. But just now you spend your time getting well.”

The nurse came in at that minute and ordered

Steve to go; but before he left, he had a word with her.

“Surely, he’ll be as well as ever this afternoon. He’s just a little weak and exhausted, that’s all. I rather think, though, that he’s had a lesson which he won’t forget in a hurry. I don’t believe that he’ll come near this Infirmary again unless he’s really ill.”

The nurse was right. On that afternoon about three o’clock Ted, a trifle the worse for wear but otherwise intact, sauntered into Joe’s room, where Hal and Steve were reading over Macaulay’s “Essay on Johnson.” As Ted came in, Hal read, “He was sick of life, but he was afraid of death.”

“Ah,” commented Steve. “That’s Ted all over. ‘Sick of life!’ ‘Afraid of death!’ Guess you’re another Sam Johnson, eh, Bo?”

“Say, give me a rest, Steve. Can’t you see when a fellow’s all in?”

“You are in, ’way in. The Infirmary’s a nice little winter resort, isn’t it? And say, Ted, when are you going to take over that Sunday-school class down in the Episcopal Church?”

“I wish I were strong enough, I’d show you, you devil.”

“Why, why, hear the little one talk! He

didn't speak that way this morning," said Steve to the others.

That was all the "ragging" that Ted was given. It was noticeable, however, that he ceased his attacks on church and chapel, and that he never again that year aired his views on philosophy. After his experience, Ted was a better and a manlier boy.

The routine of the winter term had by this time become well established for them all. Steve, for instance, slept in the morning until the alarm clock went off with a whirr at seven o'clock, when it was still fairly dark. Dressing with a speed developed by practice, he reached the Dining Hall about seven-twenty-five, and finished his breakfast in time for chapel at quarter of eight. After chapel, he went to recitations until one, returning to his own room for study during the hours when he was not in the classroom. Then came luncheon, and, after that, hockey practice, which lasted until half-past three. At four he was once more at recitations, which continued until six o'clock. After dinner, he sometimes strolled down-town on an errand, but more often dropped in at some friend's room for a chat. At eight o'clock, of course, he had to be in his dormitory

room, where he usually spent the evening in study. There were hockey games on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and on Saturday night there were movies in the Gymnasium for the entire school. The same general program was followed by the others, except for the athletics, Joe usually practising with the shot in the cage, Ted trying his hand at fencing, and Hal taking regular exercise in the Gymnasium.

Every student has to undergo at Andover a series of physical tests consisting of minimum requirements in running, jumping, rope-climbing, and other trials of strength. Steve and Joe naturally passed these with ease, and Ted had very little difficulty. Hal, however, was not very strong, and accordingly failed twice in the examination. As a result he was placed for a time in the ranks of the so-called "P. W.'s" (Physical Wrecks) who were obliged to take regular elementary exercises under the Gymnasium instructor. Among his comrades in misfortune Hal found very fat and very thin boys, some with weak arms and some with weak legs, and a few with organic troubles of one kind or another. Hal's friends would occasionally drop in at the proper time to watch him as he performed, and

he became so ashamed that he took special "daily dozens" in his own room. Finally, in late January, he succeeded in passing the tests, and triumphantly announced the result to Steve. It was an immense relief to Hal, for he had been obliged to endure the cruel taunts of his friends ever since the "P. W.'s" had been organized.

The winter term often becomes tedious. The pent-up spirits of more than six hundred boys cannot always be restrained and sometimes burst out in harmless fun,—a kind of blood-letting, which injures no one and is followed by a period of peace. "Nancy" Irwin,—so called because his initials were N. C., standing for Newell Crossman Irwin,—was their "house-prof," and one of the squarest of men. When the boys got acquainted with him, they soon learned that he always played the game with them in a straightforward way; and they, in their turn, never tried to evade a punishment for a misdemeanor. Andover boys are normally quick to respond when they are treated fairly.

By the school regulation smoking was forbidden in any school dormitory, but there were always one or two boys who tried to ignore the rule. Those daring spirits who wanted a cigarette had

to resort to subterfuge, a favorite device being to lie on one's back and puff up the fireplace, or to sit on the window-ledge and blow the smoke into the night air. Joe and Steve, being in training, did not smoke, but Hal, who had some ambitions as a Beau Brummel, owned his own pipe and always carried ostentatiously a silver cigarette case.

"Nancy" Irwin always went to chapel and had directly afterwards an eight o'clock recitation. Hence the "dorm" was usually unguarded for the first hour in the morning. Hal, who had nothing during this first period, learned how to make the most of it. He would return to his quarters, light his morning pipe without fear of detection, and, after his pleasure was over, would open all the windows and air the room. The risk of discovery was slight, because a judicious dollar or two placed now and then in the janitor's palm took away all danger from that source.

One Monday morning Hal came back to Bishop as usual, lighted his pipe, and sat cheerfully reading a copy of "Vanity Fair," when there was a knock at the door. Thinking that it was one of the "gang," he shouted, "Come in, you!" and in walked Nancy, a cynical smile on his face. Hal happened at that moment to have his feet on the

table, and was just in the act of blowing enormous smoke rings into the already thick atmosphere. As he recognized Nancy, his jaw visibly dropped an inch or two; his face colored a beautiful beet-red; and he rose like a somnambulist from his chair, dropping his pipe as he got up.

“ Ah, Manning,” Nancy said, in the cutting tone for which he was famous. “ I see that Old Home Week has begun. How charmingly comfortable! And is this the smoking-den for all the gay boys of the dormitory? ”

“ Uh—uh—really, sir ——”

“ What mixture do you use? Ah, Dill’s—very good—very good—and when are you going to make arrangements to move out your furniture? ”

“ I—I—I don’t know, sir.”

“ Better go over to the office now, my boy. You might as well get it over with.”

“ But, sir, I don’t want to leave here.”

“ You’ll have to, Hal. Rules were made to be obeyed. You were a fool to try it so openly. I had to come back here for a book and the whole hall was full of smoke. It’s too bad, but I’m put here to enforce law and order.”

Hal knew this well enough, but that did not soften the unfortunate fact that he would now

have to leave his friends and take a room in some private house. It was a very despondent lad who sat for half an hour in the Head's office, waiting for a dreaded interview. Finally Hal was admitted to the inner office, where the Head, looking up from his papers, said, "Well, Manning, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing at all, sir. I've just been an ass. I know it, and I'm sorry. I'll take my punishment and try not to let myself get in wrong again."

"I'm glad you take it that way, Manning. When you entered here, I thought that you would make a brilliant record. I know all your family, and you come of splendid stock. Your father is one of the most able lawyers I ever met. But so far you haven't done very much to make your mark. At the first rating, you had honors in every subject, but when the term closed, you were just passing your work. This term you've been spending too much time altogether in the Grill, and your teachers don't seem at all satisfied. Don't you think it is about time you started a reform?"

"Yes, sir," answered Hal. "I suppose you're right, but I didn't have any idea you knew anything about me."

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"There's very little that isn't found out in this school sooner or later. When a fellow starts down-hill, he advertises himself."

"Can't you let me have another chance, sir?"

"That's what you're going to have. You'll be put out in the Chandler House, a good way from all your old associates. There you'll be almost alone and you can start fresh. You can study without any one's bothering you. Why not see how well you can do?"

"I'll do it, sir. You just watch me."

"All right. I want to write your father a different kind of a letter when this term closes."

It was not a happy Hal who followed his household Lares and Penates out of the dormitory that afternoon. But he did effect a complete change in his habits. Possibly because there were no temptations to idleness near at hand, possibly because he really had a desire to distinguish himself as a scholar, he ended the term on the first Honor Roll, besides taking a second prize in the Draper Speaking Contest. With his pals he seemed just as nonchalant and indifferent as ever; but once in his room, he settled down to business and burnt a good deal of midnight electricity. The jolt which he had received had been a lesson,

and nothing more was needed to make him a man.

Hal's enforced departure did not make Bishop Hall a haven of saints. Nancy Irwin, who was very popular with his colleagues on the faculty, was frequently out of his dormitory in the evening, and the boys had learned to estimate the hour of his probable home-coming with some accuracy. Sometimes, after he had made his inspection and had left, a rough-house would start for apparently no reason at all. About nine-thirty when most of the studying for the morrow's lessons had been done, somebody would dump a pail of water on a "fresh prep." A row would begin, the boys on the other floors would congregate to watch the fun, and, before five minutes had passed, all the spectators would be drawn into the row. Fifteen minutes of wrestling, sweating humanity! A quarter of an hour of torn pajamas and twisted neckties! And then the excitement would die down, the yelling would stop, and the participants would throw themselves on their beds exhausted. When Nancy returned, there would be puddles of water in low spots on the floor and a kind of psychic tension in the atmosphere; but he was too shrewd to protest

without other evidence, and he usually contented himself with veiled sarcasm which some of the fellows were not too dense to understand,—and fear.

On one evening in early March Steve came into Ted's room just before ten o'clock and asked, "Where's Nancy to-night?"

"Gone to Boston to the theatre; went off right after dinner."

"How do you know?"

"Heard him tell Charlie Foster he couldn't go out there to play bridge. He won't be back till to-morrow morning, I guess."

"Good. Let's go in and put Joe on the blink. He ducked me night before last and I've got to get even."

"You're on," responded Ted, who had never been known to refuse an invitation of that sort.

In a few moments the conspirators, watching in the corridor, saw Joe leave his room to take his customary pre-Morphean shower-bath. As soon as he had gone out, the two pajama-clad figures entered. With a swiftness and dexterity almost inconceivable, they stacked his furniture in the middle of the room, removed the pictures and piled them on top, and covered the mass with the

rug. They then hid in the little adjacent bedroom and awaited developments. Before long Joe, all aglow with the brisk rubdown and caroling in a loud voice, "The Son of God goes forth to War," stepped in the door.

"Great Scott!" he burst out, and then followed a string of objurgations and imprecations worthy of a pirate captain. Suffice it to say that his English teacher would have been satisfied with the results of his efforts to make Joe's vocabulary "large and varied." If language could have slain, the hiding culprits would have been corpses in thirty seconds. Then Joe, who was in no doubt as to the responsibility, began hunting for the criminals. He searched under the desk and in the closets; finally, passing into the bedroom, he saw the two dim forms and rushed at them. In a twinkling there was a wild scrimmage on the floor. Pajamas were ripped from neck to waist in one sweeping stroke. Before long the naked bodies were gleaming in the half-darkness, to the intense delight of the crowd who, attracted by the noise, had come in to see the fight.

"Sick 'em, Steve!" shouted one faction.

"After him, Joe!" cheered the other side.

Every now and then some outsider helped the

battle along by pushing a friend into the fray. Crash! Down went a desk-lamp, shattered into a hundred pieces. Bang! The foot-board of the bed fell off, making a sound as if the dormitory were falling apart. And then just as everybody was on tiptoe with excitement, watching Joe as he sat triumphantly on Steve's stomach brandishing a fire-shovel, in sauntered Nancy, clad immaculately in a dinner coat. Characteristically calm, he stood for a few seconds before any one noticed him, so intent was every one on the struggle. Then a small boy in the outer circle saw him,—with horror. The news spread rapidly. One by one the spectators realized the situation, and slunk shamefacedly to one side,—all except Steve and Joe, who remained quite unconscious of the state of things. At last Joe caught Steve around the neck and said, "There, you long-eared messer-up of rooms,—beg my pardon, or I'll put you down on Nancy's bed and let him find you there when he gets back to-morrow morning."

The dramatic irony of the situation was so irresistibly comical that the spectators burst into peals of laughter; and then, looking up to see what was going on, Joe caught Nancy's cold eye fastened on his. His grin weakened, his grasp



JOE CAUGHT NANCY'S COLD EYE FASTENED ON HIS.—Page 150.

grew feebler, and he looked like a dog who has been detected in some forbidden act, such as chewing up his master's slipper. Slowly he tottered to his feet, his pajamas hanging in shreds about him, his face bleeding from a cut in the cheek,—a most disreputable looking object. Steve followed his example, looking even more sheepish. Either would gladly have sunk through the floor and taken his chances of breaking a leg.

“You others had better go back to your rooms now,” said Nancy, with the ring of authority in his voice. “Steve, Joe, and Ted can stay here a while with me.”

When the group of spectators had vanished, Nancy sat down on the window-seat,—the only object in the room which had not been disturbed by the vandals,—and said, “Well, children, is the diversion over?”

As the boys well knew, Nancy in a sarcastic mood was especially dangerous.

“Yes, sir,” said Ted, whose mind was quick in emergencies.

“Oh, yes, sir,” added Steve.

“Of course, sir,” contributed Joe.

“Well, suppose you all get some chairs out of

this rubbish. Then go and clean up, and we'll have a little fireside talk. I'll wait here."

Ten minutes later the three guilty parties to the row came quietly in, clothed with some degree of neatness, but each looking as if he had been caught stealing sheep.

"Stains all washed off?" asked Nancy mildly.

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir," was the simultaneous response.

"Peace of mind all regained?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir," came three voices almost in unison.

"Very well. Now let's get down to business. I suppose you and Steve started this thing, didn't you, Ted?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Any one else to put the blame on?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"So I surmised. But I'm not putting Joe among the angels just yet. He may be the innocent victim to-night, but it hasn't always been that way, eh, Joe?"

Joe grinned horribly a ghastly smile of a very expressive kind. "I guess I deserve all the punishment you give them, sir," he answered.

"Well, boys, I haven't very much to say this

time. You thought I was out, and you promptly took advantage of my absence. I've always treated you fairly, haven't I? I never spy on you. I never hide in corners to watch for misdemeanors."

"Yes," admitted Steve, "you certainly have been a decent 'house-prof.'"

"And look what you do to me in return! What do you think I ought to give you for punishment?"

"We certainly deserve all you put on us," replied Steve cheerfully. "Only don't count Joe in with us. We pitched on him, and he had nothing else to do but fight back."

"Yes," said Nancy reflectively but ironically, "he's innocence personified. Before long he'll be sprouting wings. His virtue is almost appalling, it's so obvious."

"Please, sir," muttered Joe, visibly embarrassed, "I don't want to be let off from anything the others get. I'm as much responsible as they are."

"That's true enough, I imagine," chuckled the teacher, who seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely. He sat meditating for a brief period while the three boys wriggled about in their seats,

wondering what would happen next. Finally Steve broke the silence.

"Look here, Nan—Mr. Irwin, we've been a regular pack of kids. I'm ashamed of myself, for one. You've treated us like men, and we've acted like babies. I don't care how many demerits you pile up on us; I'm through with this kind of thing."

"So'm I," followed Joe.

"Count me in," added Ted.

"This is reform indeed," observed Nancy, evidently a bit suspicious still. "But I'm willing to take one more chance. I'm going to let you fellows off without any demerits this time."

"Say, you certainly are a square 'prof,' Mr. Irwin," said Steve. "I'm for you from now on."

"Me, too," continued Joe.

"And you can bet I'm with you, sir," finished Ted, in the manner of Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

So it was that the three friends took their stand for law and order. In a certain degree, they were weary of wrong-doing. Furthermore they had noticed that in Andover the best fellows, the leaders of the school, kept out of "rough-houses." The members of the Student Council spent their evenings studying, trying to keep up in their scholar-

ship. Responsibility had made them outgrow the puppy stage. And Steve, Joe, and Ted, in spite of some obvious faults, were of the stuff from which leaders are made.

During the few days remaining in the winter term, the "dorm" was as quiet as a hospital. Nancy seldom came around to inspect more than once in an evening, and his visits were clearly perfunctory. Nevertheless noises were seldom heard by passers-by, and the hall after eight o'clock had an aspect almost funereal. The explanation was simple. Steve, Joe, and Ted had formerly provided much of the energy for the house; now that they were quiet, the inspiration had gone for the others. Furthermore, the three friends let it be known that they were opposed to anything not fair to Nancy. When one youngster with sporting ambitions openly boasted of having lighted a cigar while Nancy was out, Joe and Steve carried him to the tennis courts, rolled him in the snow, and made him go to Nancy that evening with a memorized apology. Nancy merely smiled and said nothing. He was fully master of the situation. Why shouldn't he smile?

It was a time of year when the faculty always dropped a few boys for poor scholarship or dis-

order, and one or two of Steve's friends fell by the wayside. One of them, "Ike" Saunders, had been getting steadily worse in his work. He had no gift for study, and his befuddled brain never functioned when quickness was needed. As a consequence, and for his own good, the powers of the school ordered his withdrawal. He sang in the choir on Sundays, and, as no instructions had yet come from his parents, he was still in Andover on the Sunday morning following his dismissal. To the mirth of the teachers, and of a good many boys who were "in" on the secret, Ike proceeded to sing as a solo the hymn, "I'm nearer my home to-day, to-day, than I have been before." Even the Head had to conceal a smile as he heard the words, and realized their significance for Ike.

As the term drew to a close, lessons seemed to grow harder, recreation periods felt shorter, and examinations came fast and furiously. Once in a while Hal dropped in on the trio, and they could see that he was headed for a high record. The others could not hope to equal him, but they did develop a kind of rivalry, and even "slow Joe" had ambitions. When the last examination was over, the three hastened to their rooms to finish packing up. The others were going home, and

Steve, who felt that he had left his father long enough, would have been glad to do likewise, but he had in mind the slender family income. As they emerged from the "dorm" on their way to the train, a few scattered snowflakes began to fall,—the last storm of the winter.

"I certainly am glad that spring is coming so that we can get out on the field," said Joe.

"You bet. I've worked myself like a slave for that History, and now I'm ready for a little outdoors," added Steve.

"Well, I'm going to have a good time next term," concluded Ted.

As for Hal, he said nothing at that moment. But he was glad that he had found the right way for himself.

VII

SPRING TERM

SPRING on Andover Hill is a time of infinite variety. It usually opens in a slough of mud and slush, against which rubber boots offer the only effective protection. Then the April sun gradually dries the ground and warms the air. Forsythias burst into yellow blossom, followed by white and purple lilacs, with their rich and permeating fragrance. As May turns into June, the weeks fly by on happy wings. On hot nights the boys can sit at their windows and watch the countless lights twinkling around the campus; on dewy mornings they could get up early for a walk before breakfast, through a forest filled with the music of birds. Even the stolid Joe could be heard under the shower singing his favorite and only hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to War," in a voice more distinguished by volume than by sweetness. Poetry is in the atmosphere on Andover Hill in June, and it is then that even dull boys learn to love the school.

All four of the boys came back satisfied and happy. Hal, of course, had had the best report. He was on the First Honor Roll, and his proud father had promised him a new "flivver" for the summer vacation. No one of his friends was astonished by what he had done, for every one recognized his cleverness. It was more remarkable that Steve should have had no failures, and that Joe, the "dumb-bell," should have passed all his courses but one. The really unexpected thing was that Ted, who mocked at study, should have come very near to equalling Hal's high standing.

"What's the matter, Ted?" inquired Steve, after the first salutations had been exchanged and the essential questions asked. "Going to become a plugger?"

"No, I guess not. I just wanted to give a little exhibition. I've made my reputation now, and all the 'profs' will pass me this term no matter what I do. I'm going to have a long, long loaf."

"Watch out that you don't get punctured, smart Aleck," was Steve's answer. "It's my hunch that it's a wise plan here not to run too close to the rocks."

Steve had all that he wanted to do from the very opening of the term. In his own "gang" at

home he had always been the pitcher on the nine, and it was perfectly natural that he should report on the squad when the first call was made. He found himself grouped with some eight or ten others, among whom was "Bo" Swift, the veteran twirler of two Exeter games, all of whom were candidates for pitcher. With the instinct of the athlete, Steve "sized up" his rivals, concluding that most of them were no better than he. Bo, of course, was in a class by himself. Tall, rangy, and powerful, he had a brain that beautifully controlled his body, and he never lost his courage in a crisis. With him in the box, the entire team had confidence, and they played like a unit. Steve soon made up his mind that he must try to learn from Bo. Luckily the latter took a fancy to him, invited him to come to his "eating-joint," and even gave him a little private instruction about "drops" and "in-shoots." Before long, Steve was doing things with a baseball which he had never thought to be within his power. Bo was a born baseball pitcher, who knew by instinct what less favored players spend years in learning. Under his tutelage Steve, who was in muscles and physique very good material, made remarkable improvement.

"You're coming, kid," said Bo one day approvingly, as he watched Steve strike out the captain of the Andover nine. "All you need now is experience, and you'll get that before very long."

The others were also outdoors every afternoon, for the Andover system makes athletics compulsory for all those who are not crippled. Joe was a promising candidate for the shot put and the hammer throw, where his weight and strength were bound to count. Through the winter he had put on flesh and now tipped the scales stripped at over 190 pounds. Ted was playing on the tennis team, where his speed enabled him to work up to the second position, just under Sid Thayer, the captain. When he was really interested, Ted could accomplish wonders, and he actually took the pains to stop smoking and settle down to hard training. Hal was too light for any team, but he went faithfully through his work in club baseball, and then devoted himself to "heeling" for the *Phillipian*, the school paper, of which Ted was already an editor.

Hal's reporting kept him hustling around, but he enjoyed the competition, and soon disclosed a knack of writing which made him a successful journalist. He had an originality and an aggres-

siveness quite unusual in schoolboys, and could find news in the most trivial incidents. Before he had been "heeling" a month, he had outdistanced every rival, and this without any assistance from Ted. Hal was easily elected to the editorial board late in April.

Hal's ingenuity in journalism did not stop at trifles, and occasionally got him into trouble. In early May there was a period of two or three weeks when news seemed lacking, and "Morry" Gould, the Managing Editor, groaned in dismay over the dearth of material. For one especial issue he cribbed several short articles from current newspapers, only to hear himself denounced by undergraduate opinion as "too lazy to do the job himself." It was then that Hal had an inspiration. One afternoon he appeared at Morry's room with several sheets of theme paper closely written. The two conferred together for a few minutes, and then made their way down to the Andover Press, where the *Phillipian* was printed.

On the next day, at noon, the *Phillipian* was distributed, its first two columns headed by a wide black border. Interested at once in this unusual sight, the boys hastened to read:

ANDOVER'S RICHEST ALUMNUS DEAD
FAMOUS OLD TIME FOOTBALL PLAYER
SUCCUMBS TO PNEUMONIA

At his home in Dunkirk, New York, George W. Merwin, known to football enthusiasts of forty years ago as "Kid" Merwin, lies dead to-night. Mr. Merwin was a graduate of Andover Academy, where he spent four years, for three of which he was captain of the eleven. Many stories have been handed down of his skill and prowess. . . . It is probable that his vast fortune, made in the ice business in Buffalo, will be bequeathed to his old school, as he has no living relatives. His wealth is estimated at between four and five million dollars. . . .

The undergraduates read this item, which covered at least half of the front page, largely because many exciting anecdotes were told of famous games in which the great "Kid" had participated, both at Andover and later at Yale. There was some speculation as to how the money could best be expended.

"A stadium's what we need. Let's call it the Merwin Bowl, after the old boy himself," suggested Joe.

"Why not a library?" ventured Ted, to keep up the discussion.

"Oh, we don't need any more books. Not even

Charlie Foster has read all we've got up there. Just let me take the money and I'll spend it for 'em."

Meanwhile Hal was sitting quietly, chuckling to himself. They happened to be loafing in his room after lunch, waiting to go to the field. Suddenly there was a bang on the door, and in walked "Dad" Warner, the oldest active member of the faculty,—Mac being on the retired list,—looking as if he had seen a ghost.

"Is this Manning's room?" he asked, without stopping to say "Good-afternoon."

"Yes, here I am, sir," answered Hal.

"Look here," said Dad, pointing his finger at the first page of the *Phillipian*, a copy of which he held in his hand. "Can you tell me who wrote that?"

Hal was plainly much embarrassed. He took the sheet, looked at it for a second, and then replied,—“I wrote it, sir. There was a big space to fill up—and—and—well, I didn't think it would do any harm.”

"But we never had a man on our rolls named George W. Merwin. Where did you get all the information?"

"Why, I—I just made it up, sir."

“ You made up all those dates and stories? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Bless my soul, what a boy,” said Dad, and flung himself down in a chair shaking with laughter. As secretary of the alumni association, he knew by name nearly every graduate of the school for the past fifty years, and the audacity of the young “ heeler ” impressed him as irresistibly ludicrous.

“ But, look here,” he said, recovering, “ what are people going to say? The school will never hear the last of this. It will disgrace us forever. You must go out and suppress every copy that has been printed. Start right out now and tear up every one you see. And, in Heaven’s name, don’t let any get mailed to out-of-town subscribers.”

It was too late. The mailed papers had already left the Post-Office, and those distributed in Andover proved difficult to discover, for the secret had leaked out and every boy was hoarding his copy like a precious coin. Dad, of course, rushed over to explain to the Head what had happened; and that gentleman was obliged to make an excuse for going out in order to conceal his smiles. The next morning, however, he spoke in chapel

condemning the *Phillipian* article and its author in no feeble terms, and Hal received a summons to appear before him at ten o'clock.

Hal was no coward, but his knees knocked together as he sat waiting for his second formal interview with the Head. He was not cheered up by the remarks made to him by some of his friends as he walked up, such as "Pack your trunk, Hally, my boy," or "Get ready to transfer to Lawrenceville, old top," or "Don't I wish I were in your shoes, Mr. Hearst."

This time the Head was ready for him as soon as the door closed behind him. "Well, Manning, this time you've gotten us into a nice mess. Here are telegrams from all over the United States wanting to know who this George W. Merwin is. The Mayor of Dunkirk has wired me. So has the President of Yale. Look here,—'Please verify name of George W. Merwin of Dunkirk, Yale man reported dead. No such name on our alumni list.' Four reporters are out here from Boston trying to trace the source of the report. As for Mr. Warner, he's been almost insane. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Hal, looking very pathetic. "I really didn't know what trouble I

would cause. I just was told that we didn't have any news for this Wednesday's *Phillipian*; so I sat down and tried to scribble off something that would interest the boys. I'll do anything I can to make up for it."

"Too late, now, Manning. The mischief's done. Look here, young man, I'm not altogether sure but that you're too smart for this school. Don't you think another climate would suit you better? "

"Oh, sir, please don't fire me. Put me under any form of discipline there is, but let me stay. I do want a chance to make good."

"Well," replied the Head, "there's just one thing in your favor, and that's your high scholarship standing. If you were low and had done this, the faculty would insist that you go out. As it is, I think I can persuade them to let you remain on probation for the rest of the year. Now, get out. If you're called up before me again this year, I'll have no mercy on you."

It is probably a fortunate thing that no boys overheard the Head and Dad Warner talking the affair over that evening as they sat on the porch together.

"Plucky little fellow, that Manning," said the

Head, "and that's the boldest thing that's happened since I took charge here."

"Yes," added Dad, reflectively, "and it never occurred to him that there's a world outside of this Hill,—Dunkirk, New York, for instance."

"Well," concluded the Head, "some day he'll be editing the *New York Tribune* or the *San Francisco Examiner*, and I'll be sending in my card to him,—and how I will remind him of his obituary of 'Kid' Merwin. That's the beauty of a teacher's life; he can watch boys grow into men."

While this excitement was developing and ending, Steve and Joe were training regularly. Joe from the first was the best shot-putter in school. His huge bulk was aided by a quickness acquired in football, and he needed only a few suggestions to transform him into a first-class weight man. Early in the season he broke the school record in practice, and he won his event straight through the dual meets. It was, however, a poor year for Andover in track athletics, and the sprinters and hurdlers were worse than mediocre. The boys cheered lustily for the team; the mass meeting was not noticeably lacking in enthusiasm; but nobody had any confidence that a victory could

be pulled out. The actual meet revealed Andover fighting desperately but hopelessly to the end. The mile runner, though he was stimulated by the hoarse cries from six hundred throats, could do no better than come in a bad third; and the pole-vaulters tried futilely to crawl over the mark of ten feet, six inches. Joe, it is true, won handily, but the shot-put is not an event in which the competition is of a spectacular nature. When he set a new mark for the dual contests, the stands gave him a cheer, but that did not win the meet for Andover. The Exeter stands had their time for jubilation, and the joyful hearts that evening were in New Hampshire, not in Massachusetts.

There was every reason, then, why the Andover boys should be looking forward with eagerness to the baseball game at Exeter on the following Saturday. The nine had developed slowly through the preliminary season, showing flashes of brilliancy, but also disclosing at times a tendency to get "rattled" in emergencies. Steve had been steadily improving, and, in the two games in which he had been given a chance, had managed at least not to disgrace himself. He worked faithfully day after day throwing up balls to batsmen, learning what he could from Bo

Swift, and serving his apprenticeship as all aspirants for athletic honors in Andover have to do. Steve was getting very popular with his associates, for he never tried to escape work, and he was always cheerful when called upon to do anything.

The defeat on the track left Andover craving revenge. Every morning the members of the nine were applauded in chapel; every afternoon the school marched to the field, to cheer and practise songs. The cheer-leaders, their faces in a desperate expression, pleaded and railed and commanded. There was undisguised excitement in the air, and the younger boys had difficulty in keeping their minds on their studies. It was quite different, however, with a veteran like Bo Swift, who was about to pitch his third championship game for Andover, but was outwardly as calm as if he had nothing on his mind.

“How can you settle down to study that Algebra?” asked Steve on Thursday evening as the two sat together in Bo’s room.

“Easy enough,” was the reply. “It’s got to be done, or I can’t graduate, and graduating is the most important thing for me right now. I’ve been here four years, and my father expects me to make Yale next fall. All I have to do is just

to forget baseball and keep my mind on the Binomial Theorem."

"But how can you help having thoughts about the game creep in? I'm not even going to be in it, and yet I'm dreaming about it every minute."

"Well, I just have to forget all about it or I would get all on edge and be too nervous to pitch well." And so speaking, Bo would turn to his desk again and start studying as if he had never seen a baseball. Steve admired this kind of spirit and deliberately attempted to imitate it, but with difficulty. He did not realize then that a good part of Bo's calmness was the result of the confidence which every veteran player has in his own ability.

Saturday morning was warm and bright, as it should be when a baseball game is to be played. "It's a bully day, old top," shouted Joe, as he pulled Steve out of bed on to the floor. "Wake up and get your pitching arm into shape. You may need it."

"I guess not," grunted Steve. "No such luck. Bo looks good to me for thirty-one innings. Unless he has a stroke of apoplexy or gets appendicitis, I'll hold down a soft place on the bench this afternoon."

“Your time will come, young ’un,” answered Joe. “Don’t be so impatient. You can’t expect to be the world’s greatest pitcher at only seventeen.”

At chapel that morning the Head made some brief announcements regarding the conduct of the students while they were in Exeter, urging them to remember that they were gentlemen and that they were expected to behave with courtesy towards the enemy. He also gave them some final instructions as to what they were to do in case of victory and in case of defeat. Classes were cut short that morning, and, when they were over, the boys hastily ate their lunch and then in groups of two or three made their way down to the Andover railway station, each fellow carrying the usual large megaphone, with a white “A” against the blue background. Slowly the special train pulled in and the boys got aboard,—all except a few more fortunate ones who had been invited to ride up in the automobiles of faculty members or of their own families.

The journey to Exeter by train took just a little over an hour, and the boys beguiled the time with singing and ceaseless chatter about prospects for the game.

“They say Bo is speedier than he was last year.”

“Well, if he isn’t, that Steve Fisher’s better than any man that Exeter’s got.”

“How’s Soapy’s leg this morning? He said yesterday that he’d have to have a runner on the bases.”

“Have you heard about Exeter’s young ‘Babe Ruth’? His name’s Kelly, and he has knocked a home run in every game this season.”

“Say, when are we going to get there, anyway? This train’s a regular snail.”

Somehow the locomotive puffed its way through Haverhill and Powwow Village and at last into Exeter station, where the Andover boys dismounted, formed into the traditional column of squads, and, with the cheer-leaders marching like officers by the side, invaded the town. Not an Exeter follower was at the station, there being an agreement to this effect between the two schools. As the Andoverites marched on, they could see in the windows and on the walls of houses countless red flags and pennants, all bearing the huge “E” of the rival institution. It was the first time that Joe and Ted had been in the enemy’s territory, and they enjoyed the ex-

perience. It was thrilling to be tramping along these streets, keeping step to the familiar "A-N-D-O-V-E-R," and feeling inside a passionate longing to sacrifice one's all for the school.

Soon they were entering the bounds of Plimpton Playing Fields, near the beautiful Exeter Gymnasium, and could see ahead the great crowd of spectators, six or seven thousand at least, who had come from near and far to see the game. The opposing nines were already on the field, and the Andover team was having its infield practice. As Joe looked across the diamond, he could see Steve pitching to "Crab" Wallace, the substitute catcher. When the Andover followers rushed the bleachers to get good seats, Joe was lucky enough to find himself near Ted and Hal, who had trailed in his wake. Every one was pushing and shouting, trying to get room to move and breathe. At last they were all settled, and the cheer-leaders took their places in front of the stands, each one in a white shirt and white flannels. Then as the comforting Andover cheer rang out, each boy in the stand felt a renewed confidence in the skill of his representatives. After all, felt Ted, Andover couldn't lose to-day.

The opening moment in an Andover-Exeter game is always thrilling, even to the most hardened "fan." Every spectator is uneasy in his seat; every player is nervous. And then the first ball is pitched, and the struggle is on. Andover was in the field, and Bo Swift, a figure only too well known to the Exeter rooters, took his place in the pitcher's box, looking formidable as he studied the opposing batter. In the catcher's position was Dick Wright, another veteran of many gruelling battles. At short-stop stood Captain George Mason, and at second was tall Jack Reilly, with Soapy Wilson on third. All but Jack Reilly were old men at Andover and had won their "A's" the previous year. Each one had confidence in the others, and they knew how to act as a unit.

A bulky-looking umpire with a stentorian voice called the game and announced the batteries,—
"For Exeter, Camp and Bowman; for Andover, Swift and Wright." The names of these players were received with loud acclaim by their supporters. Then, with a glance around him at his teammates, Bo slowly wound up, shot a swift, straight ball at the batsman, and watched it sail over the plate, ignored by the Exeter player. "One

strike! ” cried the umpire, and the occupants of the Andover stands gave a simultaneous yell. It was first blood for the Blue. Once more Bo coolly surveyed his antagonist, shaking his head in disapproval of the catcher’s signal, and then, when another signal had been given, nodding his approbation. The ball was a wide out-curve, which lured the batter into reaching for it and missing it. Next came a high one, which the Exeter man gazed at contemptuously. When the umpire motioned to indicate “one ball,” it was Exeter’s turn to cheer. “That’s waiting for ’em!” “Attaboy, Murph!” and similar exclamations floated across the diamond. Now Bo seemed to prepare a little more carefully. With an odd underhand swing, he sent the ball flying towards Murphy, who struck wildly at it,—in vain. “Out!” cried the umpire, with an authoritative gesture, and the Andover boys gave Bo a long yell.

Exeter went out that inning without a score, the last man being eliminated by the capture of a long fly to left field. It was Andover’s turn at bat. The first man up was Al Look, the first baseman, and the best hitter on the team. More than once he had faced Chick Camp, the Exeter pitcher, and he was not afraid of him. Chick was

very tall and very thin, and seemed to take an abnormally long time to throw the ball. The delay sometimes flustered batters who were unfamiliar with his peculiarities, but it did not trouble Al. As the first ball came at him, Al caught it perfectly, making a low drive over the second baseman's head. It was a beautiful single. As he sped on to first, blue banners waved, the Andover stands rose to their feet, and Joe found himself pounding the back of the man in front of him with all his might. "Don't mind me, young fellow," said the victim, turning around for a second, "only you'd better save some of that strength for later on in the game." The next man up was Bill Sikes, the right fielder, a stout good-natured boy, with a broad grin on his face. He waited patiently until two balls had been called; then he smote lustily at his favorite out-drop, and the ball sailed directly over first base, luckily landing fair. Down the line he went, while Al Look ran to second and then to third, stopping there as the coaches warned him to take no chances. Things certainly looked good for Andover. The next man up, Tom Joyce, who played in center field, was an excellent hitter but was a trifle too eager; as a result, he knocked a pop fly

to short-stop, and was easily put out. Then came Soapy Wilson, short and stocky, with a shape not unlike that of a barrel. As he stepped to the plate, the Exeter fielders moved back, for Soapy had won a reputation as a long hitter. "One strike," the umpire announced, as the first ball flashed by. "Two strikes," came his voice, as Soapy started to hit and then altered his intention. Everybody on the Andover side was anxiously awaiting the issue, and for once the bleachers were still. Chick Camp, with excessive deliberation, seemed to tie his arms in knots, but, when the throw was made, Soapy was ready. The ball, hit with terrific force, rose higher and higher, out over the left fielder's head until it reached the canvas which enclosed the field and rolled under it. Two Exeter men dived after it, but, by the time it could be thrown back to the diamond, all three Andover men had crossed the home plate. It was a perfect home run!

Now indeed pandemonium reigned in the stands. The cheer-leaders were leaping up and down, turning occasionally a handspring. The Head waved both arms in the air, and Dad Warner broke his new straw hat over the head of a colleague at his side. Never before in an Exeter

game had so decisive a lead been secured in the first inning,—and there was only one man out!

Usually in an Andover-Exeter contest the side which can first take the lead is the one to win. So it was in this game. Before the inning was over, Andover had accumulated five runs,—a long lead in baseball,—and not even the most frantic efforts on Exeter's part could overcome such a handicap. The Andover team were batting like "big leaguers," even tiny Chauncey Peters in left field managing to knock out a three-base hit. In fact the game was so markedly one-sided that the interest for non-partisan spectators was not at all keen. During several successive innings, beginning with the sixth, the Exeter cheer-leaders called upon the school to rise and start a rally; but the cheering and singing were of no avail. Bo Swift struck out man after man, and those who did manage to hit the ball on the Exeter team usually knocked it into the hands of a waiting Andover fielder. In the eighth inning, through two ludicrous errors on the part of Soapy Wilson, Exeter scored two runs, thus avoiding the ignominy of a shut-out. At the opening of the ninth inning, then, the score was fifteen to two in Andover's favor, and Exeter had just one more

chance to do something. As the players were about to rush on the field, the Coach and Bo Swift had a whispered conference, to which Captain George Mason was called in. Then the Coach motioned to Steve, who lost no time in running up.

“Are you ready to go in?” asked the Coach.

“I should say I am,” answered Steve, without a second’s hesitation.

“Well, you take Bo’s place, and don’t let them get a batting streak.”

Steve’s heart took a big jump, and his knees felt wobbly, but he merely said, “I’ll certainly do my best.” Bo stepped over to him, slapped him on the back, and encouraged him, “Go to it, young fellow; you can do it. Just shoot ’em over hard. They can’t hit a balloon.”

As Steve walked out towards the pitcher’s box, he could hear the cheer leaders shouting, “A long Andover for Fisher,—are you ready? One! Two! Three!” but the noise reached him as from afar off. Everything seemed to be blurred before his eyes. Then he reached his position, waited a moment to steady his nerves, and looked towards Dick Wright to get his signal. The sight of Dick’s familiar countenance reassured him, and

he quickly regained his composure. He could feel the support of his teammates, as they talked to him, "Get the big fellow, Steve," "We're all behind you, kiddo," "It's going to be easy, Steve." Promptly he forgot that it was a game with Exeter; he forgot that he was about to win his baseball "A"; he forgot everything except the man in front of him who was swinging the bat so viciously with his two hands. Sure and swift went the ball from his fingers, and the Exeter player struck at it, missing it by inches. Another throw! This time, however, the curve was too wide, and the umpire called "One ball!" Once again the curve shot to the left of the plate. "Two balls!" Steve tried again, but the ball seemed to take an unexpected rise and passed high over the catcher's head. "Three balls!"

The critical moment for Steve had arrived. Dick Wright, calm and cool as usual, came forward to talk to him. "Brace up, Steve," he said; "all this chap needs is a swift straight one. You needn't practise tricky stuff on him."

"All right, Dick," replied Steve.

Both Steve and the team were well aware that he was facing the first real test of the day. The crowd awaited expectantly the next throw. Then

it came,—strong and true in aim, right over the plate, and the Exeter batter let it pass with a kind of contemptuous smile. “Two strikes and three balls!”

Once more Steve braced himself. He tried to imagine that he was pitching to Dick Wright in practice, with nothing to disturb him. With an easy motion, he put all his effort into his throw. The batter struck,—how he did strike!—but the ball passed untouched into the catcher’s mit. The Andover stands burst into another tumultuous cheer. Here was a new pitcher worthy of Bo’s shoes! Even the hoarsest “prep” recovered sufficiently to put his whole soul into a yell.

Psychology, as every old player knows, is a very important factor in baseball. Steve’s striking out the first man to face him in a championship game undoubtedly had a decisive influence on his career as a pitcher. It gave him that assurance which is indispensable to the successful man in any trade or art. Knowing that he could strike a man out, he speedily acquired the deliberation of a veteran. The second Exeter batter fouled twice; then Steve, by a dexterous and shrewdly placed inshoot, deceived him completely, and he was called out. The third man now stepped to

the plate. Many spectators, sure that the game was virtually over, had begun to leave the field, and there was some confusion in the bleachers. Steve kept saying to himself, "Don't get careless. Don't get careless." He pitched just as carefully as if the game had just begun and the score were nothing to nothing. "One strike!" cried the umpire, as the ball cut the corner of the plate. "Two strikes!" The player had reached rather helplessly for an out-drop. Then Steve pitched a ball which looked when it started as if it might go over the batter's head, but it dropped rapidly, passed just below his shoulders, and the umpire, with a last sweeping gesture, said, "Three strikes and out!" The game was over!

A mob of hooting, roaring wild men rushed on the diamond. One deputation of exultant barbarians tore up the score-board and bore it off in triumph. A procession of dancing lunatics circumnavigated the bases, ending up in front of the Exeter stands, where the Andover contingent gave a last raucous cheer. Then everybody made his way to the station, to board the special train. This pulled out of Exeter about half-past five, reaching Andover at seven. It was a noisy crowd which filled the cars, giving school yells as they

passed through each little country village and talking in loud tones about each play from beginning to end of the game. When they reached Andover, the bells were ringing out from the Tower and Alumni Hall, and a good part of the town's floating population seemed to be gathered there to meet them. The players were transported in automobiles to their eating places, where they ate ravenously a well-deserved supper. Afterwards Steve awaited with some eagerness his second celebration. He had made his "A" in both football and baseball; Joe had made his in football and track. They were the only two "preps" with such a record.

It was a warm evening, and everybody from the town was out to watch the proceedings. Automobiles filled every available parking-space near the Main Street. The marching lines of boys, their torches waving about above their heads, made a beautiful picture in the twilight. Add to this the inevitable brass band, and it may be understood that Andover Hill was no haven of rest that night. Once again Steve, as he had done in the fall, listened to addresses from popular members of the faculty; once again he watched the fire mount high towards heaven; once again he

himself made his little speech to the throng of boys clustered around the barge. Then came a walk home under the rising moon, and the long quiet sleep that follows victory.

One more week passed by, and then Baccalaureate Sunday arrived. Although they were under-classmen, Steve and his friends were interested in the proceedings. From the campus, he watched the seniors assemble at the head of the Elm Arch, near Brechin Hall, and then march to the chapel, guided by their marshals. The sermon that afternoon was by an old favorite, the Reverend Nehemiah Thornton, who was regularly voted each year the most popular visiting preacher. He began with some wonderful lines which Steve had never heard before:

“When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.”

He was evidently a man full of the joy of life, rich in optimism and in hope,—an ideal person to appeal to young men and understand their dreams. Youth, he said, was the time of oppor-

tunity. Then, when the blood flowed warm and glowing, was the period when faith was inculcated and noble deeds were planned. As he listened, Steve felt capable of anything, like Sir Galahad riding forth to battle for the right. And then, at the close of the service, came what to Steve was always an inspiring moment, when the congregation joined in "America," the stirring national anthem which had been written nearly a century before on Andover Hill.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

The next three days were filled with final examinations, and the four friends were very busy. They were not to see the Commencement festivities, the rule at Andover being that lower classmen should leave for their homes as soon as their work was over. All the available rooms on the Hill are needed for returning alumni, and the boys would simply have been in the way. Thus it was that, on Tuesday evening, the four sat together in Steve's room for a last talk before they separated for the summer.

"It won't be very long before we'll be getting our 'dips' like Bo Swift and the rest of them,"

said Hal, looking across the campus to where the Seniors were sitting, singing school songs and making the most of their last days at Andover.

"Some of you will. I wish I were sure of getting mine," replied Joe soberly.

"What do you care?" broke in Ted. "Here you are on two teams and you aren't satisfied."

"Look here, Ted," replied Joe, more slowly than usual. "You may have brains, but it looks to me as if you hadn't grown up yet. I'd rather have a 'dip' from this place than get my letter in every sport from football down to halma. Just being an athlete isn't everything."

"That's easy for you to say, of course," was Ted's response. "It looks like nothing to you because you don't have to work for it, any more than Hal does to make the Honor Roll."

"Say, you shrimp, why do you suppose I slaved away all spring on beautiful afternoons just tossing a ball of lead? It was drudgery, that's all. I would much rather have been out paddling a canoe or lying under some tree."

"Yes, why did you do it," interrupted Hal, "and why did Steve just plug away at pitching when he had almost none of the excitement of the real games?"

“ I don’t know,” answered Steve. “ I was wondering about that the other day. It’s partly ambition to make the nine some day, and partly because I just couldn’t help it. I had to do what I could for the good of the school.”

“ That’s it,” added Hal, summing up the discussion, “ it’s the old place that gets you. It’s partly because it goes back to the Revolution, and partly because so many fine men have come here. But most of all, it’s because it’s a place where boys have to become men or else get out. Really if we weren’t so darned afraid of becoming sentimental, we would speak out and say that we love every blade of grass on Andover Hill.” And with this outburst of unusual emotion, the year closed for the four friends, and they went each his own way until the fall, and the beginning of a new year.



THE MEMORIAL TOWER.

BUILT IN TRIBUTE TO THE NINETY ANDOVER MEN WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE WORLD WAR.

VIII

THE SECOND YEAR

THE four boys spent the three months of the summer vacation in varied and characteristic ways. Hal went with his family to their home at Magnolia, on the famous Massachusetts North Shore, where he played tennis and golf, lounged about in flannels, swam and danced, and lived the luxurious existence of the idle rich. Ted sailed for Europe with his mother, and wandered about the French chateaux, frankly longing for the re-opening of school. Joe went on a long fishing trip with his uncle through the Maine Woods and into the wilds of Canada. As for Steve, he worked on a Montana ranch, handling cattle and horses like a cowboy, and learning some vital lessons in democracy. From avocations and occupations such as these, they came back to Andover, each with his own experiences to relate; and all fall they seemed never to tire of telling yarns about what had happened to them while they were separated.

They returned to Andover in September as to a well-remembered home. Here was familiar ground, where they were acquainted with every local custom and where they were sure to find loyal friends. As Steve stepped from the train, he greeted all the taxi-drivers and baggage men by their first names, and stopped to chat with each. Walking up the hill to the town, he saw some one he knew all along the route, and his progress from there up to the school was a series of hearty salutations.

“Hi, Steve, where’d you come from?”

“Well, when did you blow in?”

“There’s some good material this fall, Steve.”

“Say, I’ll bet you’ve put on ten pounds. You’re in great condition. And wait until you see Joe Watson.”

Steve went right to Day Hall, the dormitory to which the four friends had been assigned, Steve and Joe living together, Ted and Hal having each a single room. Ted was already there unpacking his clothes and hanging pictures of foreign cathedrals on his walls. He almost fell on Steve’s neck with joy; and, while they were talking away about their adventures, Joe appeared, brown as an old suit-case and looking strong as a Hercules. When

he took Ted's hand in his brawny grasp, the latter winced with pain and said, "What's the matter? Are you trying to show off how powerful you are? Try your stunts on somebody else." Joe laughingly apologized, saying, "Too bad, Ted. I've been dealing with woods guides all summer, and they're not tender plants like you. I'll be gentle with you after this."

Before evening, Hal had driven out from Boston in the family Packard, and the four friends were reunited. They sat up until a very late hour reminiscing and laying plans for the fall. Their "house-prof," Mr. Theodore Walker, was a man whom they all knew and liked. He was a tall, sandy-haired, rather saturnine-looking person, who, in spite of what seemed like an air of morbid despondency, had really a deep sympathy with boys and their problems and liked nothing better than to listen to their conversation. For some unknown reason he had been christened "Pat" by his students, and the name had stuck. "Pat" had a dry wit which was exceedingly disturbing to those who incurred his displeasure, and he was not a master whom boys chose often to defy. It was Steve who had suggested their trying to get into Day Hall, and they had adopted his pro-

posal,—a sure evidence of his growing power of leadership.

Fortunately for the continuance of their relationship, all four had been promoted and were now members of the Upper Middle Class. Conscious of their new dignity, they looked on all the “green preps” with condescension, and even did some hazing, especially Ted, who found in this pastime an outlet for his wit. They talked a good deal, also, about the maintenance of the old traditions and customs, and Hal was heard to say that the new boys that fall looked very young. These were merely symptoms that they were “growing up” in the school.

Each one went directly to his own task in school life. Steve and Joe were, of course, out for football, and practice began immediately. Hal and Ted were both on the *Phillipian* board, and Ted, in addition, was trying for football manager. At the class elections, Joe was nominated for president and won easily, chiefly because of his athletic achievements, which had made him a well-known figure on the campus. It was obvious at once that the four friends were to take an influential place among their fellows.

In their classes they had mainly the same sub-

jects, but with different instructors. Often they would compare notes and talk over the methods of their teachers, with a soundness of criticism which would have astonished some of those gentlemen if they could have heard it. Boys have an uncanny discernment with regard to the weaknesses of their masters, and it takes them only a brief period to discover which one can be deceived and which cannot.

Ted, in spite of his lessons of the previous year, still prided himself on his ability to beat the game, and he had saved all his back English themes, intending to use them again if occasion permitted. At the first exercise of the term, "Hook" Edwards, his English teacher, who was also a poet of considerable reputation, announced a four hundred word theme on one of several assigned subjects, among which was "The Character of a Great Man." That evening Ted examined his assortment of essays, resurrected one on "Hannibal" which he had used the year before, and, hastily recopying it, handed it proudly in,—proudly because it had received the year before the mark of "B."

In due course this particular group of themes was graded and handed back; and Ted, to his

discomfiture, found himself presented with a large "E," in red crayon, symbolizing a failure.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as he displayed the paper to the others. "What kind of English teachers do we get here? They don't follow the same system at all. Look here! One man gives you an honor; another flunks you with an 'E.' And they're both in the same department."

"Why don't you tell Hook all about it?" suggested Hal gently. "He's a good sport, and he might think it was funny."

"Yes, it would be funny all right for you and for him, but not exactly for me. It would strike Hook as so humorous that he might have me 'fired.'"

On the next morning at his eleven o'clock recitation, Mr. Edwards began by commenting on some of the themes which had been handed in. "Some of them are excellent," he said, "and indicate much promise. Others are not so good. There is one curious case that I can't help speaking about. One of these themes I had read before, in fact, last year. Just before Christmas, Mr. Hobson, who teaches Lower Middle English, was ill for a few days and asked me to correct some of his themes in time for the term rating.

I did it for him with pleasure and interest, and, as it happened, read them with a good deal of care. One of them, dealing with a great Carthaginian hero, began with a rather striking sentence,—‘Hannibal, the bright star of Carthaginian military prowess, was hanging at the moment by a single thread.’ This unusual jumble of figures I have never forgotten. What was my surprise when I was going through this last installment of compositions to come across a theme the opening sentence of which read,—‘Hannibal, the bright star of Carthaginian military prowess, was hanging at the moment by a single thread.’ Startled, I tried to recollect where I had met with this masterpiece before. Suddenly it dawned upon me. I put two and two together, went over the evidence, investigated Mr. Hobson’s records, and concluded that one of you enterprising young men had been trying, as the school slang has it, to ‘put something over on me.’ I determined not to let myself be the simple victim of a conspiracy. I therefore bestowed a large red ‘E’ upon this year’s version, without indicating in any way my reasons for assigning this low grade. The gentleman thus rewarded is, I imagine, going around among you thinking himself much abused. If he

is wise, he will write for me another theme of twice the length originally assigned, and will make an apology to me at my room this evening."

During this little talk, Ted, unabashed though he ordinarily was, felt himself turning a deeper and deeper crimson. As Hook went on, Ted's heart began to thump at a rapid rate, and shivered at the exposure which was inevitable. Gradually, however, he saw that Hook was probably not going to reveal his infamy, and he attempted to assume an expression of complete ignorance. It was of no avail. He had told of the episode to many of his friends, and glances soon were cast in his direction, followed by smiles and a universal titter. Ted wished himself a thousand miles away. Luckily the ordeal was not a long one, for Mr. Edwards, who was naturally of a kindly disposition, shifted the subject, not, however, before Ted had inwardly resolved not to be caught again in that disgraceful fashion.

At shortly after eight that evening Ted was standing in the corridor leading to Mr. Edwards's room. "Come in," said the teacher in response to Ted's timid knock. "Ah, good-evening, Sherman, I had an idea it might be you. Sit down, won't you?"

“ I don’t believe—I don’t think ——”

“ Better take a seat, Sherman. I never knew you to be tongue-tied before. You usually can talk well enough.”

“ I’m sorry about that theme ——”

“ Oh, yes, you’re the man that tried to crib from himself. I remember now. You’re a mighty clever young chap, all right.”

“ I guess not, sir. I’m the world’s biggest fool. But I’m really awfully sorry. I don’t know what made me do it. Just because I’m naturally dumb, I suppose.”

“ Oh, no, not as bad as that. You just forgot that I’m an old Andover man myself and know most of the tricks.”

“ You certainly caught me beautifully.”

“ Look here, Sherman, do you want me to preach to you a little? ”

“ I wish you would; maybe I could learn something.”

“ Well, here goes. I’ve watched you off and on for some time, and I know more about you than you think. You’re bright enough, and often get honors in your subjects when you’re willing to buckle down to them. The only trouble is that you can’t help trying to beat the game.

Why don't you try for a while to play on the square? It's just as easy for you, and a good deal less trouble. It wouldn't have taken you much longer to write me a brand new theme than it did to copy off that old one. You're a friend of Steve Fisher's. Look how he acts. He hasn't half your head for books, and yet he has a much better reputation with the faculty than you have. You want to succeed here, and turn out to be a leader. You'll never do it by trickery. I know Andover and Andover men, and I never yet saw a fellow who gained the honest respect of his classmates through crookedness. You may get away with it for a while, but you'll lose in the end. Now what do you think of this doctrine you have just heard? "

"It's a lot better than a good many sermons I hear in chapel, that's sure, sir. I'm ashamed of myself, and I'll try to make good with you yet."

"All right, we'll let it go at that. And now tell me about your plans for the *Phillipian* this fall."

Ted left, half an hour later after a pleasant chat, with relief in his heart. When he dropped in for a moment to see how Joe was getting along,

the latter inquired, "Well, did he give it to you right?"

"Not very much. Say, Joe, that man's a square 'prof.'"

"What, aren't you going to be suspended or put on probation?"

"No, but I'm going to cut out being smart."

"Complete and total reform. Learned your lesson, haven't you?"

"You bet," answered Ted, grinning sheepishly.

"Good! We'll make a man of you yet."

As a matter of fact, the trouble for the friends came from another source, from that very Steve whom Mr. Edwards had praised so highly. Absorbed in athletics, Steve had unconsciously neglected his studies. Confident that the faculty would not annoy such a brilliant halfback as he was proving to be, he did not hand in his written work regularly and soon got behind. His life was being lived out on the playing fields, and he spent his study hours running through imaginary plays or picturing himself as he dashed ninety yards on the kick-off for a touchdown. Two or three of his instructors warned him, but he was indifferent to their advice. Then came the first fall rating, when the grades of all the students were handed

in. Hal and Ted had done well. Even Joe had passed in all his courses. But Steve found himself with failures in every subject.

"Isn't it terrible?" he asked Joe, as he read the fatal record of his deficiencies. "What am I going to do? Of course I shall be on 'non-ex,' and maybe they'll put me on probation." It should be explained here that every student who fails in more than eight hours of work is automatically placed on the "no-excuse list," and hence debarred from taking part on any school team until he makes up his conditions. In special cases the faculty can put a student on "probation"; then he is forbidden to represent the school not only until he is removed but also for the following term. To be on "non-ex" is, for an athlete, not at all pleasant, but he can reinstate himself by attention to his duties; to be on "pro" is much worse, for he cannot then play on a team until the ensuing term has gone by.

On the next day the faculty met. It is not discreet to unveil the secrets of that tribunal, but this much may be disclosed. When Steve's name was brought up, there was much discussion by his teachers. Finally the Head remarked, "I've watched Fisher for a good while now, and I am

sure that there's the right kind of stuff in him. But there's no hope for him unless he's brought up now with a sharp jolt. If we let him think that he can neglect his work just because he's an athlete, we'll never make anything out of him. He has failed in every course; he has no excuse but too much football; I don't see what we can do except to put him on probation." Some of the teachers interested in sports winced, but the logic was unquestionable. Steve was accordingly voted on "pro," and was out of the game for the season.

"It's an outrage," shouted Joe, when the sad news arrived the next morning. "I'm going to see the Head about it."

"Better not," replied Steve. "It won't do any good. I'm going to take my punishment and say nothing."

That evening, after Joe had gone to bed and was peacefully snoring, Steve sat up in his study with his Trigonometry book open in front of him. He had many things to ponder over. He knew, better than any one else, how foolish he had been to spend all his time on football. He realized also that his loss in the backfield would cripple the team, and that the responsibility for defeat,

if it came, would rest largely on him. But he had too much sense to blame anybody but himself. His chief regret was for his father, who expected him to keep his record clean and would be broken-hearted. Altogether, Steve was more despondent than he had ever been before.

At his formal interview with the Head the next day, Steve made no attempt to plead for leniency, and the Head was too wise to lecture him. He said merely, "Well, Fisher, it's a bit of hard luck, such as everybody has to face once in a while. I know that you're going to show now how a real man faces trouble."

Through Steve's mind ran the lines from "As You Like It" which they had been discussing that morning:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

His resolve was made, and he did not need any further inducement to confirm his resolution.

For the next few weeks, Steve toiled as he had never toiled before. He still put on his football togs every afternoon and went out to practise with the team, and his powerful charging with the "scrubs" made them formidable opponents.

But he did this solely from loyalty to the school; he was much more interested in showing his teachers that he had a mind, and that he was not just a "mere athlete." Steve found unexpected encouragement in his efforts. One day on the street he met "Colonel" Pitman, a Latin instructor with a reputation for severity,—and thoroughness. "Fisher," said Mr. Pitman, "I understand that you've got a good deal of Cicero to make up. Come around to my house to-night and let me help you a little." Steve, a little astonished, for he did not know Mr. Pitman well, assented almost without reflecting, and then spent the rest of the day in a state of embarrassment. What could he do? Mr. Pitman was not his teacher, and Steve had no extra money to pay for tutoring. It was with some natural trepidation that Steve approached Mr. Pitman's house and rang the bell.

"Glad to see you, Fisher," came a genial voice at the door, and Steve was ushered into a study where the walls were lined with books and pictures. "Sit down, and I'll be with you in a minute, as soon as I finish this letter." In a short time he was free, and, turning around in his chair, said, "Did you bring your Cicero?"

“Yes, but Mr. Pitman, I forgot to tell you that I must do the work myself. I can’t afford a tutor.”

“Bosh,” said Mr. Pitman in a gruff voice. “Stuff and nonsense! Who said anything about tutoring? I’m just going to see if I can’t show you how to study.”

The next two hours were a revelation to Steve. Without telling him the meaning of words, Mr. Pitman put him through a set of questions that made him think. “Why? Why?” the teacher kept saying, and Steve began to see in the text things that had never occurred to him before. For the first time in his life he was in intimate contact with a trained mind, and it was like a cold bath on a warm day,—it gave him a new ambition. When he left Mr. Pitman’s house at ten o’clock, he was a changed boy.

For a week Steve spent a few minutes with Mr. Pitman each evening, not going over his lesson, but simply learning methods of work. Meanwhile he was getting results. It was a great day for Steve when his Latin instructor, Mr. Symonds, called him up to the desk and said, “Fisher, I want to congratulate you on the improvement you have made.” And when he for the first time

received an "A" in English, he was as happy as when he won the "A" on his blue sweater. Steve was in no danger of becoming either a prig or a plugger. He was merely learning the lesson which every worth-while boy has sometime to learn,—that brains are better than brawn.

The eleven, without Steve, was having a hard time. It played a tie game with Lawrenceville, but was badly beaten by the Harvard Freshmen. By the week of the Exeter contest, however, the undergraduates had developed renewed confidence in their representatives, and Andover was reported as "hopeful." If this were the traditional school story, Steve would be taken off probation at the last moment and would come dashing on the field just in time to save the old school from defeat. But unfortunately things do not often go like that at Andover. The old-time school yarn, moreover, would give Andover a victory over Exeter by one point in the last minute of play, and then Steve would cry, "Thank Heaven, the boys won the game without me." But even this did not happen. What did occur was that Exeter produced a team which, even with Steve playing halfback, would probably have beaten Andover, and which overwhelmed the eleven without him

by a score of 26 to 0. It was unquestionably a triumph for Exeter. As the sporting writers have it: "Andover fought to the finish," but to no avail. Joe blocked every play through right guard and tried desperately to cover most of the other positions, but he was helpless. The school came home on the special train despondent and weary. But within a week the whole disaster was forgotten, and the boys were talking about prospects in basketball and hockey. The unfortunate football season was a matter of history.

Steve meanwhile had not relaxed his efforts. As he sat on the bench at Exeter watching the game, his muscles had fairly twinged with a longing to be in the scrimmage; but that same night, when every one else was wandering restlessly about making the usual "post mortem" comments, he was at his desk finishing up some back problems in Mathematics.

"Say, can't you cut out that study stuff for one evening and come over for a game of bridge?" asked Hal.

"I can't to-night. Sorry. If I don't get these things done before Monday, I'll be in a hole."

"What are you trying to do,—turn into a 'prof'?"

“Not so bad as that, I hope. I’m just trying to get even with the game.”

“All right, all right,” grumbled Hal, “only don’t go so far that you kick all your old friends outdoors.”

The fall term drew slowly to a close, in the customary riot of examinations and tests of all kinds, and Steve redoubled his zeal. He had now something of the confidence which comes from knowledge, and which is of immense help to any boy in a recitation-room. At last the long ordeal was over, and Steve went to Boston for another visit with Hal’s family. Here it was that his report reached him:

LATIN	A
ENGLISH	B
FRENCH	A
HISTORY	B
TRIGONOMETRY	C

With it, his father enclosed a letter which the Head had sent, part of which read as follows:

“I have never in my long career as teacher known a case where a boy has so markedly improved in his work in such a short time. Your son has really high intellectual gifts and should have a fine record in scholarship before he leaves.

My problem now is to see that he properly adjusts his athletics to his studies; for he is such a good athlete that we cannot afford to let him be lost to our teams."

As a matter of fact, Steve had been punished sufficiently, and had resolved that in the future he would never let himself fall below a good average in his work. As soon as the winter term began, he took his father's advice and called on the Head, who welcomed him warmly. As they sat before the fire talking about matters of school life, the subject of Steve's delinquency naturally arose. "I can see now," said Steve, "that putting me on probation was the best thing that could have happened to me. I was certainly hot at first, and wanted to leave it all and start in work. But that would have been quitting, of course."

"Did you ever read Kipling's 'If'?" asked the Head, as if turning the subject.

"No, I don't think so," replied Steve. "I know the 'Jungle Books,' but not much else of his."

"Here," continued the Head, reaching up to a shelf and taking down a volume, "take this copy and try it. It isn't great poetry, they tell me,

but it's good stuff just the same; and I think you'll see what he's trying to drive at."

When Steve found the lines, he caught the application at once, and there was something about the poem which fascinated him. He had not memorized any verses since the days when he used to recite:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,"

or

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan."

But the swing of "If" seized his imagination and he would sometimes astonish Joe and Hal by reciting dramatically:

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

Ted took an ignoble revenge by calling Steve "Virgil" and "Byron," but Steve was immune to insult. His education was progressing at a rapid rate.

One feature of Andover life is the Sunday morning sermon, sometimes given by the Head, but more often by some visiting clergyman of wide reputation. Most of these men know how to

handle boys and are careful not to do ridiculous things. But every once in a while some preacher, usually one inexperienced in schools, arouses the wrath or the mirth of the student body. On one Sunday morning in January the preacher was a Western bishop, who had never been in Andover before, but who evidently had an idea that he was in a kind of Sunday School and must "talk down" to meet the inferior intelligence of his congregation.

"My deah young friends," he began, in a high-pitched nasal voice, "let me address you this mawning, as one older, and perhaps wiser, than yourselves. I wish to talk with you briefly on the sweetness of life,—the sweetness of life. What an exquisite phrase! The sweetness of life! My deah boys, life is rich, life is clean, life is precious, life is sweet. And nowhere is it more rich, more clean, more precious, more sweet, than in this deah school."

By this time the school had formed its estimate of the speaker and smiles were passing from mouth to mouth. But, with that instinctive courtesy which Andover boys always display when they know that the Head is looking at them grimly, they managed to twist their faces into

a semblance of seriousness, and the bishop concluded his sermon in peace.

After the morning service, the Head, at the bishop's request, showed him about the school and took him to see one or two boys' rooms. With a hope that Steve and Joe might have their quarters decently picked up, he escorted his guest to Day Hall, climbed the stairs, knocked on the door, and then opened it carefully; then, to his dismay, there floated out, in a voice which was a perfect reproduction of the clergyman's rather affected intonation: "And finally, my deah friends, boys who are so rich in hope and all the deah things of life"—Hal, who had a remarkable gift of mimicry, was quite obviously entertaining a group of friends with a parody of the morning sermon. The Head closed the door with a "Bang!" and fled precipitately, hardly daring to trust himself to look at his visitor.

Among Steve's best friends in Andover were fellows from other countries, including Chinese and Japanese, who were often very popular in the school. Some of them made the soccer team, and most of them did very well in their studies. Indeed it was during this very year that a Chinese won a fifty-dollar prize in American History, and

another was second in the Means speaking contest. Often boys from Japan and from Holland, from Cuba, and from Mexico, would be found in the same class. Of negroes there were very few, but there did happen to be one who lived in Steve's dormitory. His name was Burton, and he was almost white in color, with very few Ethiopian characteristics. He was always quiet in manner and tended strictly to business.

During the Christmas holidays, Steve came back to Andover after spending a week with Hal, and one day found under his door an invitation to take Sunday dinner with "Jack" Foote, one of the Senior English instructors. When Steve appeared at one-thirty, he found Burton there in the Foote library, and naturally greeted him cordially. As they sat down to dinner, Mrs. Foote, who was famous for her hospitality, said:

"Where is your home, Mr. Burton?"

"In Birmingham, Alabama, ma'am," he replied, with a faint suggestion of a Southern drawl.

"Oh, yes, I should have known by your accent that you were a Southerner. And how do your people get along with the negroes when there are so many around?"

Steve, who was fully acquainted with Burton's

antecedents, was horrified, but had presence of mind to ask politely for the salt. Unfortunately Mrs. Foote, her curiosity aroused, wished to pursue the subject to the end.

“Really, Mr. Burton,” she asked, “are there any decent negroes around you? I mean any that you can talk with or respect.”

“Yes, ma’am,” responded Burton politely, “there are many who are friends of mine.”

“But,” continued Mrs. Foote,—and then Steve violated all the rules of etiquette by deliberately hitting a small vase of flowers with his sleeve and overturning it. The water spread over the tablecloth and Mrs. Foote seemed much perturbed, but Steve had accomplished his purpose. His apologies were profuse and lengthy; and then the subject turned in another direction and was not resumed. A day or two later Steve happened to meet Mr. Foote on the street and explained to him the motive for his strange conduct.

“Fisher,” said Mr. Foote when the story was over, “you’re a genius, and I’ll recommend you to any diplomat I know for a job as his secretary. I never knew a fellow who had so much native tact.”

“I guess it wasn’t tact, Mr. Foote,” responded

Steve. "I was just scared for fear Mrs. Foote might get in wrong."

"If that isn't tact, then I never saw a dictionary," was Mr. Foote's answer. "Anyhow, you saved Mrs. Foote a good deal of embarrassment, and I'm very grateful."

Two of the most picturesque figures in school that year were the Romanoff boys, sons of a Russian nobleman who had fallen from his high estate during the World War and been obliged to become a refugee in Constantinople. There the two youngsters had been found by a wealthy American, who promised to educate them. He had, therefore, brought them to the United States and sent them to Andover, where they had furnished diversion from the moment of their arrival. Neither one had ever done any work, either manual or mental, and they declined to take their studies seriously. Instead they loafed about the dormitory, bothering everybody else and swallowing without reservation all sorts of strange stories told them by the students.

It happened that "Fat" Stillman, a lazy, mischievous rascal in the Senior Class, took a keen delight in annoying the Romanoff brothers. One night the older Romanoff, whose name was Ivan,

stopped in at Ted's room for a conference. Later that evening Ted appeared at Fat's quarters, bearing a huge document, sealed with wax and looking like a government communication.

"What's this?" said Fat, looking suspiciously at Ted.

"Read it," answered Ted laconically.

Fat made his way through several thicknesses of paper and finally arrived at a letter, written in a heavy ornate hand, which, when deciphered, read something as follows:

"MR. STILLMAN, SIR:

"You have insult me, and I must reply you have the bats in your belfry. If you are gentleman you will answer by the sword. The porter will make arrangement, please.

"With the respect, your slave,

"IVAN ROMANOFF."

"Say, what are you trying to do? Trying to make a goat out of me?"

"I guess not. This Romanoff's a gentleman, and I'm his second. He's challenging you to a duel and you'll have to accept or be called a coward."

"Who's a coward? I don't want to fight this infernal foreigner."

"How are you going to get out of it? Roman-

off was brought up around the Czar's court, and he'll think it's mighty strange if you try to escape his challenge. Look here, Fat, this is a matter of national honor. You've got to meet him."

"What does he want to fight with?"

"Swords, of course. What else would gentlemen use? You seem to think this is an ordinary street brawl. I tell you this is the real thing. You'll have to fight him or be run out of Andover."

Fat was terrified. He had never dreamed of anything like this. He would have been brave enough in a boxing match, but a fight with swords made him shiver with fear. At the same time he had no wish to be made the laughing-stock of the school.

"When does he want to fight?" he stammered.

"To-morrow, at dawn, just north of the cemetery."

"The cemetery!" gasped Fat. "The cemetery!"

"Of course. That's the best place. There'll be nobody to disturb us there."

"Oh, yes, that'll be fine,—fine," said Fat, trying to appear courageous, but inwardly getting more and more alarmed.

“You’d better get a second right away. Maybe Steve Fisher will help you out. Shall I tell my man that you’ll be there?”

“Yes, I’ll be there,” whispered Fat; and Ted went chuckling back to the Romanoffs to settle further details.

Just after six o’clock the next morning, in the cold and damp March air, several figures might have been seen stealing out of Day Hall. Among them was Fat Stillman, his knees knocking together, with Steve on one side and Joe on the other,—for both had generously agreed to be his seconds.

“Brace up, Fat,” said Joe. “And remember that you’re fighting this morning for the honor of your country.”

“Yes,” added Steve, “even if you’re wounded or killed, you’ll never be forgotten.”

At the rendezvous the two Romanoffs and Ted had already gathered, Ted carrying ostentatiously two heavy sabres, richly ornamented with silver and evidently the property of some Russian officer. Ted handed one to Ivan Romanoff, who promptly proceeded to swing it through the air with the dexterity of a practised swordsman.

“Look here, Joe,” said Steve, loudly enough so that Fat could hear. “This is going to be murder, that’s all. Can’t we stop it?”

“No,” replied Joe, grimly. “Even if Fat is slain, he must go through with it.”

“Murder!” “Slain!” The dread words reached Fat’s ears. For a moment he wavered. Then, throwing his weapon to the ground, he said, “Romanoff, I’m going to apologize if you think I insulted you.”

“What does he speak?” asked Ivan.

“He says,” translated Ted, “that he’s sorry that he injured your feelings.”

“And will he not fight?” demanded Ivan.

“No, I won’t,” burst out the irate Fat. “I’ll fight any man in a stand-up boxing-match, but I’m not going to let myself get killed by a wild foreigner.”

“Oh, ver-ee well,” smiled Ivan, throwing a glance of contempt at Fat. “If my enem-ee will not fight, I cannot make him. Come on, Sergius.” And the two brothers, followed by Ted, stalked majestically off the field of combat.

“A nice American you are!” said Steve to Fat.

“This’ll be a fine story to tell your friends,” added Joe.

“You’re not going to tell anybody about this, are you?” asked Fat pleadingly.

“Why, it’ll be all around school in half an hour,” answered Joe. “Everybody’s going to know about it.”

And everybody did. Before the day was over, Fat began to wish that he had fought the duel, even though he had been killed. He began to realize the truth of the oratorical axiom, “But there is something worse than Death.” Within a week, however, the Romanoffs packed up their goods and departed for regions unknown. Their benefactor had grown weary of paying their expenses at what they seemed to think was an excellent club. When last heard of, they were working in a mill in Fall River. The memory of the great combat, however, lingered behind them, and old boys still point out to “preps” the spot where the Russian made Fat Stillman apologize. As for Ted, he said very little, but his thoughts were “long, long thoughts.”

IX

SCHOOL DIVERSIONS

AFTER January first, the school settles frankly into winter quarters, emerging at intervals to go from class to class or to secure the necessary bodily sustenance for the day's work. Andover is a spot where the snow falls early and often, and the drifts pile high along roads. Early in February, the wind shifted to the south, and a light drizzle in the afternoon made it seem like April. Little rivulets ran down the gutters, and the small boys who owned rubber boots took them out in order to wade dry-footed through the slush. Towards evening, the breeze turned colder, although the rain still continued to fall, and by nightfall it had grown so chilly that very few ventured out. In the very early morning Steve was aroused by a succession of thunderous noises, and stepped to the window. Never had he seen such a spectacle. The great elms along the Arch were masses of ice: the limbs were encased as if with armor, and branches were breaking all

around. Once in a while some larger limb would come crashing down, being shattered into bits as it struck the frozen ground. For a long time he sat watching the sight, and it was hard for him to get to sleep again.

When he peered out into the daylight at seven o'clock, he was horrified by the destruction that seemed spread about. Everywhere on the campus were broken branches and sometimes whole trees; it looked like a battlefield after a bombardment. Wires were down all along the streets; trolley cars had ceased to run; and people were picking their way carefully among the *débris*. As he was on his way to breakfast, a falling elm branch struck him on the shoulder and knocked him down. He soon learned that he could walk under the trees only at the risk of his life.

As the day brightened and the sun came out clear, eyes were dazzled by the shining particles. It was still cold,—well below the freezing point,—and nothing was melting. One boy was hit in the head by a flying limb, and then the Head sent notices to the dormitories declaring a vacation for the remainder of the day. For many hours the telephones would not function and the electric lighting system was out of order. Ted

and Hal spent the morning taking photographs of the damage which had been wrought, but most of the students remained under cover, obeying orders and reading or playing cards. In the afternoon it grew slightly warmer, and at night the melting process was well started. On the following day most of the ice had vanished, but relics of the devastation were scattered about the campus for a month or more. The expense of repairing the damage was more than eight thousand dollars.

Except for this temporary thaw, however, there was very little warm weather that winter. One snowfall followed another, until the fields were covered to a depth of two or three feet. Then it was that Steve, born and bred in the West, brought out his skis and showed the others a new form of sport. Around Pomp's Pond were many hills, down which he would slide at a terrific speed, describing great curves and sometimes executing a beautiful Telemark swing. Then Joe would try, and would go head over heels into the deep drifts, unable to retain his balance on the treacherous shoes. After they had learned the rudiments of the sport, Steve constructed a low jump and dared them to follow him. Many an afternoon ended

with sore bodies and scraped legs, and Steve would scoff as Joe and the others limped about or rubbed the bruises with arnica. The climax came when they all climbed Prospect Hill and came flying down the steep road, never stopping until they had gone a mile or more. It was glorious sport, and the boys hardly regretted the fact that the deep snow made skating impossible anywhere except on the hockey rink.

The term ended in a blinding whirling snow-storm, that seemed to bury everything just at a moment when Nature had determined to reassert her rights. During the Easter vacation, Steve remained in Andover, making his way through sloughs of mud and spending his afternoons in the baseball cage, practising new curves. In the evening he read or went to the "movies," occasionally venturing out for a call on some member of the faculty,—always diffidently, for, like every manly youngster, he did not wish to be suspected of being a sycophant. It was at this time that he was introduced to books on Antarctic exploration, including "Scott's Last Expedition," Cherry-Garrard's "The Worst Journey in the World," and Shackelton's "South," all of which so thrilled him that he sat up until late hours. Theirs was

a kind of heroism which he could thoroughly appreciate.

On the day when the spring term opened, the sun burst out once more through the clouds, and the mud on the campus was rapidly drying up. It was a strange transition which Steve watched in Day Hall. On Monday evening the corridors were silent as an Egyptian tomb, and his whistle echoed in the empty spaces; not a light was burning except in his own room; and outside there was almost no noise except the purring of motors on Main Street and the striking of the chimes at regular intervals. On Tuesday, twenty-four hours later, the dormitory was a seething flood of human life, with trunks being hurled hither and thither, voices roaring in loud protests or stormy greeting, and a general rush from one spot to another. The Hill was a center of energy. Life had returned to the dead bones of the school.

Once started in the term, Steve found himself in the midst of baseball practice. It was the game which he really liked best. Football was often just hard labor, but he never grew weary of pitching, and a game was for him a time of complete physical delight. It filled most of his spare hours, except on Sunday afternoons, when he sometimes

went with Hal, Ted, and one of their friends among the instructors on a canoeing trip up the Shawsheen River, the little stream that flowed through Andover into the wide Merrimac. On warm May afternoons there was no more pleasant pastime than paddling through the forests and marshes. It was an easy method of getting temporarily out of civilization into a region that had at least the superficial appearance of primitiveness.

On one such seductive afternoon, Hal and Ted, having secured the necessary excuses, went off by themselves, with Joe for ballast in the bottom of the canoe. Steve also had taken a canoe with "Dave" Church, one of the younger teachers, and the two were following along behind. About a mile or two up-stream, the river, ordinarily rather narrow, widens out into a kind of lagoon, nearly a quarter of a mile wide. Here the boys in the front canoe were having a kind of combat, splashing water on each other, when suddenly it shifted and turned over, dumping the three occupants into the water.

"Help! Help!" cried Hal in imploring tones. "I'm drowning! I'm drowning!" And he sank below the surface.

Now it happened that both Joe and Ted knew that Hal had never learned to swim. They were, therefore, very much alarmed. With sweeping strokes Joe rounded the bow of the canoe, just in time to see Hal's head, crowned with eel-grass, emerge, and to watch him stand erect, only breast-high in the water. Joe, who had never thought of letting his feet down, quickly discovered that he could touch bottom, and then Ted, who was on the other side, gave a loud laugh, as he called out:

“We're on some kind of a sand-bar. It isn't over three or four feet deep.”

Meanwhile several other boats, including the one occupied by Steve, drew nearer, in time to see the three boys, who presented a ludicrous appearance, standing, covered with mud and slime, up to their waists in water. Without losing any time, the three turned the canoe over, bailed it out, and crawled in, while the spectators made scoffing remarks. When they had recovered sufficiently to paddle off, Ted said, “That was a real heroic rescue you made, Joe.”

“Shut up, will you!” returned Joe, in no angelic humor. “Don't you know that we won't hear the last of this? Steve was in one of those

canoes with Dave Church, and he'll tell it all over school."

"Well, I honestly thought I was going to drown," put in Hal.

"I know you did," responded Joe. "That's the trouble."

The three came back to the Hill as unostentatiously as possible, but not without some stares and a few comments on their damp clothes and generally bedraggled appearance. At dinner that evening, one or two fellows ventured on some references to the heroic rescue, but Joe's attitude of belligerency dissuaded most of the jesters from going very far. Apparently the incident was to be forgotten.

Two weeks later, however, the May issue of the *Mirror*, the alleged "literary" magazine of the school, came out. Joe, who seldom read the periodical, was glancing through his copy preparatory to tossing it into the waste basket, when his eye fell on something of interest. The item in question read as follows:

HEROIC RESCUE OF DROWNING MAN BY ANDOVER FOOTBALL HERO

In the deepest part of the Shawsheen, where the water in that mighty stream is nearly waist-

high, a canoe containing three well-known Andover men was tipped over last Sunday, throwing into the water Theodore Roosevelt Sherman, Harold Cabot Manning, and Joseph William Watson,—all Andover students. Unfortunately Manning could not swim, and a sad accident was averted only by the promptness of Watson, who, just as Manning was about to go down for the third time, reached his side, lifted him out, and threw him half-unconscious into the canoe. The application of restoratives by Sherman brought Manning back from the grave. It is expected that Watson will be awarded a Carnegie medal for bravery.

With fierce execrations, Joe rushed over to Steve, who was sitting at his desk, and said, waving the paper before his eyes, "Look here, have you seen this?"

"Of course. It's a wonderful tribute to you, isn't it? I remember now seeing you make the rescue, but I had forgotten about it."

"By heck, Steve, I can stand just so much. If you start kidding me about that, I'll dump you out of the window into that lilac-bush."

"All right, Joe, you old warrior; but you can't fight everybody that jollies you. Better take your medicine like a man. Grin, and don't try to scrap over it."

"I guess you're right, as usual," answered Joe,

after a moment's reflection, "but I certainly would like to beat up some of these court jesters that can't let a thing alone."

Joe certainly had plenty of burdens to bear. When he went to dinner that evening, his path was a triumphal progress. Fellows whom he had never spoken to came up and congratulated him, many of them having taken the article quite seriously. His intimate friends grinned sardonically, and occasionally asked, "How's the champion diver to-night?" or similar idiotic questions. Joe only smiled blandly back, as if he had no interest in the matter; as a consequence of his good nature, the affair blew over in a very few days and he was left in comparative peace.

It was during this spring that Steve first became really acquainted with "Shylock" Renfrew, one of the most original of his classmates. Renfrew was a short, stocky, freckled figure, not at all attractive personally and very quiet in his conduct. He had features like those of a fox, and his eyes were sly and shifty. He invariably took an inconspicuous position in the classroom, and regularly just "got by" in his work. He never "flunked" a course; on the other hand, he considered it a waste of effort to get more than

the necessary "D" which put him over the line.

Shylock was a natural financial genius. When he came to Andover, he told Steve, he had exactly seven cents in his pocket. A generous patron had given him just the sum needed to take him to the school from his home in New Jersey. Once arrived on the ground, he was quite capable of handling himself. Having secured his room and a position as waiter in one of the boarding-houses, he started out on his speculative career. He established a shoe-shining "parlor" in his dormitory; he became a broker for English themes, buying and selling them at a reasonable rate; he became the agent for a laundry hitherto unknown and succeeded in acquiring for it most of the trade on the Hill. As a lower middler, he devised a scheme by which each student, on leaving the swimming pool, received, for a small sum paid each term, a towel and a cake of soap, neatly done up in a little bundle; and before long he had a small group of subordinates managing the system and paying him a considerable royalty.

When Steve came to know Shylock, the latter was a plutocrat. From his room in Day Hall, he directed the energies of his lieutenants, making

them perform the labor while he reaped the reward. He had a monopoly, for instance, on the candy trade of the undergraduates, and could force out any outsider trying to poach on his preserves. His latest scheme was the establishment of a kind of loan office, where impecunious students could borrow small sums at ruinous rates of interest. In this capacity he conducted business for some weeks. Eventually, however, the Head became suspicious and summoned him to the office. A little cross-questioning soon revealed the state of affairs, and the Head kindly but firmly ordered Shylock to "move on." "You're just a bit too wise for us, Renfrew," said the Head, in passing sentence. "A school isn't a commercial institution. You belong on the Stock Exchange or in the oil business. We haven't enough opportunities for you here in Andover. Some day you will probably be a millionaire and will be glad to build us a library or a chemical laboratory; but at this moment your genius needs other outlets. I shall watch your career with interest to see whether you land in jail or in the Union League Club."

Shylock naturally posed as a much-abused citizen, and complained to Steve of his treatment.

“ I haven’t done a thing to hurt anybody. Why, I’ve helped a whole lot of fellows out when they needed a little money and couldn’t get it anywhere else. And I have never broken a single school regulation.”

“ Yes, I don’t know what the school is going to do without you, Shylock. You’ve been a public benefactor. I don’t suppose you’ve grown poor over it, either.”

“ I guess not,” responded Renfrew complacently. “ I’ve put away over two thousand dollars this year in the bank, already. That’s good business.”

“ It’s going to be a little hard to find another place where there are as good pickings as there are here, isn’t it? ”

“ Oh, no. I’ll go now to a tutoring school and make Yale in the fall. I can work my way through there, all right. I’ve got all sorts of plans in my head.”

“ Well, I’m glad I don’t owe you any money.”

“ Do you know, you’re almost the only one in the ‘ dorm ’ that doesn’t. Don’t you want to collect my loans for me, for a commission of ten per cent.? ”

“ I don’t think I’d be a success in high finance,

Shylock. You'll have to find somebody without a conscience."

Two days later Shylock had departed, not, however, without having sold his control of his various monopolies and having harried his debtors until they paid up. He did make Yale at the end of the summer, and left college with a substantial bank account. His last address was a small town in the oil fields of Oklahoma.

Spring term always moves rapidly. With games on Wednesday and Saturday, there is always something going on for spectator and player. Some fellows played tennis; there was a large squad in baseball; and a whole army of men seemed to be out for track athletics. The track meet, held at Exeter, was, however, a defeat for Andover, and the Andover rooters returned dejected. Coach Shepley was undeniably one of the very best in the country, but he had poor material, and it takes time to make runners and weight men out of novices. Once again Joe proved to be the most important point-winner, taking first in the hammer-throw and the shot-put, and second in the javelin-throw. But one man cannot do it all, as even he had to admit.

So far as sports go, then, everything centered

around the nine. The team itself was not strong, and nothing seemed to give it unity. Again and again a game apparently won would be thrown away by ludicrous errors. In one contest a catcher's throw over the third baseman's head brought in three runs for the opponents and lost the match for Andover. Steve, who pitched most of the preliminary games, felt himself improving and occasionally showed brilliancy, but he sometimes found himself so nervous that he could hardly throw a ball straight. There was something the matter with the psychology of the players, and no one seemed able to diagnose it.

On the morning of the eventful day, Coach Davis called Steve over to his room for a talk. "See here," he said, "I'm going to put you in right at the beginning of the game. You aren't as brilliant as Duke Evans, but you're much steadier. Remember, this is your first real test. The one thing that is vital is to keep your head. No matter what happens, no matter how things seem to be going wrong, be cool. If you can do this, we may win. But I'm going to be honest with you and say that it all depends on the kind of confidence that you can inspire in those boys."

"I'll do my best," replied Steve laconically.

“That’s all any one can ask. Go to it.”

Nothing more was said. When Steve stepped out on the diamond that afternoon and faced the great throng of spectators, he had no instructions whatever beyond what the coach had told him. Concealing his nervousness under an outward serenity, he tried his best to maintain an easy manner, as Bo Swift had taught him to do. The Exeter team, however, was made up of seasoned veterans, who were not to be frightened by appearances. They were burning, moreover, to avenge the slaughter of the preceding year.

The battle which followed is one which those who saw it will never forget. The sky was cloudless, and the light breeze which occasionally floated across the playing fields was just enough to cool the air. Conditions were perfect for a great game. Just as the chimes from the Tower rang out two o’clock, Steve pitched the first ball; Swede Larsen, the Exeter batter, hit it to right field for a perfect single. Never was a game begun more unfortunately for Andover. Swede ran down to second, to the accompaniment of a wild throw from Van Jackson, the Andover catcher, who was obviously excited. The second man up, “Stew” Berrill, swung twice at the ball, and then

knocked a grounder to second base, which was so sluggishly fielded that he managed to reach first safely. Two men on bases,—one of them on third,—and nobody out! Did ever a pitcher have to face such odds? Stew ran down to second on the next ball thrown. The third batter, “Ducky” Pond, was a famous hitter.

As he faced Pond, Steve could hear the roar from the Exeter stands, sounding like the cries of the Roman populace in the Coliseum, demanding a sacrifice. He could see Coach Davis on the bench, chewing viciously at a blade of grass but otherwise making no sign. Steve’s mind was not abnormally active; but over and over again in his head were running the words, “Keep cool!” which he recited as a disciple of Coué reiterates his well-known formula. The next ball was a foul, well to the left of third base. Then came a wild swing by Ducky at a beautiful out-drop. Two and one! Steve cunningly moulded the ball in his hands and then, with a strange twist which he had never experimented with before in an important game, threw an upshoot. It caught Ducky unprepared. He hesitated, let it fly by, and the umpire shouted, “Striker out!”

The Andover stands now did their part to

encourage Steve. He caught the echoes of the "long yell," with his name "on the end." But he never glanced away from the diamond. His mind for the moment was concentrated on just one thing. He knew the next batter, "Sid" Freeman, very well indeed, and felt that he could out-guess him. A slow out-drop tempted Sid, who lunged helplessly at it. Then he waited while what was apparently a very high ball took a sudden downward jump to below his shoulders and was called a strike. Steve, who had his plan well conceived, next sent a swift straight one directly over the plate, and Sid, expecting another curve, once more waited; the ominous words rang out: "Strike three!" Two men gone! Now, thought Steve, a long fly will not let in a run. As he was winding up for the next throw, he saw a figure make a quick spring from third on to home. With a rapid motion, he threw the ball wide to the catcher, and the runner, Swede Larsen, was caught between two enemies. It was only a question of time before he was touched, and the inning was over. Steve attempted to conceal his sigh of relief. It was nothing to him that the stands were wildly shouting his name, and that his teammates were patting him on the back. All

that he wanted was to rinse out his dry throat and then get seated by the Coach, where he could listen to his advice. He realized that he had escaped as by a miracle, and that he might not always be so lucky.

So the game went on. Andover was unable to score, and Exeter got men on bases again and again, only to have Steve tighten and strike out the next batters. The spectators were on edge every second, wondering what new thrill would come. And thrills did come, one after the other, until excitable Mr. Gordon, the Andover Professor of Chemistry, got up, saying to his companions, "I can't stand this any longer. If it keeps up this way, I'll have a stroke. You'll find me in the car after the game."

Inning after inning passed by, and the "lucky seventh" arrived. Once again Steve, with only one man gone and two on bases, struck out the next two batters. Then Andover came to bat, and the school, stimulated by the cheer-leaders, rose for a rally. The first man up was tall Van Jackson, the aggressive Andover catcher, who, having "fanned" twice before, was now eager to redeem himself. This time he waited patiently until two balls had been called, and then smote

the next one for a long fly along the third-base line. He easily reached second base, and Andover now had her first real opportunity for scoring. Pa McCormick, the next batter, sent a hard grounder to the first baseman, who fumbled it for a second, thus allowing Van to make third. Steve was next on the list. We shall not attempt to analyze his sensations as he stood facing the pitcher, realizing that the fate of the game might depend on what he did. Intuitively he waited while the first ball shot by; but it was an in-shoot,—a perfect strike. The Exeter stands howled derisively. Then, in quick succession, came two “balls.” “Good eye, Steve!” shouted the Andover contingent. The next one Steve diagnosed as a drop. When he saw that it was coming straight for the plate, he gripped his bat and struck. He felt the resulting crash, and, as he had been taught, put his head down and ran for first, without even looking to see where the ball had gone. He heard a tremendous roar of sound, but did not dare to glance around until he heard the coach at first say, “Hold up! Hold up!” Then he glanced around to see that Van had just crossed home plate well ahead of the ball. Steve had hit a liner over the short-stop’s

head, and even slow-moving Van had managed to score.

What happened after that was hazy in Steve's mind. He watched the next two Andover men strike out, leaving him on first. He knew that, when he took his place once in the box, the school was standing up, cheering as one unit for their pitcher. For a moment he felt a touch of the old nervousness. And then there came to him the feeling that the team could not lose. Once in the lead, they acquired a kind of confidence which is the natural product of success. The Andover short-stop made a one-hand catch which thrilled the bleachers. Bill Jones, in center field, seized a long fly which looked as if it might be good for three bases. They played as if inspired. So also in the final inning, Steve distinguished himself. A high foul ball near first was easily captured. Then a grounder, beautifully fielded by the third-baseman, accounted for a second opponent. The next man was Steve's old friend, Swede, who had made Exeter's first hit in the game. Remembering that hit, Steve studied Swede with particular care, and had a second's conference with Van Jackson. Then he wound up slowly and threw. It was a high ball, but directly over the plate, and Swede

swung viciously at it. "One strike!" Swede then struck with fury at the next offering, which ended as a wide out-drop, quite beyond his reach. The next ball was of the underhand variety. Once more Swede used all his might in trying to knock a home-run, but he missed the ball by inches. The game was over.

The one thought in Steve's mind as he evaded those who tried to hoist him on their shoulders and ran off to the Gymnasium was that he had made amends to the school for his conduct during the football season. He had won his own baseball game,—an achievement seldom accorded even to the best of pitchers. Nothing touched him more than when the coach, in the locker room, came up, shook him by the hand, and said, "Steve, that was a perfect game. I never saw better courage anywhere than you showed in critical moments." As a matter of fact, Steve could hardly believe it when he was told that he had struck out seventeen Exeter men.

The demonstration that evening was naturally unusually vociferous, for it was the first one of the year. The new boys had never seen a celebration, and they were full of joy in the event. With the accustomed ceremonies the coach and

the nine were drawn through the streets by a mob of "preps," the lighted torches waving above their heads. The same old speeches were made and greeted with the same old fervor, in accordance with the spirit of school traditions. Steve was slightly bored by the proceedings, and wondered what could be the cause. For one thing, he was really tired after the long period of continuous training, with the strain of the game at the end. Besides, he was more sophisticated than he had been a year before, and consequently rather more critical. However, he made his little speech at the fire dutifully, saying, "Fellows, we owe this victory to our wonderful coach, and to the marvellous way in which the school stood behind us. I certainly am glad that we came through. We'll try to do it again next year, and I hope that I'll be here to help."

Everybody else who spoke referred to Steve's remarkable pitching and gave him the credit for the victory. The Head, talking at his house to the paraders, had said, "In all my thirty years' experience in baseball I never saw a pitcher pull himself out of so many difficult holes. Steve Fisher is the one solely responsible for winning this game." On the following Monday, Steve was

unanimously chosen captain of the nine for the next season.

“*Hoo-ray*,” shouted Joe, when he saw him an hour later. “Gee, that’s bully. The Fighting Four are sure proud of you, Steve.”

“Why, here’s the school hero!” cried the always satiric Ted, as he caught sight of Steve.

“Say, young fellow,” spoke up Steve, “if you don’t shut up, I’ll just toss you straight out the window.”

“All right, Hercules,” responded Ted, with assumed humility and fear. “But you wouldn’t strike a man smaller than yourself, would you now?”

“You bet I would, Cupid,” answered Steve. “And mash him to a jelly. I’m a bad man to-day.”

Just then in came Hal.

“Hello,” he began. “Why, if here isn’t our little hero ——”

He had barely reached this point when Steve was upon him, and the rough-house had begun. Steve pinioned Hal’s arms until the latter howled for mercy.

“Now,” asked Steve, “will you keep still?”

“Yes, yes, ye ——” gurgled Hal, hardly able to

get a syllable out. "Let me up, you big lummo. I'll be good."

"Am I a hero?" insisted Steve.

"No, no, no," responded Hal. "I should say not. You aren't, and you never will be."

"All right. Get up."

Hal rose and brushed his clothes. "Say, you've got a mean arm. You ought to go on the stage as a strong man."

"What's that?" asked Steve, making a mock threatening gesture.

"Help! Help! I didn't mean anything," protested Hal.

After that, Steve was left alone, untroubled by the compliments of his friends.

X

IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

PHILLIPS and Bartlet Halls are the oldest dormitories on Andover Hill. Built originally for the use of students in the once powerful Theological Seminary, they have been standing for more than a century. Their location is so convenient and their rooms are so large and comfortable that they have become very popular with seniors; and it was in Bartlet that Steve, Joe, and Ted had arranged to have a suite of rooms together on the second floor during their Senior year. Hal had planned to live in Phillips, where, as he said, he could be away from the "confounded den of noise" which Steve and Joe seemed always to gather about them.

When Steve stepped into his new quarters on Tuesday afternoon of the first week, he found Joe already there with a crowd of friends about him, stalking around like a giant in the midst of pigmies.

"Hi, Jumbo," he shouted, as he crossed the threshold.

“Oh, there you are,” exclaimed Joe joyfully, nearly knocking down two or three lesser men in his rush to get to Steve and shake his hand. “How’s your muscle?”

“Good enough, I guess. You don’t look as if you had been fading away, either.”

“No, I’m too fat,” complained Joe. “The family made me go up in the country with them, and all I could do for exercise was to play golf and fish. Feel of that arm.” And he elevated a mighty mass of flesh and sinew for Steve’s inspection.

“Oh, that’s all right,” said Steve encouragingly. “Fred Davis will have that off inside of two weeks.”

Just then Ted appeared, looking thinner after an operation for appendicitis, but with his spirits as high as usual. Hal did not come in until right after dinner, having motored out from Boston. He was considerably tanned, but his Harvard accent was evidently unmodified. As the four sat talking during the evening, it seemed as if a good part of the Senior Class found their way to that room. It was quite evident that Steve and Joe were to be leaders, and their opinions were accepted on most subjects. In American schools it

is usually the athlete who is most respected by his mates. Skill in games is a kind of ability which every boy can appreciate and admire. A quick, clever lad like Ted Sherman could exert some influence and his election as football manager had made him a conspicuous figure in school. Everybody liked him, but there was a feeling that Joe and Steve were more reliable. The truth is that Ted was an inveterate politician. He had a smile ready to greet each newcomer and his shrewd eyes were watching every turn of events. He could be seen in corners, discussing school politics with prominent society men and arranging slates for the fall elections. More than once, too, he gained his ends by using either Joe or Steve as a stalking-horse and inducing them to support plans which he himself had concocted. Hardly a day went by without a new scheme from Ted, destined to affect the future of the school and, in his eyes, that of the nation.

The three roommates were finding their quarters exceedingly pleasant, and were looking forward to a delightful term when all their expectations were apparently blighted. Two or three days after school began, it happened that Steve was sauntering up the Elm Arch rather vaguely

conscious of the beauty around him and was halted by the Head.

“Good-morning, Steve,” he said, shaking his hand. “I’m glad to see you back in such good condition. I imagine that you’re going to play some fine football this season.”

“I don’t know how that will be, sir,” answered Steve modestly. “Besides I may not be able to play. Don’t you remember what happened a year ago?”

“Yes, I do, but, if you’ll let me say so, you’ve grown up a bit since then. By the way, can’t you drop in for a moment at my house to-night? There’s a little matter I want to see you about.”

“I’ll be glad to, sir,” answered Steve, a little amazed at receiving a casual invitation like this from the Head. Steve had not yet fully comprehended how important he was looked upon as being in school affairs. Nor was he as yet aware of the extent to which the Head studied his boys, and kept in touch with their views.

That evening Steve, adorned for once with a white stiff collar and a rather newer necktie than usual, rang the bell at the Head’s house, not without a good deal of trepidation. All his anxiety quickly vanished, however, with the gracious re-

ception which was accorded him. For a few minutes the two chatted about school affairs, the Head showing what to Steve was an astounding knowledge of what was going on in the student body. They discussed football prospects, possibilities as school leaders, conditions in the dormitories, and other interesting topics; then the Head brought the conversation around to his real business.

“Steve, I’d rather like to put a real job up to you,—something that I wouldn’t ask another fellow in school to do. Do you remember Thorn-dike Hamlin last year?”

“Who, the little shrimp with the old clothes and long hair?”

“Yes, that’s the boy. He’s the son of an old friend of mine, and he didn’t do very well last year.”

“I should say not. He was rather a bad egg, wasn’t he? He gambled a good deal and spent his time with a fast crowd. He never looked very healthy to me.”

“No, he didn’t get started right, somehow. But he has good stuff in him, I think, if he could only have a little help. How would you like to room with him?”

“Room with Dyke Hamlin! What do you mean, sir?”

“Just what I say, Steve. The boy’s back here again and wants to be readmitted. I can’t take him unless he’s going to be in good hands and go straight. Unless you’re willing to help, I’ll have to refuse to let him come back and I honestly rather hate to turn him down.”

“That’s a tough proposition, sir. I guess maybe you don’t know Dyke Hamlin. Besides that, I’m rooming in Bartlet now, with Joe Watson and Ted Sherman.”

“Yes, I’ve heard that. But they don’t need you and Dyke does. If you’re willing, I can give you a double room on the top floor, and you can take Dyke in with you there. That’ll leave Joe and Ted by themselves on the second floor, where you can see them as often as you like. But don’t decide now. I can let you have until to-morrow morning to think it over.”

“Oh, no, sir. If you want me to do it, I will. It was just a bit sudden, that’s all. I don’t believe I should ever have thought of it myself.”

“I imagine not,” said the Head, with an amused air. “And now don’t think that I want you to preach to this chap. All you need to do is be a

bit friendly to him. I suspect he'll do the rest himself."

"All right, I'll try it."

"Good! And now tell me something about that hunting trip you took this summer." And in a few minutes Steve was telling the Head all about his adventure with a big grizzly in the Rockies.

As they stepped to the door half an hour later, the Head said, "I'll tell young Hamlin to-morrow morning, and he can come to see you. You can move your things up whenever you like. Much obliged, Steve. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your helping me out."

Steve was in no very pleasant mood as he walked across the campus to his room. Live with Dyke Hamlin! He remembered him as a thin, untidy-looking boy, with a pimply face and a furtive look around the eyes, as if he knew himself guilty of mean things. How could he possibly get along with a rat of that species? He was certainly in for a poor year. When he reached his room, however, he made an effort to conceal his emotions.

"Back again, Steve? Have a good time?" asked Joe.

"Yes, pretty good."

"What's the matter? Somebody steal your pocketbook?"

"No. It's just that I'm going to leave you and Ted, and move up to the top floor."

"Good Heavens, what have we done?" inquired Ted.

"Nothing. Not a thing. It's just that the Head wants me to room with Dyke Hamlin."

"Dyke Hamlin. That tin-horn sport who lived down in Draper last year and used to go over to Lawrence every night?"

"That's the fellow. You've got him sized up right."

"But, Steve ——"

"Yes, I know all you're going to say, and I don't blame you. I'm not doing it because I want to. It's just because the Head asked me."

"Well, I must say that you're an easy mark. What are we going to do?"

"Do? Go right along as if it had never happened. I'll be down here often enough; don't worry."

Now that the news was broken, Steve felt a little easier, but he had some unhappy wakeful hours that night wondering how it would all turn

out. All his instincts revolted against living in the same room with any one with a reputation like that of Dyke Hamlin. Finally he consoled himself with the thought that Dyke would probably be fired inside of a month, and the cheerfulness of this idea sent him off to sleep.

Sure enough, directly after chapel Dyke came up to him and said in his fresh way, "Hello, Steve. The Head says I'm going to be put in with you. I'm the Prodigal Son just returned, see. We'll have some high larks, all right. I guess he thinks you'll hold me down, but ——"

"Say, wait a minute, will you? If you're going to room with me, remember I'm not going to have any rough stuff. If you think I'm going to let you play any of your dirty games, you're mistaken."

"All right, old man." Steve shuddered as the phrase of comradeship slipped out.

"We might as well go up to the room now," suggested Steve, "and see what we can do to fix it up."

"I'm ready," replied Dyke. And so the two went over to Bartlet and up to the front room on the top floor, which had been assigned to them.

Dyke had his trunks all open on the floor and

started to unpack at once. First of all, he uncovered a huge photograph of a musical comedy singer, clothed for the ballet.

“Some picture, eh, Steve? Look at it. I guess she’ll decorate the room, all right. I’ve got about a dozen just like that.”

Steve took a look at this work of art, and then, disgusted, turned to Dyke. “Let me tell you right now, that picture is never going to hang here. You’re a fine sporting character, you are. You can either burn it or sell it, but it won’t be put in this room.”

“What’s the matter, Steve? Going to pose as the virtuous youth?”

“Yes, I am, and you’re going to follow me. You can take that daub, and any more that you’ve got in your trunk, and sell the whole lot to the junkman. This is no harem.”

“Say, Steve ——”

“Oh, shut up, will you?” said Steve, his patience nearly exhausted. “I mean exactly what I say. If you don’t get rid of that right off, I’ll burn it up.”

“All right. All right. Don’t get huffy about it. I didn’t know you were such a Sunday-school leader.”

"You'll find out in a hurry just what kind of a Sunday-school leader I am. The right sort of fellows in this place haven't any use for things of your type, and you might as well learn it now as later."

That particular incident was closed. But Steve soon found that Dyke was fully equipped with dice, poker chips, and other instruments of depravity. When they were fully settled, Dyke one evening reached in his desk, brought out two enormous dice, and said:

"Want to roll the bones, Steve? I'll shoot you for a dime."

This time Steve was thoroughly hot. Reaching over, he caught the unsuspecting Dyke by the neck and threw him on the rug. "Now, you young reprobate, give me those dice."

Dyke, for once really alarmed, tried to mutter something, but could not get his breath. Steve took the dice from his unresisting hand and threw them in the wood fire. Then he let Dyke up.

"You nearly strangled me. I can't breathe," he whined.

"You'll breathe all right. Fellows of your kind don't die so easily. Sit down there and let me tell you something." Steve pointed to a chair.

"Now last year, when you roomed in Draper, you could do exactly what you pleased. It was none of my business whether you were a fool or not. But now you're my roommate, and you've got to obey the rules. I don't gamble here, and you're not going to. If I find you shooting dice or playing poker around here, I'll beat you within an inch of your worthless life. Furthermore, I'll hand you some sound advice. There's nothing wrong about smoking for anybody who can stand it. But look at yourself. Look at your skinny body and little muscles. You're a poor, miserable invalid, without any strength at all. Why don't you brace up and be a man? I'll help you if you'll work at it, but I'm not going to let this room become a hangout for all the worthless dubs in school."

"Say, you're strong," answered Dyke, rather irrelevantly. "I can feel your clutch yet. I didn't realize that you felt that way about dice. I was just amusing myself. If you don't like it, I'd just as soon stop playing."

"You'll stop, all right," was Steve's grim reply. "See here, why don't you swear off smoking and gambling for a while and try to make a man of yourself?"



“WHY DON’T YOU BRACE UP AND BE A MAN?”—Page 257.

"Maybe I will turn over a new leaf," responded Dyke, "if you'll just let me alone."

From that moment Steve was master of the situation. Dyke gradually became his abject follower, always ready to do his will. One morning when Steve jumped out of bed to go through some exercises with which he always began the day, Dyke turned over and said, "Say, Steve, do you suppose those motions would do me any good?"

"Of course, if you would keep at them and stop eating so much candy."

"I'm going to give them a try," answered Dyke.

From that morning on Number 28, Bartlet, presented the strange spectacle of one extremely muscular and energetic youth and one emaciated and languid youngster going through contortions together. Following Steve's example, Dyke even adopted the habit of plunging into a cold bath,—an act of heroism which he had never before attempted. Little by little, he became neater in his dress. He managed to shave every other day, and his hands were visibly cleaner.

"That young cub of yours is sprucing up a bit, isn't he?" asked Joe, one morning along in December.

"I should say he was. He'll be a regular he-

man before I get through with him. I'll bet he's put three inches on his biceps in a month."

"Humph! I can see him playing halfback on the eleven, can't you?"

"That's all right, talk away. But his build isn't half bad. Give him a year and he'll be able to toss you over his shoulder."

"If he ever does, you ought to get a leather medal as his trainer."

Early in the fall, Steve, Joe, and Ted had all been made members of the Senior Council, a little group of seven representative fellows who virtually directed the affairs of the school so far as undergraduate sentiment was concerned. From time to time they met with the Head to talk over problems, and they often, with his permission, took the discipline in minor matters into their own hands. Steve had been elected President of the Senior Class, and, when the Council met, he was also chosen Chairman of that body. Naturally his position among the students was decidedly a prominent one. When it was noised around that he was rooming with Dyke Hamlin, there was no small amount of gossip about the matter, but it soon died down, and soon every one accepted the situation as a fact. Steve himself said

nothing whatever about the arrangement, but let his friends make their own inferences.

Just after Thanksgiving, Joe came up to Steve's room before dinner and said, "Steve, the Head has sent over asking us to come to a Senior Council meeting right after dinner. Better put on a clean shirt." As soon as they had finished eating, the two went directly to the Head's house, where they were soon joined by Larry Williams, the Baseball Manager, Ed Green, Bart Hayes, and Jimmy Gould, all of them looking very solemn. "Must be something up," whispered Bart, as they filed into the library. The Head was as genial as usual, greeted them warmly, and provided comfortable chairs.

"Boys, I've got a nasty job for you," he said, without any preliminaries, as they settled down in their chairs. "'Ikey' Rosenberg, the tailor from New York who has been coming here for fifteen years, has just been in to tell me that a mob of fellows went into his place this afternoon, got him in a corner on some pretext, and then walked off with about thirty sweaters and vests. So far as I can find out, each fellow stuffed something under his coat and went out. Now this is pretty serious. Of course it's a criminal offense,

and any fellow who is caught can be put in jail if Ikey wants it done. It's just plain thievery. I know that the boys did it for fun, and probably didn't stop to think what they were doing, but it's no joke for the school. Now can you handle it yourselves, or shall I have to take it up? "

" I think we can manage it, sir," replied Steve, in behalf of himself and his colleagues. " Can you give us two days to straighten it out? "

" Certainly. Only I want all the culprits caught and made to return what they have taken. Then I can take up the matter of their punishment with the faculty."

" We'll catch them all right, sir," said Jimmy Gould. Then the seven members left and gathered in Joe's room for consultation. After an hour or two of debate, they finally produced what seemed to be a workable plan, and Steve went upstairs. As he entered his room, he noticed that Dyke was attired in a brand-new, gorgeously colored sweater, so brilliant that it was the most conspicuous object in sight.

" Hi, Dyke, where did you get the decoration? "

" Oh, this sweater? It just came to-day. How do you like it? "

" Well, everybody will know when you're

around," answered Steve, noncommittally. "You won't be any shrinking soul. Where did you buy it?"

"Oh, I got it this afternoon," replied Dyke, manifestly unwilling to name the source. Steve did not wish to push the matter then, but, as he crawled into bed, he was convinced that Dyke had stolen the sweater at Rosenberg's, and his disappointment was keen. It was exactly the kind of an act which Dyke would have rejoiced in the year before, but Steve had believed him capable of better things. Now he was reluctantly forced to admit that Dyke's reformation had been only skin-deep.

After chapel the next morning, when the faculty and visitors had left the church, Steve, as President of the school, stepped to the front and made his first long speech in public:

"Fellows, there are some mighty mean skunks here in school. A bunch of them went down to Ikey Rosenberg's place yesterday and took a lot of his stuff. Now we know a good many of the men who did it, and, unless the goods are brought back immediately, there'll be trouble. I want every single article that was taken handed in at Joe Watson's room, Number 3, Bartlet, before

eight o'clock to-night. Any one who doesn't do this will have to take the consequences. That's all I have to say now; but I am sure that the opinion of all decent men in school will back up what the Senior Council has done."

All day long boys were knocking at Joe's door and sheepishly depositing their loot. By eight o'clock nineteen fellows had handed in their names so that when the Council met, it had presumably a complete list of culprits. They went over these names one by one, discussing each individually. When this business was concluded, Joe said, "I don't see Dyke Hamlin's name here."

"No, he hasn't been in to-day. Do you think he was mixed up in this mess?" asked Bart Hayes.

"All I know is that he's been wearing one of Rosenberg's sweaters. I happened to see the label this afternoon. And Ikey told me that he didn't buy any yesterday."

"What about it, Steve?" asked Bart.

"I don't know, fellows, but I'll soon find out if Dyke's up-stairs," and he rushed from the room.

"Hi, Steve," said Dyke, innocently enough, as his chum entered.

"Hello," responded Steve, curtly enough, for Dyke was wearing the gaudy garment in question,

and his own temper was not very smooth. "Say, Dyke, would you mind telling me where you got that sweater?"

"This sweater? Why—why ——"

"Why don't you tell me? You stole that from Ikey, and now I know it."

"I stole this sweater? You don't mean to say that you think I ——"

"It's a Rosenberg sweater, isn't it? Take it off." Sure enough, there were the tell-tale words, "Isaac Rosenberg, Clothier, New York City" on a label just inside the neck.

Dyke had grown as crimson as the rug on which he stood. He was visibly much embarrassed and could hardly stammer a syllable. Finally, regaining courage, he said in a manly tone, "Steve, bad as I am, I didn't suppose that you would suspect me of theft. This sweater was sent to me by a girl I know in New York who really thinks I'm a clean chap. I didn't want you to hear anything about her until I had made a decent record. She must have bought it at Ikey's store on Fifth Avenue."

Steve hesitated for a moment. Could this story possibly be true? And then he noticed that Dyke was looking him straight in the eye, that his voice

no longer trembled, and that his whole bearing was that of an innocent person. Surely there was a transformation in this boy. Steve was certain that Dyke was telling the truth.

“Look here, Dyke, I’m sorry, and ashamed, too. I’ve been thinking all day that you were one of that wild bunch who raided Ikey’s place, and it has worried me nearly sick. I should have known, of course, that if you had been a big enough fool to do it, you would have owned up. I owe you an apology.” And he gripped the boy’s hand until the youngster winced.

Next morning Ikey confirmed Steve’s judgment by admitting that every article had been returned, and he thanked the Council profusely for what had been done. At chapel, Steve announced that every fellow who had been implicated would have to apologize before the student body, or be forced to leave. One after one, the culprits stepped to the platform and mumbled their apologies. Two sturdy football linemen stood near by to check any levity. There were no smiles; everybody took the ceremony seriously; and it was decidedly impressive as a demonstration of what student government can do. When it was over, the Head spoke to Steve, “Thanks very much, Fisher.

You've done a good job. Now all that remains is for the faculty to have a final word."

"Please don't be too hard on them, sir. Most of them have been pretty well punished already, and I imagine have learned a lesson. By the way, I ought to tell you that I almost made a mistake about Dyke Hamlin." And then Steve told the whole story.

"Isn't that fine!" exclaimed the Head. "I certainly am glad to hear that he was out of it."

"If he had two years more here, he would end by being a regular leader," said Steve. And the Head could do nothing but smile. His experiment had been a great success.

One event which always made a deep impression on Steve was the observance of Armistice Day, on November 11. Too young himself to remember much of the World War, he had enough imagination to picture to himself what the school was like in those stirring days. He had read something of Andover's part in the war, and liked to think that the school had been the first to send an Ambulance Unit overseas; that it had taken up military training while other institutions were still debating the question; and that the record of its sons was one of patriotic sacrifice. At chapel

the Head always read the long list of the heroic dead, pausing for a moment over a name here and there to point out some particular exploit. He had known all the boys on the list, and spoke of them in a voice throbbing with emotion. Steve never failed after this ceremony to walk up close to the Memorial Tower to look again at those names carved in the stone,—Schuyler Lee, Jack Morris Wright, William Henry Taylor, Harold Eadie, and the others who had died so splendidly. They represented the very best the school had to give.

All these events, each of which left its mark on Steve's character, happened in the midst of the football season, when most of his energies were being spent on the playing fields. He took good care to keep up in his studies and avoid any such catastrophe as that which had once wrecked his hopes. But he had now systematized his work, and had found that, by concentration, he could accomplish more in one hour than he had formerly done in two. Under the circumstances he was not sorry that he had changed his room, for Joe and Ted had no compunctions about interrupting him, while he could "squelch" Dyke without any difficulty.

This year Steve had been started at halfback. Joe, as usual, was playing right guard, and the captain, Walt Bradford, was at end. In the earlier contests Steve had shown, in addition to his other qualities, some marked kicking ability, and the Coach, Fred Davis, had come to rely upon him for all the punting and goal kicking. Furthermore Steve was unquestionably the best ground-gainer on the eleven. He was stocky, weighing now about 180 pounds, and, with any kind of interference, he could be counted upon for a gain.

The exhilaration of the final week of the football season can never be quite forgotten by an Andover man, especially if he happened to be on the eleven. The team had played through its difficult schedule without a defeat, having tied with the Harvard Freshmen and beaten Worcester, 7-0. The Exeter team had apparently been equally successful, and one of its men, Happy Luman, was reputed to be exceptionally speedy. Andover scouts brought back terrifying reports of his prowess, and he was heralded as a formidable personage. The Andover eleven, however, was not likely to be over-confident with its Coach warning the men repeatedly against that

fault. "An Exeter team is never beaten until the whistle blows. Remember that," Fred Davis said at least three or four times every afternoon. So it was that the final few days found every player on edge, ready for the fray.

Early that week there was a heavy snow-storm, such as sometimes comes in New England long before the appointed time. Saturday morning it was melting, and the field was covered with a kind of muddy slush, very wet and slippery, which made long runs and good kicks look impossible. As Steve made his way from class to class, he could see plainly that conditions were going to be very unfavorable for the game. However, neither side would suffer more than the other, except possibly for the fact that Andover's supposed superiority in kicking could not be displayed to advantage. Steve did not concern himself unduly over the situation, but merely set his mind to work on the best method of getting through mud. Before he knew it, he was in the locker-room dressing for the game. When he emerged on the field, he found that the sun was shining once more, but that the surface had not improved. The ball quickly became heavy, and punts of any length were clearly impossible.

The preliminary details were soon settled by the respective captains, and the Exeter eleven ran to their places to receive the kick-off. No matter how many contests a player may have been in, there is always for him a nervous second or two before the action starts. He usually relieves the tension, as Steve did, by running up and down a few yards each way and by shouting to those near by, "Let's go, Walt," and "Nail their man, Chuck." At last the whistle blew. There was a little pause; then the ball, which was dry at the opening of the game, went high and far into the expectant arms of the redoubtable Happy Luman, who clutched it tightly and ran diagonally to the right, gaining speed as he went. But he had progressed only ten yards before Walt Bradford had dragged him down. In a moment the players were covered with mud and soaked with water. Everything was slippery, especially the pigskin, and fumbling might be expected on any play.

After the first rush, Steve felt perfectly calm and cool. The run down the field had steadied his nerves, and he studied the formation of the opposing team with much care. He was playing back on the defense, where he could watch de-

velopments. "Smash!" came a plunge through Andover's right tackle, Bill Serat, but the line held like a stone wall and there was no gain. The Exeter fullback now took a position for a kick. Under the conditions, it was a beautiful punt, but Steve was placed just right to catch it. What he thought as the ball descended upon him can probably never be told. What he did was to grip it tightly in his arms and start off, having first given a hasty glance to either side. Chuck Ellis, the Andover quarterback, was at hand to block the Exeter end, and Steve escaped another tackle by a sharp swerve of his body, which made him slip and almost fall. In a flash, however, he was up again, and off, but he could see that the delay had permitted the opposing tacklers to reach a point directly in front of him. Ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-five yards he covered,—then he could continue no farther. Happy Luman dragged him down, but not before he had reached Exeter's thirty-yard line, having run the ball back forty yards. It was a glorious achievement, which the stands were quick to recognize. The Andover cheer-leaders danced up and down, waving their arms in mad delight. Then came a sudden silence, for the teams were lining up again. Andover's ball,

with the coveted goal-line only a short distance away!

Jack Hamilton, Andover's left halfback, made three yards through guard. Then Steve fell back as if for a drop kick. He received the ball from center, held it a moment, and then hurled a perfect forward pass to Walt Bradford, who was far to the left of the line. With nobody in front of him, Walt easily covered the distance for a touchdown. It was a beautifully coördinated exhibition of skilful strategy. Within two minutes of the opening of the battle, Andover had scored, and not by luck but through intelligent work. Steve kicked an easy placement for the extra point, and the score was seven to nothing. The tension in his mind was much relieved.

It is always discouraging to a team when its opponents score readily early in the contest. Undoubtedly Exeter must have felt this, for the remainder of the first half was decidedly in favor of Andover. Despite the mud, Steve repeatedly broke loose for gains of ten and fifteen yards around the ends. His punts, although they were low, seemed to roll incredible distances and were responsible for steady advances. When time was called for the half, Andover had made three touch-

downs and was on her way to a fourth. The score was twenty to nothing.

During the intermission the band played the favorite Andover songs, "Old P. A.," "The Royal Blue," and "Andover Rah!" while the spectators stood up and sang, kicking their feet to keep them warm. The Head had with him that day a distinguished English novelist, Mr. Hugh Warren, who had come to lecture to the boys. The Britisher, who was an Eton and Cambridge man, was intensely interested in all that he saw and heard.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how your boys keep up their enthusiasm at such a heat for so many hours. Last night at the mass meeting they were like wild hyenas in the jungle; this morning in your chapel they shouted until I thought some of the smaller boys would break blood vessels; and now here they are, after an hour's continuous yelling, apparently as fresh as when they started."

"It's really a kind of tradition," answered the Head. "Boys are naturally Tories at heart and like to maintain old customs. They hate to have anything like this abolished. When I was a student in Andover thirty years ago, they used to do exactly the same way. Anyway, our American

boys are more nervous and highstrung than your British youngsters."

"That's true enough. Look over there, for instance," said Mr. Warren, pointing to where Dyke Hamlin was dancing up and down like a jumping-jack, his arms coming down like flails on the head of a fat boy in front of him and his face contorted with excitement.

"What, can that cannibal be Dyke Hamlin?" The Head took another look, and then, with a sense of inward satisfaction, told the Englishman the story of Dyke and Steve. Even though it came between the halves of an Andover-Exeter game, the great author was much impressed by the story and looked eagerly at Steve when the Head pointed him out as he ran on the field for the second half.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated. "That's a real romance. Some day I should like to meet those boys."

"I'll have them in for dinner to-morrow," responded the Head, and then the attention of both was diverted by the game itself.

The Exeter team returned to the field determined to fight to the finish,—and fight they did, with a valiant courage which won the admiration

of their adversaries. Again and again the backs hurled themselves at the Andover line, only to be thrown back for heavy losses. But Steve, on one of those inspired days which sometimes come to players, was a whole host of men in himself. Never had Brothers' Field seen such running back of punts, such kicking, such progress through a broken field. Wet and heavy though the ball was, he never fumbled it, and he had an uncanny way of picking out the few dry spots on the gridiron. The Andover team made three more touchdowns, leaving the final score forty to nothing. It was not merely a defeat but a riot, and Steve had his revenge for the game of the year before.

It was a very happy youngster who lay down quietly on the bench in the Gymnasium and let the trainer rub his tired muscles. The reaction after the excitement of one of these gridiron battles ought to be very severe, but Steve was in the pink of condition, and, after a plunge in the tank, he dressed and walked off with only a slight limp. Three or four of his teammates had bruises, but no one was seriously hurt. Andover and Exeter play hard games, but they are invariably clean, and it is seldom that any one is badly injured.

Steve's appearance on the campus was a kind

of triumphal progress, which he tried unavailingly to avoid by taking a roundabout path to his boarding-house. Fortunately he was too sensible to be much spoiled by adulation. The praise of our fellows is grateful to all of us, I suppose, and Steve had his share of human weakness, but he was in no danger of becoming conceited. At the celebration in the evening he had to sit and listen while his greatness was sung by every one, from the Head down to the last substitute sent in during the final moment of play. When he walked back to Bartlet after it was all over, it was with the echoes of "A long Steve! Make it good now! Are you ready,—one, two, three!" ringing in his ears. But his sleep, for all that, was dreamless, and, when he awoke the next morning, it was ten o'clock, and the sun was shining in through the windows.

As Steve's biographer, I ought, I suppose, to regret the fact that he "cut" church that Sunday morning and spent the hour assigned to divine service in reading the accounts of the game in the Boston Sunday papers. But considering that most of them printed Steve's photograph and his name in big black letters at the top of the sporting page, I think that he can be forgiven. At any

rate, Dyke Hamlin, who was now Steve's faithful servitor, came in with an armful of Sunday editions for Steve's benefit and then ran off to church. An hour later he dashed in and shouted, "Gee whiz, Steve, the Head wants us to have dinner with him this noon."

"Why don't you try me with an easy one?" replied Steve, rather skeptical about the invitation. "Are the President and his cabinet coming, too?"

"That's right, Steve. He came up to me before church and asked where you were. I told him you were tired out and had slept over, and then he wanted to know if we couldn't both come to dinner at one o'clock. I told him that if you couldn't, I would telephone; otherwise he'll be expecting us."

"I don't believe I've got a clean stiff collar. Well, I'll have to make it somehow, I suppose."

There was the usual running about from room to room, hunting for articles of wearing apparel, but both boys finally managed to make themselves presentable. At five minutes of one, Steve and Dyke, the latter looking ridiculously "dressed-up" in a serge suit and high collar, were ushered into the library where the Head

stood talking with a tall aristocratic-looking stranger who was standing in front of the fireplace smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Steve. Hello, Dyke," said the Head. "I'm glad to see you. Boys, this is Mr. Hugh Warren, our English guest."

"Good-morning, young gentlemen," said Mr. Warren. "I suppose we're all of us a good deal embarrassed. I am, at any rate."

"Why—why—I am a bit fussed," Steve managed to answer, noticing the twinkle in Mr. Warren's eye. "But I didn't suppose a great man like you could ever be embarrassed."

"Good for you, Steve," interjected the Head. "I never dreamed you were so much of a diplomat."

"You're certainly tactful, anyhow," put in Mr. Warren. "But, after reading the morning papers, I'm not sure that you aren't the greatest man in New England. I know all about you. But how do you know anything about me?"

"Everybody knows about you, sir. Besides, I've read four or five of your books. There's one called 'Courage' which I shall never forget. It's wonderful."

"I'm certainly flattered," said Mr. Warren.

“But we’ve paid each other enough compliments for a while. Let’s talk about the game.”

For the next two hours, at the dinner itself and afterwards around the fire, the talk ran on games and on school life in general. Replying to Mr. Warren’s questions, Steve explained that football was not really so rough and dangerous as it looked. “Of course you get some hard knocks once in a while,” he admitted, “but, if you’re in condition, there’s little danger of getting hurt. I’ve played here three years, and have never had anything worse than a bruised knee and a cut cheek. The fellows who are injured,—and there aren’t many of them,—are usually not in good training. Not a man on our team is laid up at all to-day.”

Mr. Warren told the boys something of the English “fagging” system and also of the practice of “caning,” which, as both Steve and Dyke agreed, could never be introduced into American schools.

“But it certainly would do good in some cases,” remarked the Head. “There are always some boys who can’t be affected by anything short of corporal punishment. I remember one bully a year or two ago whose chief delight was wandering

around his dormitory throwing pails of water over fellows who were about half his size. A sound thrashing would have worked mighty well with him."

"Were you thinking of Fat Stillman, sir?" asked Steve.

"Yes, he's the one I had in mind."

"I rather guess he didn't escape exactly scot-free," said Steve, chuckling.

"How's that?" asked Mr. Warren, scenting a story. "What happened to him?"

"Well," Steve began, "I suppose I ought not to tell about it, but then it wasn't so bad. I used to room in Bishop Hall, where he did, and the smaller boys were always complaining about Fat. Finally I got about a dozen of them in my room one night and organized them into a kind of company. I made the plans for them and they did the rest. The next night Fat dressed up and went out to Abbot Academy to call on a girl. He came back about quarter of ten, stopped to talk a minute in the vestibule down-stairs, and then started up. He hadn't gone five feet before he was deluged by water in every form: two hoses played on him, several buckets were dropped, and gallons were poured out of paper bags and buckets.

He looked exactly like a drowned rat. I never saw a wetter, madder fellow in all my life. He picked himself up, shook himself like a dog, and then ran up breathing fire and vowing vengeance. When he reached the landing, he found at least twelve small boys armed with barrel staves and pokers, all ready to greet him. The rest of us older ones were hiding behind doors ready to take a hand if necessary. Fat could have tackled any two of them together, but the odds were too great. He was just like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. All he did was pass by with a kind of a growl and go to his room. After that, he never bullied a little fellow again."

"That's the way to handle one of those bullies," commented Mr. Warren. "When one of them gets a taste of his own medicine, the whole community is usually pleased."

"Nobody can be a bully very long in this place," said Dyke. "Sooner or later he has a fall. Don't you remember about Fat's duel with Ivan Romanoff?"

"What was that?" asked the Head, who had never heard the story. "I'm sure that it sounds interesting enough."

And then Dyke, to the great delight of both

Mr. Warren and the Head, told the details of the famous combat.

Other stories followed, the Head telling one of his favorites about a certain teacher a few years before who was fond of ostentatiously wearing a doctor's gown and hood to show that he was the proud owner of a Ph. D. degree. At commencement he appeared wearing this gorgeous raiment of red and purple, being the only one of the teachers to do so. When some of the older alumni saw him, they promptly gave "three cheers for the President of the Board of Trustees," to the intense amusement of every one present.

When the bell struck three, Steve and Dyke rose simultaneously and explained that they must leave, both having been warned by Hal, their social mentor, that they must not stay beyond an hour after the dinner was over. Politely they expressed their thanks for the Head's hospitality, and then made their way out. It had been a delightful afternoon for them both and they both proceeded to write letters home about it.

After they had left, the Head and his guest sat for some time talking them over. "They are really remarkable types," said Mr. Warren. "That Fisher is as fine a specimen of young man-

hood as I ever saw, and the way the other fellow, Hamlin, idolizes him is a joy to behold."

"Yes, Steve is probably as good a type as we have, and his influence has made a man out of Dyke. Incidentally, I wonder how those boys happened to leave as early as they did? Do you know that sometimes I'm afraid to invite fellows in because they don't know how to go?"

"How's that?"

"Simply because they're so embarrassed that they can't take their leave. Didn't I tell you the story about Mr. Slater here in town?"

"No, I think not."

"He's one of the most hospitable and tactful men in the world, and is constantly entertaining boys in his home. One day last winter he invited two new boys, sons of friends of his, to Sunday dinner. They came, ate a large meal, and then sat around,—and sat around. Finally it became time for the vesper service. Then Mrs. Slater asked the boys if they didn't wish to go, and Mr. Slater, of course, went with them. They followed him into his pew, and, after the service was over, there seemed nothing for him to do but to ask them to supper; thus he reappeared at six o'clock, much to his good wife's astonishment,

with the same two guests. They ate a refreshing supper, and then settled down for the evening. By this time the topics of conversation were getting exhausted, even for an experienced host. At last, Mr. Slater rose, excused himself and went up-stairs, where he telephoned the boys' house officer, asking him to call up a few minutes later and ask the boys to come home. In about five minutes, then, the telephone rang, and the maid reported that one of the boys was wanted. Mr. Slater could hear the boy protesting that he had not finished his call; but soon he returned to say that he was sorry but he must leave at once. So at nine o'clock, after a session of eight hours, the guests departed, and the Slaters retired for a much-needed rest."

"I should think that they would be chary about inviting boys again."

"Oh, no. Besides they've learned how to manage it better now. They realize that the boy wants to go, but doesn't know how. So, after he has stayed as long as he ought, Mrs. Slater now gets up and says, 'Well, boys, I'm afraid that I'm keeping you too long. I mustn't impose upon your unselfishness,' and so gradually ushers them out. The boys are more relieved than she is."

“ Well, I certainly am indebted to you for letting me see the school as it is,” said Mr. Warren. “ I feel as if I had really discovered some of the secrets of its success. And now I’m going upstairs to my room for a nap before I outstay my own welcome. I’m as bad as any one of the boys.”

It was through talks like this, and with some of the members of the faculty, that Steve came to realize more than he had ever done before the greatness of the school. He could see now what his father had loved about Andover,—its unbroken history, its soundness of heart, its past and future. From his bedroom in Bartlet Hall he could look out towards the new Main Building, the gift of nearly three thousand graduates to the school. One evening in mid-December, after a fall of more than three inches of snow, he sat looking towards the pillared portico, which was then lighted up by a full moon. It was a glorious night, and the great building stood out a thing of stupendous beauty against the silver background. Steve was no sentimentalist. His mind was essentially practical and direct. But he did have thoughts that approached the poetical. “ That will be there,” he thought, “ long after I have left here, probably long after I am dead and

buried. Thousands of boys like me will sit in its classrooms and wander down its corridors, and each one of us will add something to the spirit of this place. My job is to make sure that what I contribute is worth while."

The moon was slowly sinking below the horizon; the gleam around the building and its white portico died out; but for Steve that night remained a splendid memory of

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

XI

MEETING RESPONSIBILITY

THE Andover system, while it may not be ideal for everybody, does produce a kind of individuality in those who flourish under it. Once a boy has become accustomed to responsibility, even though it may be of a minor sort, he usually makes rapid progress in self-confidence, and may even display considerable capacity for leadership. So it had been with all the four friends. Steve, who, when he came to Andover, had been a raw country boy, had in two years developed into an independent and influential personage. His football ability had, of course, opened the way, but it was his personality which led others to trust him. Now, as president of the school and chairman of the Senior Council, he was a conspicuous figure, who had won the respect of his comrades. How he managed to escape self-conceit is difficult to explain, but he was wholly without any sign of that fault. He took himself seriously, it is true, and kept out of "rough-houses" because he

thought them beneath his dignity; yet he never assumed an attitude of superiority and he still had a shyness which kept him from excessive speech.

Joe belonged to another type,—the good-natured, slow-moving athlete, who is prominent solely because of his brawn and strength, and who, without these physical characteristics, would have been just an ordinary cog in the undergraduate wheel. But schoolboys pay unswerving homage to athletic prowess, and Joe profited by their instinctive tendency to idolize his work on the gridiron and the track. Without any natural gifts for leadership, he nevertheless was elected to important positions, in which he was usually a silent member, following in the wake of Steve. Ted, in a certain sense, was better adapted than the others for responsibility. In spite of his aversion for games, he had managed to impress himself on the student body,—no small feat. His election as Football Manager was a tribute to his skill in organizing others. He had a remarkably persuasive tongue, which was seldom silent, and his judgment of character was almost infallible. In many respects he was the most mature of the four, and yet he had childish propensities which were

frequently dragging him into trouble. Intellectually, Hal was superior to the others, but his was a bookish rather than a practical mind. It was hard for him to mix with the crowd. As Managing Editor of the *Phillipian*, he was a decided success, for he could sit alone in his study and write editorials which really attracted the attention of sophisticated seniors; but he was not fitted to mingle with the common herd.

Among them, the four had a voice in nearly every school activity, and each one complemented the others. In the long winter term, each one took up his own athletic pastime. Steve signed up for hockey, and had little difficulty in making the team; Joe spent long hours in the Cage, putting the shot and learning a new twist for the javelin throw; even Hal displayed rather unexpected skill in swimming and won some points as a diver. Only Ted remained aloof from all forms of strenuous recreation and insisted on staying indoors when the others were outside or in the Gymnasium. In the evenings they often got together when their studying was done, usually taking Joe and Ted's room for a gathering-place. On Saturday nights each went to his society house, and did not come back ordinarily until

eleven o'clock. There was a good deal of good-natured "joshing" about societies, each one claiming superiority for his own gang; but there were no jealousies, and everybody seemed satisfied with the one to which he belonged.

Among the regular diversions of the winter were the movies, which were operated on Saturday nights in the Gymnasium. The censor for the pictures was Dr. Clarkson, the School Minister, whose taste was refined to a high degree. He objected to all but the educational films, and frequently prevented the exhibition of some popular favorite. It was all the more delightful, then, when, on a certain evening when the Head and most of the faculty and their wives were present, the picture happened to be, by some mistake, a lurid "thriller," opening in a frontier bar-room, where ladies of dubious standing mingled with "toughs," and where the richest humor consisted of the villain's stepping on a large piece of gum and trying desperately to free himself. The boys naturally were soon wrought up to a point of ecstasy; while Dr. Clarkson literally writhed in complete despair.

Another side of Steve's character began to show itself in the increasing delight which he began to

take in books. On the recommendation of Mr. Martin and Mr. Foote, he took up biographies. While Joe and Ted were planning political campaigns or criticising teachers, Steve would be buried in Charnwood's "Lincoln" or Roosevelt's "Autobiography," trying to learn the secret of their mastery over men. There had been a period when "Snappy Stories" and the "Motion Picture Magazine" were his favorites, but that had now gone by.

Oddly enough, Dyke Hamlin had begun to reveal a newly-formed and perfectly honest delight in literature. He would go to the library and bring home some tale of adventure like Conrad's "Typhoon" or even Scott's "Last Expedition." After he had gone word for word through this story of Antarctic exploration, he turned to Tennyson's "Ulysses" and learned the poem by heart. He would walk about his room spouting:

"That which we are we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

He even went so far as to write a yarn of the Spanish Main and gold doubloons for the *Mirror*, where it was duly published, much to

the amazement of the four friends, to whom his transformation was almost a miracle.

By this time, Dyke had become a vigorous and healthy-looking youth, with clear eyes and an erect bearing. When the winter term opened, he signed up for basketball, and, before many days had passed, it turned out that he was a real "find." He was retained on the squad after the first cut, and the *Phillipian* soon drew attention to his promising qualities. "Come on, let's go up to the game to-night," said Steve to Hal, on the evening when the first outside contest was scheduled. "I shouldn't be surprised if Dyke got in." Sure enough, when they looked down from the gallery, there was Dyke practising, looking as robust as if he had always been an athlete.

"Gaze at the boy's build, will you," commented Hal. "I had always thought that he was just bones. He looks like a prize-fighter."

"Oh, he's been getting in condition," said Steve. "He used to be quite a player on his high-school team. The trouble was that he never kept training until last fall. Now that he's steadied down, he'll be all right."

In the game which followed, Dyke played forward, and seemed to be all over the floor. Quick

as the proverbial cat, he glided here and there without effort or exhaustion. He made several baskets from almost impossible angles, and it was due to him more than to any other player that Andover piled up a score of 38 to her opponents' 15. At one moment during the game Steve happened to be standing near the Head, who turned to him suddenly and asked, "Isn't that your roommate, Dyke Hamlin, who's doing so well down there?"

"That's the fellow," responded Steve, with a grin. "He's a regular weakling, isn't he, sir?"

"Yes, he certainly looks feeble. He's the freshest man on the floor. I should judge that your prescriptions had improved him."

"He's done it all himself, sir. I'm not responsible."

"Well, all I can say is that you must have been an encouraging influence. I wish I could put a few more such specimens in your hands."

Unfortunately Dyke could not play very long on the team. One evening in early February, he came back from his five o'clock class complaining that he felt feverish. The next morning he did not get up, and the School Physician, who came in to take his temperature, ordered him at once

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to the Infirmary. Within twenty-four hours it was known that he had a well-marked case of scarlet fever. It was sad news to Steve, who had gradually grown very fond of the roommate who had been forced upon him.

On the next day Dyke's mother appeared at the Phillips Inn. She was a meek, pretty young woman, who seemed utterly helpless in the face of catastrophe. Dyke's father had been killed in France during the World War, and he was the only child. For the next two weeks Steve's chief business was to assist Mrs. Hamlin. He sat with her for hours during the period when the fever was at its height, and, on one terrible night when it seemed a toss-up as to whether Dyke would live or die, Steve never went to sleep, but waited in the Infirmary to see what he could do. For three days Dyke was critically ill; indeed the physician told Steve that the patient would have died if he had not been in such excellent physical condition. Meanwhile the entire student body was disturbed. The Dyke Hamlin of a year before, whom nobody had liked and most decent fellows had despised, had now become a popular character, whose name was in everybody's mouth.

At last, after two weeks had gone by, Steve

came back one Wednesday afternoon to Joe's room and said in a tired voice, "I really believe the kid's going to pull through."

"Is he still delirious?"

"No, he came back to his senses this morning, and they say the crisis is probably over."

"He must be frightfully weak."

"He certainly is. The nurse says that he must have lost thirty pounds. But he has a good constitution, and he'll get along."

Not until the term was almost over was Dyke in a condition to be moved, and even then the doctors ordered him and his mother to Bermuda, stipulating that he should not return to Andover that year. Before he left, Steve was allowed to see him for fifteen minutes. When the two boys were alone, Dyke said, "Steve, old man, I just wanted to tell you how grateful I am for what you have done for me."

"Oh, forget it," said Steve brusquely, with that hatred of sentimentalism which is inbred in any normal boy.

"Look here, Steve, I'm not going to weep on your shoulder and make a mushy scene, the way they do in 'Eric, or Little by Little.' All I want to say is this, and then I'll shut up. You've

turned me from a crawling worm into a human being. You've changed my whole point of view and let me see what decency is. Now I can't come back to Andover this spring, and when I do return in September, you'll be gone. I want you to understand that I'm not going to fall back,—that's all."

"I know you won't," was Steve's reply, and the conversation turned to other less dangerous topics.

Before Mrs. Hamlin departed, she asked Steve to come up to her room for a minute. Then she handed him a little package, saying, "Steve, I want to give you just a little something which will help to say what I think of what you have done. You've really saved Dyke's whole career. He told me all about it the other day, and never left out a single one of his meannesses. Please keep this as a remembrance of the Hamlin family."

Opening the packet, Steve found in it a beautiful gold watch. "But, Mrs. Hamlin," he stammered, "I can't take this—I haven't done anything——"

"Steve Fisher," Mrs. Hamlin protested, with tears in her eyes, "if you don't take that right

off without another word, I'll have a crying fit, and you wouldn't want me to do that, would you?"

"No, ma'am," confessed Steve, with a vigor that made Mrs. Hamlin smile. "All right, I'll take it, and I certainly am glad to have such a fine watch. But I didn't deserve it, just the same."

So ended the first epoch in Dyke Hamlin's history. It needs only to be added that, when Steve returned to Andover as a Yale Freshman a few months later, he found Dyke one of the most respected leaders in the school. The reform had been a permanent one.

Thus it was that Steve was left alone on the top floor of Bartlet during the remainder of the year. He could have gone back to his old quarters with Ted and Joe, but he really preferred to live by himself for a time. Much as he liked his friends, he found that there was a pleasure in spending an evening undisturbed by school gossip. The fact that Ted called him the Hermit and that Hal accused him of snobbery did not worry him in the slightest.

Some of the most intense excitement of the winter for the four friends came when Hal and

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Ted both went out for the Means Speaking Contest, and were both chosen among the final eight competitors. Hal had always been fond of oratory and had taken a prize each year in the Draper contest; his essay on "The Futility of War" was, in the judgment of his friends, of high merit. Stylistically, it was modeled on Webster, and it had a tone that made Steve say to Hal, "Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea." Ted's production, on the other hand, was colloquial. Writing on "Free Verse," he touched in light fashion on Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, John Gould Fletcher, and other masters of modern poetry, putting in an occasional dash of cynicism to add spice to his writing. The two rivals practised their speeches in public, to the annoyance of their friends, and they were hailed as nuisances. Adopting the advice of his instructor in speaking, Hal used to stroll in the early morning to the banks of Rabbit's Pond, where he made the trees echo and reëcho with his denunciation of militarism. Steve, happening to pass by on his return from a walk, heard such phrases as "blood-stained battlefield," "gory limbs," and "useless carnage," all indicative of the position which Hal had taken. In short, Hal had made up his mind that destiny

intended him to be the great American orator, superseding Beveridge and Bryan.

Ted, in the meantime, had adopted a less formal style of discourse. Speaking persuasively, as one man to another, he hoped to win the hearts of his audience. He announced to his friends that he was sure to be the victor and urged them to place their bets on him. "Of course I'll get first prize," he answered, when questioned closely as to his chances. "All Hal can do is roar and bellow. He hasn't any technique. He may have a fine voice, but he doesn't know how to use it." On the day of the contest, both boys were clearly much excited, and Joe and Steve did not make the ordeal any easier for them. When they saw Hal muttering to himself, they would nudge each other and point suggestively to their heads, as if to say, "Poor fellow. It's too bad he's not all there." In the evening, moreover, they collected a large crowd of their friends, with the result that the Chapel was nearly full, the audience being larger than a Means Contest had drawn in years.

Hal was the second speaker on the program. When he stepped to the platform, he was greeted by thunders of applause, which seemed momentarily to disconcert him and led the presiding

officer to look suspiciously at the front seats. Then Hal recovered and launched into his oration. Steve was amazed. Hal, who had seemed so indifferent, so reticent, so undemonstrative, was transformed. As he portrayed the horrors of the trenches, he actually made Steve shiver, and the audience were obviously carried along with the speaker. The fools who had come to scoff were remaining, if not to pray, at least to applaud. He sat down amid a clapping even more noisy than that which had welcomed him,—but this time the noise indicated honest recognition of his achievement. There could be no doubt that he was a distinct success.

Last on the program was Ted, who mounted the rostrum with a self-assurance that was laughable. Making no attempt at elocution, he began addressing the audience in a semi-confidential way, as if he were telling a secret to a group of dinner table companions. In a minute or two he was chatting away about “the New England bard, Robert Frost.” “I shall never forget,” he said, “the words of that remarkable poem.” A pause ensued, which Steve considered to be for dramatic effect. “I shall never forget,—I shall never forget the words of that remarkable poem.” Again

silence followed. "He's overdoing it," thought Steve. For a second it was impressive; then it was oppressive. Ted wiped his brow, clenched his hands, and began again resolutely, "I shall never forget the words of that remarkable poem,—er—er——" Then came the voice of a prompter in a sing-song tone from one of the front benches. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." "Ah!" muttered Ted, evidently relieved. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," and then stopped again. By this time Steve and Joe were in physical and mental agony. They wanted to laugh, but they did not dare. They sympathized with Ted, but could not show their pity. "Er—er—er——" went on Ted, and then, with a wild dash of despair, rushed from the platform and fled out the rear door, never even returning to his original seat. The presiding officer arose, asked the judges to retire, and the tragic scene was over. Eventually Hal was awarded the first prize, and the decision had the complete approval of the audience.

Poor Ted! He got no pity from Joe and Steve. He had been too often implicated in practical jokes on others to get any mercy himself. They discovered him in his room, sitting disconsolately

at his desk. Simultaneously they shouted, “ ‘I shall never forget the words of that remarkable poem.’ ” “ Oh, shut up, will you? ” groaned Ted. “ Got your prize with you, Ted? ” asked Steve in an unctuous voice. “ Look here, what’ll you fellows take to move on? ” pleaded Ted. They went, for it did seem a bit hard to “ rub it in ” at that particular time. But Ted did not hear the last of the affair for many a long day.

The fact that Steve Fisher had put away many childish things did not mean that the other boys in the school had suddenly become angels. There was still one teacher who was viewed by the school as legitimate prey. His full name, as recorded in the catalogue, was Llewellyn Coggeshall Bacon, and he was recorded as being a graduate of Kingfisher College, Kingfisher, Oklahoma. After a week’s fair trial by the boys in his dormitory, he was unanimously christened “ Tiptoe,” having been found listening at the keyhole of a boy’s room in order to detect evidence of turpitude. Tiptoe was big and powerful, but his mind was slow-moving, and he allowed himself to be drawn into arguments with his students,—a practice which is fatal to discipline. One afternoon just before the Christmas holidays Steve was walking

along in the rear of the Main Building, when he saw one boy after another appear at the window of a certain classroom, jump down over the ledge, and walk away towards Rabbit's Pond. At last Steve recognized Ted Sherman, stopped him, and asked, "Hi, Ted, what's all the row?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Ted. "I'm in Tiptoe's French class. When we settled down at the opening of the hour, Chuck Ellis raised his hand and asked Tiptoe if he wouldn't give us a cut. And then the whole class began to whisper,—you know the way they do,—and say 'Give us a cut! Give us a cut!' Finally Tiptoe said, 'All right, boys, I'll do the white thing by you as long as you have asked for it so decently; but you can't go down the corridor because that would make too much noise. You'll have to jump out the window, and depart quietly.' So here I am."

"You're a fine member of the Senior Council, you are," commented Steve.

"Oh, don't be a prig, Steve," said Ted. "It was such easy money that I just couldn't resist. You'd have done the same thing yourself under the same conditions."

After that experience, it seemed as if Steve were hearing things every day about Tiptoe and his

eccentricities. One of the most charming young ladies in Andover was Mollie Colgate, whose home was a place where the boys liked to gather whenever they could secure permission. One evening Tiptoe had been invited to dinner at the Colgate home and had been placed by Mollie's side, with the result that he became violently enamored and appeared after that in the guise of her inseparable swain. It cannot be denied that Mollie practised her wiles upon him, to the infinite satisfaction of the boys, who naturally watched the progress of the affair with eagerness undissembled. When Tiptoe asked Mollie to go sleigh-riding with him, nearly every fellow in school heard of the invitation, and, when the precise hour had been disclosed, at least a hundred excited boys gathered at the appointed time on the corner near the Colgate house. Precisely at three o'clock Tiptoe appeared alone on the front seat of a double sleigh. He drove a rather wobbly horse to the front door, carefully ushered Miss Mollie into the rear seat, and then started off. This was almost too much. The spectacle of Tiptoe on the front seat with Mollie on the seat behind him was so absurd that the boys hardly knew how to act. They gave one convulsive cheer, to which the un-

abashed Mollie responded by waving her handkerchief at them. But they could do no more. Any man who would take a pretty girl to ride under such circumstances! The undergraduate verdict was unanimous that Tiptoe should be in the asylum.

It was Tiptoe, as Steve learned later from Mr. Foote, who had signalized his entrance into Andover society by sending to each of the faculty wives in turn a bouquet of flowers,—to one violets, to another rosebuds, to a third carnations,—following out a suggestion made to him by a jocular colleague. The first lady to receive this unexpected tribute was naturally much elated, and boasted of her conquest to her friends. When the second bouquet arrived, the new recipient had also her story to tell. Before very long, several ladies were congratulating themselves on their good fortune. And then the secret was revealed, much to the embarrassment of all concerned.

Steve had occasion once during the winter to call on Tiptoe for some information regarding a French course. As he entered the dormitory, he heard a weird medley of howls and whistles, and found an indoor football contest going on in the first-floor corridor. Boys were rushing up and

down, plaster was falling from the walls, and the place looked like a madhouse. Steve, supposing of course that Tiptoe was out, knocked perfunctorily on his door, only to receive a hearty invitation to enter. There was Mr. Bacon, sitting comfortably at his desk, apparently busy correcting examination papers. "Ah, how do you do, Fisher," he said, rising to shake hands with his visitor. "I hope that my boys do not seem too noisy. I permitted them to indulge in some sports this evening, feeling that they might study better after some physical exercise." As he spoke, a snowball, round and hard, came through the open window, narrowly missing Steve's head. "Aha! Some one is getting playful," said Mr. Bacon, without, however, stirring to investigate the source.

It took Steve but a moment to transact his business, but in the meantime two more snowballs had been thrown into the room, one of them knocking a photograph off the mantelpiece.

"Don't you want me to stop that, Mr. Bacon?" asked Steve.

"Certainly, if you can do it, Fisher," answered the instructor, still unperturbed.

Armed with this permission, Steve went out

the rear door of the dormitory, made his way through some trees to the other side, and concealed himself behind some shrubs. Within a minute a small, active figure emerged from a lilac-bush, took careful aim, and let a snowball fly straight for the teacher's open window. In a twinkling Steve was upon him, bore him to the ground, and proceeded to wash his face in the cool snow.

"Help! Help!" wailed the youngster in doleful tones, not knowing who his assailant was. "I won't do it again. I won't do it again."

"No, I don't think you will," answered Steve, as he hauled the little fellow to his feet. "Who are you? What's your name?"

"Layton, sir," replied the frightened boy, thinking he was in the hands of the enemy.

"Well, Layton," said Steve, "you go to your room as fast as you can, and, if I catch you at this kind of business again, I'll skin you alive. Now, beat it."

The boy trotted off as fast as his legs would carry him, and Steve walked slowly back to Bartlet, just a trifle perplexed as to what he ought to do. In Andover, the power of the teachers is so great and discipline is so quickly and firmly ad-

ministered that it ought to be very easy for an instructor to keep order. Indeed the spirit of the school is law-abiding; classrooms are usually very peaceful places, and, when disorder develops, it is in nine cases out of ten the fault of the teacher. For this reason Steve did not like the situation in Mr. Bacon's dormitory.

He talked the matter over with his friends, and eventually called a meeting of the Senior Council, at which each member had some story of disorder which Tiptoe had been unable to suppress. The Council agreed that it was their business to do what they could to clean up matters. Steve then called on the Head at his office, explained carefully what he proposed to do, and was given free rein by that wise gentleman. He next organized his plans for reform.

On the following Saturday, as Steve surmised, there would be an excellent opportunity for a rough-house. The members of the Senior Council, including at least four of the most powerful athletes in school, were joined by ten other members of major teams, and gathered in the neighborhood of Tiptoe's dormitory about nine o'clock. Sure enough, a regular riot was in progress, in the course of which fire extinguishers were ap-

parently favorite weapons. As soon as the vigilantes were assembled, Steve and his posse entered the hall and rushed up-stairs. Without delay, they seized the ringleaders, tied them hand and foot with ropes, and, after bidding the other participants to go to their rooms, carried the culprits to Mr. Bacon's suite. There the eight selected victims, trussed and terrified, were distributed around on sofas and chairs, and then Steve said, "Mr. Bacon, the Senior Council has decided to help you to stop the disorder in your dormitory. We'll do anything you say with these ruffians."

"Why," said Tiptoe reflectively, "I don't know that you ought to hurt them. They are good boys, you know."

"They'll be hurt, sir, before we've finished with them. But what shall we do about demerits? Shall I report them to the Head?"

"No, I don't know that you had better do that, Fisher," replied Mr. Bacon. "I don't want to get them into trouble."

"Very well, sir, just as you say," responded Steve, astounded by Tiptoe's indifference. Steve then collected all the boys in the dormitory together, told them that Mr. Bacon had been ex-



THE STATELY ELM ARCH.

THE TREES OF THIS WERE PLANTED MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.

ceptionally lenient with them, and announced that summary punishment would be inflicted on anybody there who tried to take advantage of the master's kind heart. With this vigorous warning, Steve and his cohorts returned to their rooms, well satisfied with their night's work.

The Head, although he gathered full particulars from other sources, never asked Steve what had happened. But Steve himself, on the following morning, called a meeting of the undergraduates, explained what the Senior Council had done, and asked for their approval. The answer was round after round of applause. There was no more trouble in Mr. Bacon's dormitory that year.

Mr. Bacon left Andover at the end of the year and went to a university for graduate work. His doctorate thesis on "The Sources of the Humor in Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn'" aroused much interest in scholarly circles. He now reads a paper each year before the Modern Language Association of America.

XII

CLOSING THE YEAR

SPRING again in Andover! Not that this brings smiling skies or dry ground immediately, or that every day dawns pleasant. It doesn't. But it does mean that for a week or two the heavy dirty-looking snow-drifts melt slowly away, sending rapid torrents of water down the sidewalks and gutters; that maple buds then begin to show, and tulips peep above the soil; and that, as early May comes in, the air gets soft and warm, the apple and peach blossoms shine in the orchards, and there is a new joy in the blood of young men. Older people, to whom the passing of the seasons is a commonplace event, often forget the sheer delight in living which throbs in youthful hearts as soon as south winds blow.

Steve felt it, you may be sure, when he stepped out of Bartlet one April morning and scented the fragrant air. He wanted to leap up and down, to turn a few handsprings, to climb a tree. The light turf reminded him that the first baseball game was coming that Saturday. "Hi, you loaf-

ers," he shouted at Joe and Ted, "arise and greet the dawn." And he walked off to breakfast whistling "Old P. A." with all his might, trying to get rid of the poetry in his soul by keeping his body moving.

On such days it is not easy for ardent spirits like Steve to sit quietly in the classroom. Nature was calling outside, urging her children into the open; and Steve learned later that there were few of his teachers who were eager to linger long near blackboard and chalk and examination papers. But life, as Steve had reasoned it out, is a combination of duty and pleasure, and, if the duty is neglected, the pleasure also vanishes with it. This is a simple philosophy, the survival of some primitive New England conscience, but it is quite adequate for most of our daily emergencies, and Steve followed it implicitly. That is why he puzzled his brain trying to master some complicated lines of Cicero's "De Amicitia" that morning, and forgot the sunshine in working out a puzzle in Trigonometry. He was glad to notice that he could now concentrate his mental energies on a painful task. At twelve o'clock, thanks to his foresight, he was free, and able all the better to appreciate his liberty.

During the spring term, Steve was, as baseball captain and pitcher, the unquestioned king of the school. It used to amuse him to see the smaller boys gazing at him with obvious admiration on their faces; he could well remember how he had felt when, as a young cub on the nine, he had first had a talk with the famous Bo Swift. To these youngsters, Steve was a giant among pigmies, and therefore worthy of adulation. The leaders in a school like Andover have a heavier responsibility than most of them realize, for they can, in a sense, raise or lower the standard of the undergraduate body. It was the consciousness of this fact which had more than once restrained Steve from some childish prank or thoughtless violation of the rules.

Spring was a period when every hour was occupied. Each afternoon Steve was out on the playing-fields. After dinner at night, he had committee meetings or conferences with the Coach; and when the eight o'clock bell began to ring, he was always glad enough to settle down at his desk to do the lessons for the next day. Over his desk was a card on which he had made out a daily schedule, his time being divided as carefully as that of a business executive; and even then he

had hardly minutes enough for keeping his appointments. Only on Sunday mornings could he lie late in bed and forget his cares, going without breakfast gladly in order to revel in the luxury of rolling over for an extra "snooze." Rooming alone as he now did, he could carry out his plans without having them disturbed by the revelries of some less conscientious roommate.

Life, however, was not all "dull care" and "ceaseless toil." In May came the annual society reunions, when the graduate brothers of the various fraternities returned to Andover to renew their friendships and revive their loyalty. Nothing was more interesting to Steve than to sit with open ears while these older men told of their days in the school. In the K. P. N. house, where Steve and Hal belonged, there were always graduates who were willing to talk about the "good old times" when the Commons buildings were the only dormitories. Perhaps it would be Sanderson, '83, who was talking:

"You boys with your luxurious dormitories and bathrooms and steam heat and rugs on your floors haven't any idea of the way we old-timers used to live. Back in my day most of the fellows roomed in the Commons,—the worst-looking old

wooden buildings you ever saw, three stories high, with narrow winding staircases. We didn't have any steam heat. I guess not! Every room had a stove in it, and each fellow had to chop his own wood and empty his own ashes. If we wanted to wash our faces, we had to go down with a bucket to the Commons pump. No such energizing luxury as hot water! And I wish you could see the furniture; it was all scarred up and battered with the use of fifty years. Of course we didn't have any electricity or gas. The only light was oil lamps, which used to be always running over and getting on fire."

"What could you do then?" inquired Hal.

"Oh, just throw them right through the window to the ground and let them burn out. Most of the glass in the windows was broken out, anyway, during snowball season, and we had to stuff the holes with shirts and old socks. There wasn't much esthetic beauty about those old barracks. And mice and rats! I never saw such rats anywhere on earth, not even along the docks in Hoboken."

"Why didn't the Commons burn down?" was a natural query from Steve.

"One or two of them did, I think; but I don't

see now why they all didn't go. The boys used to dump their ashes, with glowing coals in them, right over the stairs down cellar."

"Weren't there any teachers in those buildings the way we have 'house-profs' now?"

"Once in a while the faculty would put an instructor in one of the rooms, but somehow he never stayed very long. It wasn't a very healthy atmosphere for teachers. In my day a teacher used to come around about twice a term on what was called 'inspection.' But he never used to find anything to report. I rather suspect he was glad to get back unwounded."

"It must have been pretty hard, living that way," said Hal.

"In a sense it was, I suppose," answered Mr. Sanderson, "but we never seemed to mind it. I have an idea that the rough life was rather good for most of us. We got to be self-reliant; we had to be. Nobody was ever sick, even though we didn't have an Infirmary. And the fellows we turned out were a good lot. It's mostly their money which has given you youngsters all the comforts you enjoy. I'd like to live long enough to see whether your generation does as well as ours did."

"We try to do our best, anyhow," ventured Steve.

"Yes, and your wonderful athletic system gives you something which we didn't really have. Back in my time, a few fellows played on the teams, but the others just loafed around. Now I understand that everybody has to exercise his muscles in some way, and I'm sure that kind of physical training is going to count later on when you get to be middle-aged. I hope so, anyhow."

Talk like this helped Steve to understand what it was that had made Andover great. He could comprehend now better than ever before the classical story of the lighted torch handed down by one generation to another, and thus kept burning from century to century. When Andover was concerned, alumni and students were united to maintain her prestige.

The effect of the spring ozone on some of the more lawless souls was one of slight intoxication, and did not prove beneficial. There were some always who could not resist the temptation to steal out at night after hours and visit neighboring towns. These nocturnal excursions were often harmless enough, but they were, of course, contrary to school rules,—and every normal boy has

at moments an impulse to break a rule. Joe once explained to Steve that he had never wished to visit the city of Lawrence until he learned that it was out of bounds; and then he sneaked out one evening, took a trolley to that city, and looked it over. He was back in two hours undetected. He had not enjoyed himself very much, but he had defied the regulations. And he never did it again.

It is manifestly impossible in any school for a teacher, however Argus-eyed, to keep a close watch on every boy in his charge. A boy who deliberately schemes to sneak out of his room at midnight and go out for a lark may for a time escape detection, as Joe did. But somehow these night-walkers usually get caught in the end, and then the great axe falls relentlessly. They either grow too bold, and are discovered in some careless moment, or they fall off in their studies and pay the penalty in another way. There was little "Vern" Lucas, for instance, who lived just across the hall from Steve. When the warm nights arrived, he used to go down the fire-escape and slip over to the cemetery, where, peacefully seated on a tombstone, he would enjoy a cigarette under the stars and meditate on the mutability of human

affairs,—nothing more vicious. For a time all went well. Then one evening about ten-thirty, “Charlie” Palmer, the “house-prof,” who had been out at dinner, came up to the top-floor with a telegram for Vern. Knocking at Vern’s door, he got no response. Then he came to Steve’s room.

“Good-evening, Fisher,” he said. “Do you happen to know whether Lucas has gone to sleep?”

“He was here half an hour ago,” answered Steve, evasively, for he was not without his suspicions.

“I guess I’ll try his door. This telegram is an important one,” said Mr. Palmer.

When he found that the knob would not turn, Mr. Palmer drew out his master key and entered. No Lucas! The bed was unoccupied, but there were evidences that some one had been there not long before. Then Mr. Palmer went systematically through the dormitory, looking in every room, but Vern was obviously not there. There was nothing to do but to mark him out.

About an hour later, while Steve was still poring over his “*Idylls of the King*,” there was a light knock on his door and Vern glided in.

“Hi, Steve, any trouble about me?”

"I should say there was. Charlie has been looking all over for you trying to give you a telegram. I guess you're in for it. Where in the world have you been?"

"Just out for a walk with Archie Quarrier. We went up Highland Road a bit and just got back. It's a wonderful night."

"It's likely to be something more than wonderful for you."

"What had I better do, Steve?"

"I don't know. If you wake Charlie up now, he'll murder you sure. And if you don't, he'll think you were out all night. You're in a sweet mess, all right."

"Don't I know it? I think, though, that I'll wait until morning and then tell him that you know I was in at eleven-thirty. He always believes you."

"Perhaps he will," replied Steve, "but I'd spend the morning packing my trunks if I were you. Haven't you got seven cuts already?"

"Yes, worse luck. But then I may escape. So long!"

Before Vern could see Mr. Palmer the next morning, that gentleman had gone to breakfast. At ten o'clock the boy received a summons from

the office. In the brief but pungent interview which followed, Vern confessed his delinquencies, made no excuses, and was formally suspended for the rest of the year. Before night fell, Vern was on the way to Pittsburgh to receive the paternal blessing. Before he left, he had a parting conversation with Steve.

“My, I certainly was a fool, wasn’t I? But I never thought they’d get me for a little thing like that.”

“Have you been here nearly three years without finding out that you can’t always pull the wool over the faculty’s eyes?”

“Well, I’m willing to admit that I thought I could get away with it. And now won’t I catch it! Wait until the old gentleman sees me coming! I’ll be annihilated.”

“The best way is to tell him exactly what happened, Vern. You’ll have another chance next year to make good.”

“I guess you don’t know the Honorable George F. Lucas. He’ll put me to work this summer shoveling coal in one of his mines.”

“That won’t do you any harm, I imagine. A few weeks of manual labor will teach you a lot.”

The forced departure of any well-known boy

always causes a sensation in Andover, especially if it happens suddenly, as in Vern's case. The boys discuss the matter seriously, and habitual sinners at once resolve to reform. Vern's fate made a considerable impression in the dormitory. Even Ted Sherman, who was every whit as guilty as Vern, announced publicly his intention of changing his habits.

"With the work on the *Pot-Pourri* ahead of me," he said quite frankly to Steve, "I can't afford to be fired. There's no use talking, I'll have to lead the virtuous life for the next few weeks." Those philosophers who do not believe in the fear of punishment as a deterrent against wrong-doing should have watched Ted that spring. He was the model youth, always in at eight o'clock, always sound asleep at eleven, and invariably the first to protest when the "dorm" started a rough-house. It was a conflict of motives and desires in his soul, and for once good overcame evil. Ted by some accident obtained a photograph of Barnard's statue called "I feel two Natures struggling within Me," which is in the Metropolitan Museum, and nailed it up over his desk. It was a sufficient comment on his own situation.

For the first time in three years there seemed to be a chance for the track team to win an Exeter meet. "Things are going all right," Joe said to Steve. "I'm getting at least three feet more with the shot than I did a year ago. John Fitchen is doing well in the mile, too, and he'll break a record if he keeps on improving. The only man I'm worried about is Len Whitney. He simply won't keep training. There he is, the best hurdler we have, sure to win the high and low both if he doesn't blow up; and I know that he's smoking right along."

"Why don't you drop him off the squad, Joe?" replied Steve. "It would pay in the end."

"Maybe it would, but Shep's the Coach, and he hates to put him off. Besides the school would go wild if Len weren't in the meet."

That evening Steve dropped in at the Head's house, as he had come to do quite often. Apparently Steve had no motive in mind except friendly talk. At one point, however, the Head asked, "By the way, how is Joe getting along with his track team?"

"All right, I think," answered Steve, "if only he could be sure of Len Whitney."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Head.

"Isn't Whitney following Coach Shepley's instructions?"

"I don't believe so, sir. Why don't you ask Joe?"

"No," responded the Head, apparently to himself, "I think I'll have a little talk with Len myself."

About a week later, when the subject came up again, Joe said quite unexpectedly to Steve, "By the way, what did you do to Len Whitney to make him take such a brace?"

"I didn't do anything. In fact I've hardly seen him since we were talking his case over. Why do you ask? Is he keeping training now?"

"He certainly is, and his time gets faster every day. If he keeps it up, he'll smash the world's interscholastic record in the low hurdles."

"I certainly am glad of that, but I'm not responsible. Some other good angel must have gotten busy. Whoever did it deserves a vote of thanks."

Steve did not wish to betray the Head; but that gentleman had had an interview with Len Whitney. What was said in their conversation will probably never be disclosed, but there was no more trouble with Len that year. A few words

in season had prevented disaster both for the track team and for a promising young athlete.

After a very satisfactory preliminary record, the final track meet with Exeter was held on the afternoon of Memorial Day. It was a gorgeous spectacle. The stands, in the brilliant sunlight, gleamed with variegated colors, the dresses and hats of ladies, which sparkled like rainbow stuff brought down to earth. The turf on the playing-fields was never greener, against a background of white houses, tall pine-trees, and a rich blue sky beyond. It was so warm that coats were not needed, and the spectators basked in the sun.

A track meet is by no means so exciting as a football contest, but there are thrills here and there which send shivers up and down one's spine. In the first event, the hammer-throw, which was carried on in a spot remote from the field so that no one might be injured by a careless throw, Joe astonished himself and the small group of rooters by making a cast of 168 feet, breaking his own record and that of the Academy. As the Exeter star was so unfortunate as to foul on each trial, Andover accumulated five points to Exeter's four,—an unexpected gain for the blue.

In the quarter-mile run, which was next on the program, the spectators were gratified by a close finish, in which sturdy blond Phil Allen, the Andover sprinter, won from his opponent by the traditional hair. Then came the low hurdles, with Len Whitney breaking the world's interscholastic record, and coming in five yards ahead of his nearest competitor. Now it was Exeter's turn, for the hundred-yard dash gave her a first and a second place, and the mile run added more points to her total. The score-board, set up in the middle of the field, showed the schools running neck and neck. Andover went into the lead after the javelin throw was over, but was overtaken when the two-twenty-yard dash and the high jump results were announced. Len Whitney once more vindicated himself by winning the high hurdles, and then Exeter's captain, "Si" Beeson, took first in the high jump by making a spectacular leap of five feet, ten inches. The light bar trembled as he brushed it slightly, but still stayed on the uprights, and the spectators had another outbreak of enthusiasm. For the time being it looked like anybody's meet, with two events yet to come,—the half-mile run and the shot-put.

Phil Allen had beaten two minutes for the half

mile in practice, but he had already run a fast quarter, and furthermore he had a doughty opponent in Charlie Sawyer, the Exeter runner. The pace from the start was fast, and the two were neck and neck at the end of the first lap, the others being more than ten yards behind. "Go it, Phil," "Speed her up, Charlie," howled the frantic rooters as the rivals swept by the stands. On the back stretch Phil began gradually to pull away, and the Andover cheers increased in volume. Then fifty yards from the finish, Sawyer sprinted. Little by little he crept up, until the two were almost abreast. At this point Phil Allen could not resist glancing back,—a thing which he had been coached never under any circumstances to do. That fraction of a second was enough to lose him the race. Sawyer plunged forward five yards from the tape, and crossed the line just a bare three inches ahead. Time, 1 minute, 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds! Phil's curiosity seemed likely to cost his school the meet.

The score, recorded by huge white chalk figures on the blackboard, was now 56–55, in favor of Exeter, with the shot-put yet to be heard from. This event is not ordinarily very exciting, and few people pay much attention to it until the

result is announced. But now every one had his eyes fixed on the ten or twelve stalwart forms in the center of the field. Joe, his huge bulk towering above the others, stepped to the circle, and, with what seemed to be no effort at all, tossed the leaden sphere. The measurers put down the tape. Then the announcer took up his megaphone and shouted through it, "Watson of Andover puts the shot 45 feet, 6 inches!" The cheer-leaders called for a "long Andover." It was certain that no Exeter man could equal this throw. But could Andover get second or third, and win? If Exeter should get both places, the meet would be a tie. The only Andover competitor who really had a chance was "Spider" Drummond, a short stocky lad, with glasses and a rather scholarly look, whom nobody seemed to know much about. Joe had, of course, seen him on the squad, but had not taken him very seriously. In making his first trial, he slipped and registered only 37 feet, and two Exeter men were ahead of him when the first round was over.

On his second attempt Joe went 46 feet, 8 inches,—a dual meet record,—but this achievement would accomplish nothing if Exeter won the two other places. The unfortunate Spider

again did poorly, scoring only 39 feet; thus, when the third and last round opened, the two Exeter athletes were still ahead of him. Joe went over to Spider and held a whispered conversation with him. Then Spider, oblivious of the noise and the excitement, removed his spectacles, stepped to his place, and put the weight to his shoulder. A silence fell over the field, for somehow every one was conscious of the crisis. Then, with all his muscles coördinated, he made the throw of his life. It was clear that he had done well. But how well? In a minute the measurers reported. Then from the stands the spectators could see the Andover men dancing about, shaking hands with Spider, and even turning handsprings in their ecstasy. The voice of the announcer could be heard, "Drummond of Andover puts the shot 44 feet, 2 inches." It was three feet farther than Spider had ever gone before; and, what was of more importance, it was two feet beyond the nearest Exeter man!

The meet was really now all over. The Exeter contestants strained hopelessly to better their records, and one by one dropped out. As the last one looked appealingly at the measurers, the Andover boys swept on the field, seized Joe, Spider,

and the others, and bore them off on their shoulders around the track. A celebration that night was assured.

While they stood panting under the shower bath in the Gymnasium, Joe said to Spider, "That was wonderful, old man! How in blazes did you do it? You never did anything like that before."

"I've been trying to find out, myself. I guess you cheered me up a good deal when you told me that I could do it. All I know is that I kept saying to myself, 'Drummond, you dub, you'll never dare show yourself in public again if you don't beat those Exeter fellows,' and the old shot just seemed to take wings."

"Well, you won the meet for us. If it hadn't been for you, the score would have been a tie, and that would have been as good as a victory for Exeter."

"I'm glad I have been able to do something. I've been here four years and so far have never raised a ripple. I haven't even made the chess team or gotten on the second Honor Roll. My father will never believe that I have won an 'A' in athletics."

"I'll tell him a few things when I see him," said Joe. And he did.

Joe's great night had come at last, after three years of waiting. The torches danced gaily about the streets and the band played with the same old vigor. Steve, as he led the cheering and watched the proceedings, wondered what the next week would bring forth, but the boys were occupied in the present, rejoicing over the bird that was in their hands. All that they knew or cared was that another victory was theirs.

And so the time drew near for Steve's last appearance in an Andover uniform. In spite of all the power of his will, he lay awake for several hours on Friday evening, thinking over those other great games in which he had taken part,—the one in his first year, when he was put into the box in the ninth inning, and that contest of the previous June, when his pitching had brought Andover once more out ahead. Could he do it once more before he left? Could he leave the school with a spotless record?

Steve enjoyed to the full the familiar rewards of success,—the cheering in morning chapel, the warm greetings of his friends, and the stout hand-clasp of the Head as the latter wished him good luck. The Reverend Mr. Fisher had left his parish in Montana to come to Andover for a two-

weeks' vacation, and had arrived at Andover late on the evening before, just in time to have breakfast with his son, walk around the Hill for a glimpse of his old haunts, and then board the train for Exeter. It was thirty years since "Jim" Fisher had seen New England, and memories of the past crowded in on his mind; but above all was the consciousness that it was his son, his tall and muscular boy, who was to lead the Andover nine that day. Steve sat with his father on the way up, and the two renewed their acquaintance.

"I suppose you're scared 'way down to your toes, Son?"

"Yes, I am, Dad. But I didn't think that I showed it. How did you guess that my knees want to knock together?"

"Oh, just because you're trying to look so unconcerned. You see I went through a little something of the kind myself back in '83."

"Yes, but it's strange that, after I've played in so many Exeter games, I can't keep more calm."

"You'll be cool enough in the box; never fear. You've got to be mighty frightened now if you're going to be keen later. It's a good sign to have your heart beat faster and your hands tremble a little."

At the Exeter station the father and son separated, and did not see each other again until Steve, who was, of course, on the players' bench, noticed his father waving to him from the stands, where he had a seat beside the Head.

"You ought to be proud of a son like that," said the Head, when the Reverend James introduced himself.

"I am, you know. But it's just like meeting a stranger again. We've always been good pals, for his mother died long ago and we've been thrown together a great deal. But in the last two years he has grown up to be a man."

"That he has," agreed the Head, who then, while the nines were going through preliminary practice, told the father some stories about Steve's qualities of leadership. The Reverend James Fisher's back straightened as he heard the recital, most of which was news to him, for Steve had always been reluctant to talk about himself. As the Head came to a pause, Jimmy Gould stepped out to the front and demanded "a long 'Andover' for 'Cap.'" Mr. Fisher joined in the cheer, and from that moment he was oblivious to everything except what was going on before him.

Once started, the game soon developed into a

test of a pitcher's stamina and nerve. In her half of the first inning, Andover, by following a base on balls with a single and a two-bagger, scored two runs, and the prospects began to look rosy. All went well with Steve until the third inning, when a combination of careless errors by the short-stop, the left-fielder, and the catcher in succession gave Exeter three runs, in spite of all that Steve could do. In a twinkling the whole situation had altered, as it frequently does in such contests. Psychologically the advantage was now with Exeter, and the Reverend James, whose countenance had been glowing with satisfaction, now looked disconsolate. Old hands, like the Head, who had taken part in many such games, did not lose hope, for they had seen similar shifts of fortune before, and they knew that the fight was not over.

It was, of course, disappointing for Steve to watch such blunders by his teammates, but he tried to appear contented, and simply said as he sat down, "We'll get them yet, fellows. Keep a stiff upper lip." And so the game wore on, Steve pitching excellent ball, until the seventh inning, when a single by Steve, an error by Exeter's first baseman, a long fly to center field, and a perfect

Texas Leaguer brought in two runs for Andover, amid a continuous roar from the stands. The Reverend James now revived, and cheered his loudest with the boys near him. As the second run, which placed Andover in the lead, was made, he was seen wringing the Head's hand with both of his, and dancing up and down in a way that would have scandalized his parishioners.

"Now," thought Steve, "we ought to have them." And so they ought. Unfortunately the Andover nine was suffering from a bad fit of overconfidence, a disease which is always dangerous in baseball. Steve struck out the first Exeter man in the next inning with an ease which allowed pleasant anticipations. The second batter, however, after two strikes and three balls had been called on him, hit a speedy grounder to third base, where Ikey Randall fumbled, and, when he had finally grasped the ball in his fingers, threw it at least five feet over the first baseman's head. It was a deplorable exhibition, for there had been no chance of Ikey's getting the ball to first in season, and he might just as well have held it. As it was, the Exeter runner sprinted around to third, and Steve was in for another period of agony. The next batter hit a liner right into

Steve's hands, and was readily put out. Then big Jim Neale, whom every Andover fielder had been taught to fear, stepped nonchalantly to the plate. When the catcher signalled for an out-drop, Steve pondered a moment and then nodded. But the ball did not drop soon enough. Neale caught it squarely on the end of his bat, and it sailed off towards right field, apparently right into the fielder's hands. Unluckily he had been dreaming, and started too late. In vain he put all his energies into trying to reach the ball; it fell just beyond his outstretched fingers and rolled on and on. For the next minute or two there was confusion everywhere. Neale, who was a fast runner, slid to home plate in a cloud of dust, and the score was 5-4 in Exeter's favor. This time Steve was really discouraged. He struck the next batter out with three vicious balls, and then walked to the bench, his eyes on the ground. As he came in, he heard a voice from the crowd, "Head up, Steve!" and recognized his father's warning tone. At once he straightened himself. What a fool he had been! All was not yet lost! After all, there was still another inning. The simple phrase which his father had used made him realize that he had almost been a quitter.

“Come on now, fellows, we’ll pull this out yet,” he said, as he drew near the bench. “Every man on his toes now and dig in. We’ve got to bring home a victory.” The throng in the Andover bleachers were standing up, and cheer after cheer rang out as the first batter walked out, swinging two bats in the traditional fashion. He was begged, implored, and commanded to “hit her out.” It was Bill Jones, a youngster from Tennessee, whose slow Southern drawl and easy ways made him a popular favorite. Bill waited patiently for two balls, and then hit the third for a clean drive over the second-baseman’s head; but it was quickly fielded, and he could not go beyond first. Then came Carl Malone, long and lean, with legs like pipe-stems, who bunted along the third baseline, making a beautiful sacrifice. Things were growing exciting. Waddy Hunt then fouled out, and two men were gone. It was a tense moment when Dave Williams, the short-stop, slowly took his place. Smash! He hit the first ball directly over the third-baseman. Bill Jones, on second, had started as Dave swung, and was on his way home. As he touched third, he could hear the coaches cry, “Go on, you can make it!” and he tore along without hesitating. He

could dimly see the Exeter catcher standing ready to receive a throw, but he forged on, plunging at the end for a long slide. The ball was there, but Dave's dive had disconcerted the catcher, who muffed the throw. The umpire signalled that he was safe, and simultaneously all five of the Andover cheer-leaders stood on their heads, kicking their legs into the air. Megaphones went flying, and the Reverend James Fisher's derby hat received a dent which effectually damaged its symmetry.

Five to five! Two out! And Dave Williams was on second base! In a kind of a daze Steve watched Van Jackson, the catcher, who had been with him through so many contests, and was both a reliable hitter and a cool-headed player. "You've got to do it, Van!" he shouted, and then sat on the edge of the bench, quivering with the tension. The Reverend James Fisher was sitting back with his eyes closed, afraid to see what was going to happen. "One strike!" Van had let a straight one go by. "One ball!" It was a curve far out, which the Exeter catcher almost missed. Suddenly a great cry came from those around Mr. Fisher. He opened his eyes just in time to see Dave Williams tearing from second

to third with all the power of his stocky little legs. But he had no need to hurry. Van had hit a grounder to the left of first base, just where it could not be reached, and the right fielder in his haste had fumbled and lost the ball. Dave was safe at home! The score was 6-5.

The next Andover man was so elated that he could hardly hold his bat, and his pop fly into the pitcher's mit closed the inning for his side. Exeter now had one more chance to score. Strangely enough, Steve felt little doubt about the issue as he stepped into the box. It was to be his last effort for his school, and his mind inevitably went back to that day two years before when, on the same field, he pitched his first ball for an Andover nine. He tried above all not to be in a hurry, and assumed a deliberation which he did not altogether feel. It was destined to be a quick inning. The first man hit a high foul, which Van Jackson readily caught. The second, after fanning twice at straight balls, hit a slow grounder to second base, which was quickly fielded and thrown to first ahead of the runner. The third, the redoubtable Jim Neale once more, had two strikes almost before he comprehended the situation, and then swung desperately at a wild ball.

The game was over! Once again the mob of Andover rooters swarmed down on Steve to carry him to the dressing-room, and he was too joyful even to protest.

Meanwhile the Reverend James was trying to adjust a twisted necktie, knock and bend his battered derby into shape, and accept the congratulations of the Head, all in the same moment. He was a supremely happy man, happier than he had been in many, many years. Almost forgotten memories of similar throngs and victories surged through his mind. He could catch the boy's point of view, so essential for a father to regain if he is to understand his son. He could now see what, in Montana, he had not been able fully to comprehend,—why this muscular son of his should be so much devoted to athletic sports and should be willing to spend so much valuable time becoming proficient in them. After all, he reflected, it was just as important to win an Andover-Exeter game as to prepare,—what he had recently been doing,—an article on Saint Chrysostom for a local religious society. For the moment he wished that he could be a boy again, with a boy's dreams, realities, and ideals. And then, with a start, he found himself on Plimpton Playing

Fields, running along in a mob of hysterical boys, keeping time to an absurd song and shouting utterly absurd sounds; and he was actually helping to hold aloft a score-board, on which were the mystic chalked figures, 6-5.

When Steve had had a bath and a rub-down, he found that he was really tired, but his mind was distinctly relieved. At the train he found his father, looking rather disreputable but still very much alive. Three of the team turned over a seat in the car, and they all sat down together, Mr. Fisher near the window and one of the players on the arm at the aisle. "Fellows," said Steve, "this is my dad. He played on the nine in '83." "Glad to meet you, sir," answered the boys one after another as they shook the clergyman's hand. Before many minutes passed, he was telling them about the rules of forty years before, and describing some close matches in which he had taken part. He told them the story, dear to every old Andover man, of the game in which Pi Yuk, a Chinese boy, played center field. "When he came to bat," he went on, "the Exeter crowd kept yelling 'Washee-washee' and 'Chink-chinky,' but all that the Chinaman did was to grin from ear to ear. And then, with two men on bases, he hit that

ball. How he did hit it! It just seemed to soar out of sight, and the marvel is that the fielder ever got it back in time to prevent a home-run. The Exeter boys never made fun of him again.

"But," he added, "we never had a game so exciting as this one to-day."

"And we never shall again," put in Van Jackson.

"When we do," was Steve's comment, "I want to be here to see it."

"And the best wish I can have for you, young fellow," continued Mr. Fisher, "is that your own son may be pitching the game."

One celebration on Andover Hill is very like another, but what was old and familiar to Steve was a revelation to the Reverend James. He had dinner with the Head, around a table where alumni from many different school generations were swapping yarns; and he contributed his share with a gusto that sometimes aroused a smile. When he heard the band playing outside, he put his coffee-cup down, excused himself, and went out. Delighted as any small-town boy, he followed the procession on its winding path, not missing a single speech. At the bonfire, when Steve, standing on the steps of the barge, said

his last words as an Andover captain, the Reverend James found that tears were streaming down his face.

"Fellows," Steve shouted hoarsely, "I'm mighty glad to have everybody here to-night so happy. I've been in three baseball victories over Exeter, and that's as much as anybody can really expect. I want to say now, because I may never get another chance, that it's a wonderful school which we belong to, and we ought to be thankful that we're here. I've got to leave it, and I'm mighty sorry; but you fellows next year will get together in just the same way, with the same fighting spirit, and win again for old Andover."

There's not much to a speech like that, of course. Cynics will call it commonplace, and laugh at its lack of originality; but it was sincere, straight from the heart, and the boy who spoke it could be trusted.

It is extraordinary how soon the excitement over an Andover-Exeter contest subsides. On the morning after the celebration, everybody naturally sleeps as late as he can, and the usual Sunday papers are purchased by the dozens. For a few hours there is gossip about poor and good plays, and some talk about the prospects for the

following year. But on Monday the students are back in their classes, as if nothing had happened to disturb the customary routine. In fact, such a game is like a little blood-letting, from which the victim emerges with a calmer mind and a less oppressed body. Before he knew it, Steve was in the midst of examinations, sitting up late into the night to compensate for the hours spent the week before on baseball. He was conscious that study seemed much easier, and probably did not appreciate how much more readily he was concentrating his mind on the subject in hand and discriminating between important and unimportant details. On Tuesday noon of Commencement Week all his tests were over, and he walked out of the Greek examination room with a light heart, proud that his athletics had not prevented him from securing an honor in his Homer. He was glad that he could meet his father with a cheerful smile, and with the knowledge that his diploma would be forthcoming.

XIII

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

COMMENCEMENT WEEK at Andover, as at all such institutions, is a mad whirl of activities, many of them apparently aimless, from which the visitor usually emerges with a store of memories but with an audible sense of relief. Steve, as a lower and upper middler, had not been permitted to remain through these festivities, and therefore looked forward with some curiosity to what might be coming. It was a time, of course, when old graduates returned in large numbers. Steve's father, for instance, was back for his fortieth reunion, at which at least a score of his classmates had promised to be present.

Baccalaureate Sunday was one of those rare June days which our New England climate, in a gracious mood, can sometimes produce. Cloudless skies and a gentle southern breeze tempted everybody outdoors, and the Reverend James could not resist the impulse to start on a walk with one of his old school friends. Before long they found themselves on the grass-grown wood-

land path marking the route of the old railroad through the Ballardvale plains to Wilmington. When he looked at his watch, the clergyman found that it was eleven o'clock, long past church-time, and stopped, horrified at his forgetfulness. "Never mind," said his companion, a lawyer of national reputation, "didn't some poet say that 'the groves were God's first temples'? We can worship out here in the open as well as in any church pew." The Reverend James, in view of his distance from the Academy chapel, was compelled to accept this doctrine, but his conscience was restless during the remainder of the walk. At Sunday dinner, Steve said to his father, "How did you like the sermon?"

"Why—why, Steve, can you believe it, I didn't go? It's the first time in years that I've missed a Sunday morning service. But we got out under the pines, with a sun so warm and everything so beautiful that I kept no track of time. Before I realized it, we were so far off that I couldn't possibly have reached the church in season."

"Good for you, Dad," replied Steve. "It shows what a good time you had. We heard a lot of stuff about the Prodigal Son, and you didn't miss anything."

The Reverend James made up for his dereliction by going early to the Baccalaureate service in the afternoon. The chimes played hymns at three o'clock, and at four the one hundred and fifty boys in the Senior Class gathered at Brechin Hall, where they were given instructions by the Marshal, "Jove" Bannard, the popular Professor of Greek. The procession formed in columns of two, Mr. Bannard in front with a baton, with the two assistant marshals, Steve and Sam Barker, following him. To Mr. Fisher, who stood outside the church watching them from a distance, the boys looked very impressive in their white flannel trousers and blue coats. Inside the congregation stood up to receive them, and they proceeded down the long aisle trying to keep time to slow music from the organ, each fellow with his own peculiar brand of miserable self-consciousness displayed on his face.

For some reason Steve could not keep his mind on the sermon. Now and then words like "loyalty," "service," and "faith" caught his attention for a moment, but soon he was back in his reverie, living over again some of his experiences of the past three years. Almost before he realized it, he was nudged by his neighbor and

found his classmates standing up, listening to the last injunctions of the preacher. What he enjoyed most, perhaps, was the noble hymn of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was graduated at Andover in 1825. Steve joined in the words:

“Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.”

With these lines ringing in his ears, he marched out of chapel into the late afternoon sunlight. It seemed even now incredible that he must get ready to leave the school.

On Wednesday morning came the traditional ceremonies connected with “last chapel.” After the regular program, Steve, as President of the school, stepped to the front and called for cheers for each member of the teaching staff, beginning with the Head and coming down to the youngest, “Levi” Snyder, who was barely a year out of college. With an irreverence which astounded the Reverend James Fisher, each teacher was cheered by his nickname, which sometimes aroused laughter among the boys. This was especially the case when it was whispered around that some instructor did not like the name assigned to him. After

this feature was concluded, each class in turn, beginning with the Seniors, cheered all the other classes. It was amusing to see the Juniors, mere children as compared with the upper classmen, fall into line and imitate their elders. It is thus, of course, that customs are preserved at Andover. The exercises closed with a long and raucous cheer for the Head and the school. It was a marvel that any one could speak aloud after the ordeal.

That evening everybody turned out for the Potter Prize speaking in the chapel,—a contest in which boys spoke orations which they themselves had written. It is unfortunately necessary to record the fact that Steve had thus far displayed little skill in public speaking, and was not, therefore, able to gratify his father's secret hope that he might become another Bishop Brooks. Hal, however, was one of the contestants, and delighted Mr. and Mrs. Manning by winning first prize, with an essay on "Democracy in Our Schools." "I didn't know," said Mrs. Manning to Mr. Fisher, "that Hal knew anything about democracy. He comes from Boston 'where the Lowells speak only with Cabots, and the Cabots speak only with God,' and it's mighty easy to be a snob, especially as his grandmother was a

Lowell. Evidently he has been learning something here."

"Mrs. Manning," replied Mr. Fisher with unusual earnestness, "it's impossible for a fellow with any intelligence to stay here in Andover three months and be what you call a 'snob.' It simply isn't in the atmosphere of the place; that's all."

"Well, Hal knows what he is talking about all right," put in Mr. Manning. "He sounds to me like an embryonic Congressman."

"Perhaps," commented Mr. Fisher drily, "but he strikes me as being somewhat too intelligent for that kind of a career."

Thursday afternoon is the time set apart for the Class Day exercises, which are always held on the lawn under the elms in front of the Gymnasium, beneath the shadow of the Memorial Tower. Steve, who, as Class President, was Chairman for the occasion, introduced in succession the Poet, the Orator, the Historian, and the Prophet, each of whom delivered a production which had usually been prepared hastily on the previous afternoon. Nobody cared what was being said, however, and the audience, made up chiefly of proud mothers and fathers, applauded

lustily. Ted Sherman, the Prophet, gleefully portrayed Joe as a heavyweight prize-fighter, Hal as a dressmaker, and Steve as a missionary to the South Sea Islands,—to all of which Mr. Manning listened dutifully, but with a heart rather pained at such levity.

After this event, Mr. Fisher went for a few moments to Steve's room, where he picked up on the table a copy of the *Pot-Pourri*, the school annual, which had just been distributed. Mr. Fisher was turning the pages carelessly, looking over the pictures, many of which showed Steve in various kinds of athletic costume, when he came across the votes of the class regarding their fellows. His interest was at once aroused by seeing Steve's name in several conspicuous places. Under the headings "Most Conceited," "Handsomest," and "Neatest," he could not find any mention of Fisher; but when it came to "Best All-Round Fellow," "Most Modest," "Most Popular," and "Most Respected," Steve's name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem in Hunt's verses, "led all the rest." Ted Sherman had a considerable majority for "Class Wire-Puller," "Most Capable," and "Busiest," with a scattering seven or eight for "Class Sport." Joe was high up in the

competition for "Best Athlete," "Best-Natured," and "Most Popular." Hal Manning stood first among the "Brightest" and "Wittiest," and was also the leader of the "Best-Dressed." But what pleased Mr. Fisher most was to see Steve's name highest among the "Most Promising." To be thus rated by his fellows, who have known him day in and day out over a period of many months, a boy must indeed have sterling qualities,—for young men of that age judge each other with relentless severity.

While he was engaged in this pleasant occupation, Mr. Fisher heard the door open and saw Steve standing there.

"Hello, Dad. I see you've got your hands on the new *Pot-Pourri*."

"Yes. You seem to figure in it a good deal."

"Oh, those votes don't really mean very much. I guess I must have had them fooled at the time when the ballots were taken."

"Well, keep on 'fooling them,' as you call it, if this is the result. I'm proud of you, anyway, even if you do hate yourself."

"What are you talking about, Dad? Of course I'm proud to have the fellows like me, but don't take the thing too seriously. I may turn out to

be a worthless investment. School popularity isn't the final test by any means. I know that."

A few minutes later the two strolled over to the Head's reception, on the broad lawn around his house. Here the returning alumni, the parents of the graduating boys, together with the teachers and a few of the Trustees gathered to pay their respects to the Head. It was a joy to Mr. Fisher to find himself introduced everywhere as Steve's father, and to hear what people had to say about his son. Here he found himself in a corner with Joe Watson's mother, a calm, rather slow-moving woman, who had an intense pride in what her boy had achieved. Joe's father had been dead many years. The two parents chatted together for twenty minutes, comparing notes on what they had seen and heard. Their conversation would have horrified either Steve or Joe, for it consisted chiefly of lavish compliments paid to them both.

Before the afternoon was over, Mr. Fisher had met Ted's family,—a stunning-looking mother, rather flashily dressed; a father who exuded prosperity, with a large diamond horseshoe in his necktie, a big cigar in the corner of his mouth, and a suit of clothes resembling a checker-board

pattern; and two active boys, Ted's younger brothers. With the Sherman family, Mr. Fisher felt not quite at home, but, when all joined in expressing their admiration for Steve, he lost his aloofness and basked in the sunshine of their regard for his son. Mr. Sherman was evidently quite satisfied with the fact that his offspring had "got by." "I have tried that boy in five schools, Mr. Fisher," he confessed, "and he was fired from most of them. It took Andover to make a man out of him."

"Mr. Sherman was the same kind himself," interposed that gentleman's spouse. "I guess there aren't many schools in this country that he didn't try."

"I came out all right, didn't I, my dear?" expostulated her husband, a trifle embarrassed at having his past thus resurrected. "Anyhow, Ted has a fine record, and I'm going to recognize it by giving him a Stutz Roadster for his birthday next week."

"That's very generous, sir," replied Mr. Fisher, who had been wondering whether he would have money enough left to buy Steve a new suit when they got back to Montana. Surely, he thought, life has strange contrasts. And yet he would

rather have had Steve grow up as the boy had done, without luxuries and compelled to be economical, than have granted his every wish.

It was at the reception that Steve once more saw Marge Watson, who was there with her mother. After one of the dances on the canvas floor, he saw her glancing at him shyly, and he went up to speak to her.

"Hello, Steve," she said. "I thought you were going to cut me."

"Oh, no," he answered, "I just didn't want to interfere with Hal Manning's courting."

"Hal! I haven't seen him since the Prom. two years ago, when you treated me so badly and wrote me that impolite note."

Steve, in spite of his avowed scorn for the other sex, was not unsusceptible. He noticed that Marge had decidedly grown up, and was now a beautiful young lady. His memory of the past, when she had treated him so cavalierly, faded with every passing minute, and soon he was dancing with her. The great Steve, who had refused to attend the Prom. in his Senior year, was on the way to being captivated. When his father discovered him half an hour later, the two were seated on a bench in a remote section of the

shrubbery, evidently making up for two lost years, and Steve had engaged eight dances for the Prom. on the next evening, to which she was going with her brother, Joe.

That night the returning classes had their dinners, while other visitors entertained themselves by patronizing the performances of the Dramatic Club and the Glee Club in the Gymnasium. Mr. Fisher naturally went to the Peabody House, where fourteen gray-haired gentlemen sat down together, all members of the class of 1883. Their talk was mainly of bygone times. Some had sons who had been to Andover and graduated; one actually had a grandson who was to enter the next autumn; but Mr. Fisher was the only father whose son was in the graduating class. When the tables were cleared and the cigars lighted, he was asked by the others to give impressions of the school as he had seen it during the previous ten days.

“I’ll tell you, gentlemen,” he concluded, after he had presented some account of the baseball game and other interesting events, “it’s a better place than it was in our day. These boys are cleaner and manlier than we were forty years ago. Furthermore, they’re getting more sensible in-

struction, under better teachers. Nowadays they send them all out into athletics just as soon as their luncheon is digested, and they can use up a good part of their animal energy in games. When they come in at night, they're just comfortably tired, perfectly willing to settle down at a desk and study. There's a lot of talk to-day about overdoing athletics. These youngsters, as I see them, are just following out the natural impulses of their kind, and they end their school-days a good deal better off because of the health which they have been building up here. As for drinking and other forms of vice, there's much less than there used to be. The whole spirit of the institution, even among the boys, seems to be against that sort of thing. If a young man deliberately makes up his mind to go to the devil, he can do that anywhere; but in Andover now he must simply go out and hunt up opportunities to be dissipated. They won't be brought directly to him very often. Of course these boys are not angels, and nobody in his right mind expects them to be; however, their fun is usually clean and wholesome. They're still allowed plenty of freedom, but there's always somebody looking out for them. I've watched the whole system, and I want to declare

here and now that I'm for it. It may not be perfect, but it gets results. Furthermore, it's American in the best sense of that word, and the youngsters can't help growing up to be good citizens."

Mr. Fisher's speech was loudly applauded, and he was asked many questions by the little group of graduates at the table. Little by little, various reminiscences came out in the course of the conversation. One of the men, a most respectable-looking business man with a head almost completely destitute of hair and fully his share of avoirdupois, said, as the talk came in his direction, "I heard a young chap not long ago say to me at the club, 'Oh, you lived in the Age of Innocence, of course,' with a kind of sneer on his face. Well, perhaps we did; but when I remember some of those keg parties at Pomp's Pond and contemplate the orgies which some of the fellows used to have in the old Commons, I'm glad that my grandchildren won't have to go through what I did. We survived, but how some of us did it, I don't know. If ours was the Age of Innocence, I don't want to live in any really sophisticated time."

"Yes," added a New York banker, "we had better not do any boasting about the 'good old

days.' If we do, some one sometime will tell the truth, and then we'll be exposed."

It was two o'clock before the Reverend James, staying up long beyond his usual retiring hour, finally went to bed, well satisfied with his day. The next morning he was up almost with the sun for a stroll through the woods around Rabbit's Pond. It was to be, he felt, a notable occasion both for himself and Steve.

At half-past nine the alumni began gradually to assemble in front of the Archæology Building, on the very spot where the ancient school had opened in 1778, in a renovated carpenter's shop. The shop had long since been torn down and the surroundings had greatly changed, but a tablet marked the place where Andover had its beginnings. A band assisted in bringing the visitors together, and before long the gathering was of respectable size. Then a procession was formed in the traditional way, faculty and distinguished guests in the van, the alumni following by classes, the oldest in front. The twenty-five-year class carried banners, indicating their proud status. Across Main Street and up the Campus they marched, keeping step to the music of "Old P. A.," until they reached Brechin Hall, where the



A COMMENCEMENT DAY PROCESSION COMING DOWN THE ELM ARCH.

Trustees took their place in line. Then the parade took a route down the Elm Arch almost to the Chapel, where the Senior Class opened up in two rows, allowing the remainder of the procession to pass between them. The spectacle was exceedingly impressive to Steve, as he watched men who had been out of Andover sixty years come marching down as if they were boys again. Among the distinguished personages who were there that day were a United States Senator, a Major-General, a college president, a member of the cabinet, and a famous banker, all linked together in their affection for the school.

Inside the Chapel, after all had been seated, was held the Exhibition,—the one hundred and forty-fifth, it said on the program,—which had been an annual feature since the eighteenth century. After an opening prayer by the Head, came ceremonies initiating the high scholars of the class,—Hal Manning being one,—into the *Cum Laude* society. As a part of the initiation, the President of Dartmouth College spoke briefly on the significance of the organization. When the applause had subsided, the Head stepped forward to read the long prize list for the year.

Steve had never been much concerned over the

matter of prizes. Naturally there were some of which he had heard and in which he was interested, but usually because he hoped that some of his friends might win them. He himself had no remarkably high standing in any subject, and could not hope to receive any of the rewards for special proficiency in Latin, History, or English.

The Chapel was now crowded, with many persons standing up in the rear, for everybody reaches there at least in time to hear the prize list read. As the winner's name was called out, he proceeded down one of the three long aisles to the platform, where the prize was formally presented. His progress was always accompanied by clapping, the length and volume of which varied with the personal popularity of the recipient and the importance of the prize itself. As the Head moved down the list, Hal's name was read again and again, and he went to the front six times for awards in scholarship competitions. There were moments when Steve was close to envying him, but, after all, Steve was incapable of any spiteful feeling, and he applauded longer and more loudly than the others.

Finally, the Head, reaching two or three prizes of more than ordinary significance, paused for a

few seconds before proceeding. The Faculty Prize, presented to the highest ranking scholar of the class, went to Charlie Clough, one of Steve's best friends, who, through a constitutional infirmity, had been debarred from athletics, but had instead been able to develop a mind which was naturally brilliant. Then came the Yale Club Cup,—a huge silver affair which, to the average Andover boy, symbolizes true success,—for was it not the reward of the senior who most effectively had combined proficiency in both scholarship and athletics? “This year,” said the Head, holding up the cup, “we have an ideal candidate,—a young man who, while playing on three teams and serving as the captain of one, has at the same time maintained as a senior an honor grade in his classroom work. I take pleasure in saying that the Faculty have been unanimous in awarding this prize to Stephen Harrison Fisher, of Arlington, Montana.” The clapping which began was spontaneous, and rose like the pouring down of mighty waters. As Steve walked nervously along the aisle, he was accompanied by waves of applause, which even increased as he made his way back to his seat. Never was an award more satisfactory to a student body.

It was nearly as gratifying when the Head announced that the Otis prize for the greatest general improvement over a period of three years had been given to Joseph William Watson. Joe's surprise was quite evident to all those around him, and he stalked to the platform in a kind of daze. The broad smile which covered his face on the way back was a delight to those who saw it. "And now," continued the Head, "it is my privilege to present one of the most coveted of our prizes,—the Fuller prize, for that member of the Senior Class who has best represented the ideals of Andover,—given without a dissenting voice, to Stephen Harrison Fisher." Again the approbation of the audience was expressed by frantic applause. This time the Reverend James Fisher, who had been sitting with his classmates in the center of the church, could not control himself, and tears poured down his cheeks. As for Steve, he was manifestly bewildered. When Hal shook his hand, when Joe leaned over from the seat behind and smote him on the shoulder, he was still not quite able to realize his success. The huge cup in his hand and the envelope in his pocket seemed to have dropped from dreamland.

The remainder of the announcements dealt with

scholarships, and Steve found himself the recipient of one of five hundred dollars at Yale, a most welcome form of aid. By this time he had recovered, and he accepted the envelope and the Head's hand-clasp without a tremor.

The real excitement of the Exhibition was over. The Head read the list of final honors in the various subjects. The President of the Board of Trustees presented diplomas to those who had been fortunate enough to earn them. And the audience joined in that other of Holmes's hymns:

“Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.”

When they had marched out of the chapel and were lingering on the porch in the sunlight, Ted Sherman came up to Steve, linked his arm through his, and said, “Steve, old top, that’s great. You deserved every bit of it, and more. And I’m ashamed to think what kind of a record I’ve made. Three years at Andover, and not a prize of any kind. All I’ve earned is the brown derby for the fellow that loafed the most scientifically.”

“That’s all bunk, Ted. You’ve made three close friends to my one.”

“Yes, I know all about that. They play with me, and respect you. That’s the difference. I hate to face my dad.”

“Look here, he cares more about your being baseball manager than he would if you had won the ‘good boy’ prize, as Joe did. I know how he feels.”

Just then the Reverend James approached, and gave his son a vigorous hand-clasp, and the conversation was interrupted. The father said nothing but “Good work, my boy,” but Steve knew what he was thinking, and valued his silence more than he would an outburst of words. Mr. Fisher did not linger, but walked off with his classmates. Steve would have liked to get away by himself; instead he had to bear the ordeal of unceasing congratulations, from everybody he knew and from some old gentlemen whom, so far as he could recollect, he had never seen before. He was beyond a doubt the hero of the day.

Half an hour before the Alumni Dinner, which was scheduled for one o’clock, the guests were assembling in front of the Gymnasium, where the inevitable and ubiquitous band was once more

playing sweet strains. It was a scene of some confusion, for photographers were rushing about taking pictures of the four or five "oldest living graduates" present, and long-separated friends were greeting each other with the stored-up warmth of many years. At last the figure of Dad Warner, the Secretary of the Alumni Association, appeared at the top of the steps leading into the Gymnasium, and called off the names of invited guests, who, two by two, walked up into the building amid the applause of the crowd. It took some time to complete these preliminaries, but no one complained, for they are a part of the traditional program.

At the end table, on a raised platform, sat the President of the Alumni Association, Mr. George B. Fuller, a prominent banker, with the Head on his right, and the distinguished guests of the day in a long row on either side. The alumni, grouped by classes, sat at long tables on the floor, the youngest class being conspicuous for its size and enthusiasm. Possibly six hundred persons may have sat down to luncheon, and there were many ladies in the gallery, who came mainly to hear the speeches. Between courses, Steve kept his classmates active, singing Andover songs and cheering

for the older classes, many of which responded in kind. It was a noisy gathering, but every one seemed happy.

When the tables were finally cleared, Mr. Fuller rose and called the meeting to order. He then introduced the various speakers, closing with the Head, who received his usual ovation from an Andover audience. His talk was in the nature of an informal account of the school year, in which he told of new gifts received, improvements to the buildings, and Hill gossip which the graduates liked to hear. He closed with a tribute to the graduating class:

“ I ought to say in conclusion that I have never had a pleasanter group of young fellows to work with than those in this class which has just graduated. They have helped me in times of trouble; they have backed me up with the student body; they have borne responsibility without complaint. Fellows like Joe Watson and Bill Jones and Steve Fisher are not found every term in Andover, and I want to thank them publicly for what they have done. When the time comes for them in later years to help the school, they will not be found wanting; and we can welcome them now as worthy members of our alumni organization.”

After the dinner, Steve, with the other members of the championship nine, donned his uniform for the annual match with the alumni, which was always a delight to the visitors, especially because the Head, who had been one of the notable baseball players of his college generation, usually went into the pitcher's box for the alumni team. Although he was over fifty years of age and gray-haired, he could still throw a baffling curve; and let it be here recorded that Steve, to the amusement of the spectators, struck out on his first time up to bat. The game was closer than one would have thought possible where youth and training were so clearly on one side. Indeed the alumni stood an excellent chance of winning until the very end, when two hits by the school team brought in three runs and gave them a commanding lead. The feature of the contest, beyond a doubt, was a three-base hit which the Head secured off Steve's pitching in the third inning, and which left that youngster very much chagrined.

So far as the graduates were concerned, the Commencement was over; but Steve had an engagement with Marge Watson at the Prom. which he was not likely to forget. Right after dinner, however, he walked with his father to the steps

of Alumni Hall, where they watched the sun drop behind the western hills and listened to the evening chimes from the Memorial Tower. It was a glorious sight to look out over the broad campus to the west, and then off to Lawrence and the valley between. Those who founded Andover had a prescient vision of the future, and their dreams have come true.

Like many spring evenings in New England, this was warm and drowsy, and there was a tinge of melancholy in the air, due probably to the fact that both Steve and his father were in quiet moods, after the rush and confusion of the day.

"I suppose that it's been worth while, Steve, hasn't it?"

"Worth it? I should say it had been. I've been thinking all day how sorry I shall be to leave it. No college can ever mean to me quite what this has meant."

"I suppose that it all comes down to the point that the fellows here are at an impressionable age, and that their characters are really moulded while they are here."

"Yes, it's that, of course. But it's more than that. There's something in this Hill and its surroundings that gets you. It always seems to me

as if it stood like something fixed in the midst of other things that are all the time shifting around. You just know that, if you come back a century from now, Andover will still be here."

"That's odd, Steve. I've had precisely the same sensation. For years and years I couldn't possibly get back to this place, and yet all the while I was sure that it couldn't really change very much. And it hasn't changed. Of course there are all these beautiful new buildings, and some of the old ugly architecture has disappeared in the natural course of time. But the spirit of the school is just the same."

"You've said the right word, Dad, I guess. It is the spirit of the place that gets you. It's like the 'house not made with hands' that you had such a corking sermon about a year or two ago in the summer."

The hour had come when Steve was due at the dance. As he and the Reverend James walked towards the Gymnasium, they could see the gleam of Japanese lanterns through the branches of the elms and hear faintly the tinkle of the orchestra. It was a night filled with beauty and tranquillity. The two naturally gravitated towards the tall Tower, stretching aloft on the old Training Field.

As they looked, the names of the Andover heroes gleamed in the stone as the moonlight struck them.

“It is fellows like those who have made this school what it is,” said Steve. “They certainly had fine stuff in them.”

“Yes, that’s true. But they were just a part of that spirit we were talking about. It’s all a matter of where you put your energy. You haven’t any such spectacular opportunity as a World War, but there’s need for a good deal of courage in these times of so-called peace.”

“Some day I hope that I’ll do something worthy of this place,” mused Steve. “It’s a hard standard to live up to.”

“You’ve done it already, Son,” said the Reverend James Fisher, his voice breaking ever so slightly. “There’s no more that I could ask.”

THE END

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